THE THEATRE TERRIBLE

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THE EGERTON-PALMER PRESS
CHICAGO-DENVER

"That cross will probably stand for centuries."

THE THEATRE TERRIBLE

A Creation, Presenting Various Aspects of the Greater Drama

By

CHARLES EDWIN HEWES

ILLUSTRATED

THE EGERTON-PALMER PRESS
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By
CHARLES EDWIN HEWES

This volume is dedicated to
MR. PAUL THIEMAN.
"He was my friend."

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PERSONAL

THIS volume has been seven years in preparation. Actually I have spent only about one-quarter of that time upon the manuscript, for during the entire period I have had to earn bread, clothes, and the balance of those necessities which make up a working-man's living. Thanks, however, to the wonderful mechanics of the soul as I have learned them, I have never been so deeply engrossed in the problem of the living, but that some creature of thought has enlightened and instructed me in my work, whether I was ranching, selling groceries, driving stage, mining, or billing express. Yea, even tho I slept, thoughts were active in my dreams, so that it would seem as tho I had really spent full seven years upon the work in its relationship to thought.

The gradually growing manuscript of these years was hidden and deposited in many places. When too poor to rent a safety deposit box, I kept the manuscript in old coffee cans placed under a flagstone of our cellar. I have had it in stone jars, bread cans, old trunks, valises, and various other ready receptacles in the many changes of home I have been forced to make. For one particular receptacle I contracted a profound disgust. It was an old chest reeking with the odor of musk. I did not at that time know the potency of that particularly vigorous scent. What a powerful line of *descent* as well as scent it possesses, for it was handed down from one generation of manuscript to another, until it actually took printers' ink itself to master it.

I have had the manuscript in cities, in the country, on the ocean, and in the mountains; in fact, it has been my "Old Man of the Sea," clinging to me with unshakable tenacity; and too, the subject of many an adventure. Once it was dropped in the street late at night by a prominent journalist whom I had inveigled into reading it. And it would seem as if the fates had at last consented to rid me of my burden by his kindly burying it in oblivion. But alas, it was rescued from where it

fell—a mud puddle, by a kind man the next morning and duly returned to me.

When I had money I hired a typist to write my copy; when I was without money I did it myself. Once, after the mud puddle incident, I paid a typist in advance to furnish me a new copy. She started bravely upon it, but got so sick of the job that she quit it quite unceremoniously. I felt so sorry for her—and well knowing that nature had decreed me to be a henpecked man, tho not married—that I never asked her for an explanation or for the return of my hard-earned money, which she kept, thinking I suppose, that she had more than earned it in doing what little she did. I trust the reader will not think ill of me when I confess that I never employed but the one typist, and my only excuse for that is, at that particular time I had a steady job for as much as sixty days, and my feelings of munificence quite got the better of me.

In spite of the uncertain income which I enjoyed during these seven years, I nevertheless was a living example of ancient Crœsus many times magnified. My mother has often remarked, that it would be impossible to describe the supreme self-sufficiency and untold millions of wealth which illumed my smile, when returning, bewhiskered, unkempt, and ragged from some unknown quarter of the world, and holding my child—a fresh bundle of manuscript—tightly in my arms, I would greet her with a fond caress and unfold with the air of an emperor before her indulgent eyes, a few quires of apparently undecipherable hieroglyphics. The longer my beard, the more devoted to my charge. The thinner I became, the plumper and more rounded the form of the child. Reduced to a shadow myself, my child attained generous proportions. The balder I grew, the more luxuriant grew the golden locks of my adored one.

The most terrible moment of my life was upon the fatal day that I chanced to read in a stray biographical sketch of Thomas Carlyle, of the loss of one of his manuscripts by fire. If—if the like should happen to mine. Perish—my darling child, and I left comfortless. Also the sad fate of the author of "David Harum" made a great impression upon me; and for months I brooded and feared that I too might pass away before my child would be immortalized in printer's ink.

Beautiful as my darling was to me, however, others thought

different. No matter what pretty gowns I bought for her, tho I confess I could only afford calico and gingham; or how under my appeal she behaved her sweetest and looked her best, still others thought different. I have implored at least twenty publishers to publish this work, but without avail. What! I a mere working-man and my child only a poor girl of the masses, and the world filled with talent and genius. Nay! Not for you, my dear sir. Pass on, you and your brat. Make way for the beauties of the salon and the drawing-room.

Finally a friend, whose modesty compels me to conceal his identity in the press name of this volume, took pity on me, and even allowed me to select the paper, type, and binding of my adored one. His was a case of the unjust judge. "Lest her continual coming weary me, I will avenge her of her adversary."

I have written this personal account expressly for the benefit and encouragement of those of my fellow workmen, who, like myself perhaps, laboring for years to express an idea, however homely or simple it may be; may not despair, but patiently plod on to a late but well earned victory. Victory in this case being not that of popularity, praise, or acceptance by the public; but that of being *heard*—publication; that of standing up in the forum of Public Opinion and sturdily lifting up one's voice for what he believes to be the truth.

Believe me, dear friends, no grave is so awful as the grave that smothers a voice which was *not heard*. When this world is judged, who knows but that it will be by those same gentle voices, which, hushed and crushed into untimely graves by a brutal unheeding humanity, nevertheless were heard by the great God of Israel, and their words emblazoned upon the shining heights of heaven for the rebuke of their inhuman brethren. Tortoise, dear friends, tortoise. It was the painfully plodding tortoise, *not* the dashing hare.

PREFACE

THIS volume is published as a protest against, and a challenge to, what the author terms the spirit and worship of cleverness and commercialism in our modern fiction. Three leading factors have brought us low in this respect; the public, the publisher, and the author. The public demands, the publisher insists, and the author produces, as the result of the insistence and the influence of the former two, that concoction of charlatanism, sensationalism, and get-the-money-ism, which makes up the arch foe of all true art—cleverness.

Within the lifetime of the author he has observed a writer widely acclaimed and fêted because she said that she admired and loved the devil. Another writer gained considerable notoriety and the shekels of a portion of our populace in a revival of Adamic and cave-man life. And later both of the above mentioned parties, the devil-woman and the cave-man, have devoted themselves to the reporting of prize-fighting. Another writer's first claim to notoriety was in his publication of a false death notice in a New York paper and the hoaxing of the public in the purchasing and reading of an autobiography of the supposed victim. Still another preyed upon the superstitious portion of the public, by joining two supposedly unpropitious dates of the calendar as the title of his volume; and then offering the gambling element of the public a chance by offering a large reward for the best review of the work. Another writer, and one whom the public greatly and truly respects, wrote a novel of the Civil War giving it a title that would suggest a full portrayal of that terrible crisis, and yet never fought or described a battle in it.

These are but mere instances noted by chance of almost the entire fabric of our modern fiction.

It is also of comparatively common occurrence to note new books of fiction advertised simultaneously with the publisher's announcements, as "the best book since Ben Hur," "declared by critics to be the greatest American novel," "the novel of

the Age," "a work that will live," "you cannot lay it down until you have finished it," "the American Dickens has appeared." The columns of the newspapers and reviews of today fairly teem with such absurd egotism and sophistry, and so great has become the worship of this false god, Cleverness, nowadays, both in the writing and publication of fiction, that plain honest effort, true wit, and worthy endeavors in the development of real art in fiction, seem never to succeed in winning the public, unless they too, stoop to the charlatanism of Cleverness, by twisting and turning an otherwise perfectly legitimate and commendable effort, so as to have it declared *clever,* even if it was only in that last carefully strained for twist; and that supreme and wholly false idea, that it must be declared clever above everything else, or the effort is doomed to failure.

The worship of Cleverness springs from that artificial life of unsatisfied wealth and neglected time, known as Society.

Society is an itch, which Cleverness scratches.

Enter the social structure anywhere, from the nation's capitol to the county-seat, from the metropolis to the smallest commercial center, and you enter a smothered fetid world of lavender and silk which covers an unsatisfied, unholy itch, *seeking not to be cured,* but rather to be *irritated;* and that much sought for irritant is Cleverness.

The only cure for the social itch is the courage of Society to live the life of the plain people, and the dominant principle of that life is *plain truth,* loved, sought, and lived.

Cleverness is the arch dodger, the beat-it-around-the-corner, the sneak-thru-the-grass.

It possesses no healthy spirit of, "Come on, boys, let's meet the issue fairly and fight it out."

No! "It's come, let's make a bluff, and make our get away." It's the, "Deny it," "Nothing to say," attitude, rather than the, "Let's talk it over," "What can I do for you?"

Babylon, Greece, Rome, and the French monarchy, all fell thru the rottenness of the social structure, and that decay first began with the worship of the false god, Cleverness.

The itch became a sore, the sore a disease, the disease—death.

Art must have greater ideal than cleverness. Much as the geisha may clothe and conceal herself in the witchery of dress, endeavoring to accentuate her charms in a marvel of lingerie;

yet those students who break in the door, roughly strip her as they would a fowl of its feathers, and view her as she really is—naked and unadorned save by her natural beauty.

Art is the *meat* of a subject, Cleverness is only its dress. Dress, of course, has its art, but it is not the geisha, it is merely the dress.

Cleverness is the mistaking of the *dress* for the geisha—the subject.

And thus in fiction, we are losing the *real* things in the witchery, the loveliness of the gowns they are shown in.

When we will have abandoned the worship of dress for that of the subject, we will again have gained the true course of art.

Turning to current fiction, one will scarce find a department of it that evidences the least show of progress in comparison with other departments of literature. Science, religion, politics, commerce, history, travel, are all steadily advancing in progressive merit. Fiction alone, unless poesy may be included, seems to be declining.

The reason?

It is following a false god—Cleverness.

Let its producers turn to the true things, therefore, and put it abreast of the times. And more, it being so largely the domain of invention, imagination, and anticipation, it should *lead* all departments of literature instead of following.

I don't know when or where I first met the Idea which I have endeavored to present in this preface, but I fancy I met her in one of those great towns of the soul; a mighty London, filled with the roar and traffic of a vast horde of humanity. It was night I remember, and she was standing on the corner of a crowded thorofare beneath the flaring jet of an old-fashioned street lamp. The wind was restless, and the rain beating fiercely at times upon the window-panes, was cold and dismal.

I was young at the time, and seemed to have very bright prospects ahead of me. I had thought that I might win a fair beautiful bride, a nice home filled with all those things which husband and wife hold precious, and gain the esteem and good will of my neighbors thru a long and happy life. But out of sympathy for she whom I thus met under the gas-jet in the

rain, I abandoned my bright prospects in life, and served this Idea; this woman of sad and serious mien, she whom I grew to love and venerate so dearly, that for lack of a closer name, I called her, "Mother."

She said it was not for her sake that she accepted my service, but for the sake of the many orphaned children whom she housed in her hut on the edge of the great town, and which was set where a broad plain swept up from the river and joined a great dark wood.

"It is for these children, not myself, that I would accept your service, my youth," she said, "they are not mine, they are the children of those parents who shamelessly deserted them, following after the fortunes of that great lord of the world, Cleverness; but whom I know to be a mere charlatan, an adventurer, living off the fortunes of those dupes whom he hath lured unto him. These children of theirs are really fine children, the fruit of their best and happiest years. Oh! If they had only stayed and looked after and developed and been patient and good to them, instead of abandoning them, what true and beautiful characters they might have become, and how bright they would have shone in my world; for I—I am Mother Art," she said, smiling sweetly, "and I cannot return to my royal palace to enjoy the welcome and homage of my loyal subjects until these little deserted orphans have all been cared for."

I served the great mother, lo, these many years. Not, dear reader, as a man of class or distinction or even promise. I was merely her swineherd, feeding the swine at the pens, the fowls in the yard, milking the cows, and tending the garden. In the fall I went into the wood and cut great logs for the winter's fire. Also to the town I drove regularly, purchasing provisions and clothing for the children. It was toil. Oh! What toil! For mother depended upon me entirely. I grew thin and bald, my hands hard and calloused; often I fainted from fatigue, and my soul was weary. However, it took only a cheering word from mother to revive me, and, too, no matter how hard I might work, she was always working the more. What cooking and mending. What patience and tender solicitude for the children. Occasionally we had visitors; they must be important people I thought, for their faces shone as though they lived in a happy land; and once when a robe fell from the shoulder of one, its

figure shone so that it dazzled my eyes. I asked mother once who they were, and she said they were angels come to tell her of the affairs of her distant court.

"Mother," I said one day, "I am sick unto death. I fear I shall never get well. I have worn myself out in helping you with the children. My only regret is that I cannot stay with you always, you are so sweet and unselfish; and, too, I would like to stay and see how beautiful and grand the children will be when they are grown up."

"My son, my son," she replied, "Your task has, indeed, been hard, but it is done. Tomorrow I shall take the children to my royal palace and they shall be with me forever, for their parents, by reason of the lapse of time, have forfeited all right to them, and they belong to me. I call them, the *real*—the *true* children of Art, and no writer who has abandoned such as these for the false pleasures of the court of Cleverness, can ever hope to regain them."

"Mother," I replied, "Once I had hoped that I might see your beautiful palace, but, alas, it is too late now for I am dying, mother."

"My son, my dear faithful son," she said, and how her words thrilled me and gave me solace even as I was drooping, "You will indeed die, but only to live again and enter a new world. *My* world, dear son, the beautiful world of Art; the realm of delight, of beauty, and of truth. I have never told you your name, my son, but I will now, for you have earned it. It is, DUTY, dear son; the plodding, faithful, patient burden carrier of the soul."

"And will I be strong and handsome in this new world, dear mother?" I asked, "you know that when I first met you it was my plan to be a real knight, with shining armor and wielding a great lance wherewith I might win a beautiful bride and live as other men have done. But, oh, this toil, dear mother, it has made me old and stiff, and my body stooped and bowed."

"My son, have you never heard, that the most beautiful princess in existence is yet to be won, and that you alone can win her. In our new world you shall gain everything that you were denied in this world. Your body will be strong and beautiful. Your face handsome and bright. Your armor all shining and golden hangs in my palace. Your steed fit and mighty

for the field is even now galloping upon the palace green, and your bride awaits you at the pavilion of the tourney, where no foe can hope to resist you, and all shall yield and hail you as victor."

"And—and what is her name, dear mother?" I cried, even as I lay dying.

"The only bride that is fit for the world's greatest hero, DUTY, my son, is LOVE, and she is yours."

"Love, *love,*" I cried, "Oh! How beautiful! I am glad that I served you, good mother."

INTRODUCTION

PROBABLY the most intensely interesting and perplexing question which has agitated the students and philosophers of all the peoples and ages of the earth, is that of the operation and the differentiation of that marvelous entity, the *mind.*

What mighty scholars have tried to crack that adamantine nut, the soul?

What millions of earnest and entreating individuals have endeavored to ferret out that master secret, the spirit?

In Judaic-Christian history, God proclaimed Himself unto Moses as, "I am that I am." Centuries later the Christ proclaimed that, "God is a spirit," and today, after a well connected history of several thousand years in which notable instances similar to the above could be mentioned in the narratives of other histories and peoples, man sits before this appalling mystery in helpless and despairing contemplation, pathetically repeating the words of Descartes, "I think, therefore I am," as if they at least granted him the proof of existence. And very often, such is the extremity of his tremor and travail, he pleads, "Surely, surely, dear Lord, this is I," and yet, pinching himself till the very creature cries out in pain, he doubts; alas, he still doubts.

It is not, therefore, the intention of the author to inflict an already overburdened humanity with strange, startling, or peculiar ideas upon this important subject, but rather to introduce the uninitiated into that peculiarly charming circle of fascination, whose terrors—and they are many—have not as yet in the author's experience, outweighed its sublime beauties and unspeakable delights. And while the author feels the necessity of subscribing a few remarks relative to the scheme of his work, yet he does so entirely in the rôle of a poor and humble workman endeavoring to describe the mechanics of his creation, and not in the guise of an austere and learned metaphysician.

Briefly told, the scheme of The Theatre Terrible is as follows:

the soul is a THEATRE, in which thoughts are the PLAYERS, and the spirit, or ego, is the SPECTATOR.

This peculiar differentiation is accounted for thusly; the soul is looked upon as strictly the *containing* thing: *i. e.,* containing the world of thought. It is the domain of thought, that in which thought *acts.* It is to thought what the universe is to matter. It contains and is the field of all action of thought just as the universe is the field of all action of matter. Apparently it has within it all knowledge, yet the spirit, or ego, may discover within it and comprehend only a very small portion of the whole. Exactly as man has discovered very little of the universe compared with that which remains to be discovered, so his spirit is limited in its discoveries in the vast recesses of his soul.

Thoughts are the *players* of the soul. They take the form, character, and personality of every conceivable thing. They are the creatures of the soul world, just as there are creatures of the material world. They inhabit the soul world just as positively and with as distinct individualities and natures as do the material creatures of the material world.

The spirit, or ego, the "I AM" of man, is the *spectator* within the soul; and is the monarch, the lord, and the steward of the soul, within the prescribed limits and nature of that soul world to which it is born. Just as a man is limited by nature to his actions in the material world, opposed and battled against by other men and conditions; just so his spirit has prescribed limits in the world of the soul, meeting opposing forces of thought and conditions, until often the conflict of thoughts within the soul of an individual, affecting and influencing his spirit, is one of appalling significance, affecting whole families, communities, and nations.

The supreme and chief function of the spirit, or ego, of man, is *consciousness,* and its two most important attributes are *will* and *reason.*

Will is the power militant of the spirit; the hunter, the pursuer, and the capturer of thoughts upon whatever continent, sphere, or domain of the soul it is fitted and permitted within the limits of its nature to travel.

Reason is the power contemplative and reflective of the spirit; the scientist, the logician; who observes, classifies, compares, and utilizes those thoughts which Will has captured.

Emotion is the effect of thought upon consciousness.

By mind is meant the entire phenomenon and association of soul, thought, and spirit.

A man is good or bad, exactly in that proportion in which his spirit has inherited good or bad, together with its ability to absorb and apply good thoughts and reject evil ones, and *vice versa.*

Because a bad thought enters and parades the stage of one's soul, it is no sign that a man is bad. He is bad or good only as his spirit *accepts* good or bad.

Herein rests the absolute sublimnity and terribleness of the Greater Drama of The Theatre Terrible; with the fate and salvation of a living, conscious, glorious spirit at stake in the awful clutch and throttle of hell's most lascivious and malevolent fiends and heaven's fairest and mightiest angels.

Herein the greatest dramas of existence take place, whether in the soul of man or in the awful soul of God; even the humblest of souls presenting the appalling spectacle of a drama so intense as to agitate unto the utmost concern the watchers and onlookers of both heaven and hell.

Truth, God's perfect law, is the spirit's saviour; Evil, its destroyer.

God, the Great Spirit, is a living and all glorious universal Father.

No man who has not attained and enthroned Truth within his soul, can ever hope to enjoy His presence; but with Truth once attained it necessarily follows that God, as the Sovereign of Truth, also becomes enthroned within the soul.

God communicates directly with man thru the medium of thought, which communication is invariably accompanied with man's unmistakable perception and consciousness of the Divine Presence.

The greatest of human delights is the knowledge of and the adoration of God. The greatest of all emotions is induced by the visitation of the Divine Presence.

The soul is immortal.

It is a book of record which God reads at a glance, and that record is the thought inscribed therein, and that thought represents the stewardship of the spirit, and by it the soul is judged.

With full knowledge and consciousness of the mechanism of the soul as above described, man actually holds the keys of heaven and hell within his grasp. He may ponder and debate ever so earnestly the ethics of the soul, from Moses to Emerson, but of its mechanism he need no longer have a doubt.

Charles Edwin Hewes,

Estes Park, Colorado.

PART ONE

A FOOT OF GRANITE

BOOK ONE

THE 40 ROUNDS

"THE last hole father," said Standish.

"Well—it's a good one, my boy. Better than the first, yea, better than the one just before it," said Peter, carefully examining the hole. "You have become an expert, Standish. There isn't another man in Clear Creek County who could drive those holes as deep and true in the same length of time."

After Standish had finished tamping the charge and arranged the fuse, both father and son stood silently for a moment, looking at the solid granite breast of the tunnel, which would soon be rent by the discharge of the conquering dynamite. Then they carried the drills and tools several yards toward the mouth of the tunnel, and, returning, Standish lighted the fuse. Five minutes later the two men emerged into the bright Colorado sunshine, until the tunnel cleared itself of the smoke and gases caused by the explosion.

Peter Brown was not a very old man, but rheumatism and wounds contracted in the great war of the Rebellion, thru which he had served as a private in the ——th, Iowa, had reduced him to the physical weakness of old age. His entire life had been one of privations and sorrows, and at the decease of an adorable wife, he had passionately craved a change of scene and climate for both his physical and mental welfare.

Disposing of his few possessions in the little Iowa hamlet where he had followed the vocation of a coal miner since his discharge from the army, he had one day purchased tickets for both himself and only child, Standish, a young man of twenty years, and amid the farewells and felicitations of their neighbors and Peter's old army comrades, they had taken the Overland train for Denver. Arriving

safely in the mountain metropolis, Peter was at once attracted by hand bills and posters, announcing a cheap excursion of the C. C. & U. Ry., to the new mining camp of Plume, its western terminus.

Peter had always admitted one weakness, and that was mining. It fascinated him. He had long picked the thin bituminous coal strata of his native state, but this common product was at that time a drug on the market. Its value never changed save for an occasional slight fluctuation in the market caused by some local condition. True, one could make a living at coal mining, but hardly a fortune, confronted as the producer was with numerous competitors and a large acreage open to development on every hand. Peter Brown's dream had always been to face the *precious* metals in their native fastnesses, and he had often mentioned this desire to his wife. One day he had said to her in a burst of real enthusiasm, "Mary, it seems to me to be such a clean business, to mine the precious stuff from old Mother Nature. You rob no man, and what mineral you wrest from her, adds to the wealth of the world. In fact, you become a real benefactor, with the clean virgin gold plucked from the rocks, putting into almost immediate circulation, Nature's precious hoard of silver and gold."

Mrs. Brown had smiled indulgently in reply, not denying her hard toiling husband entrance to the bright realm of Hope. And as death had since taken her from him, Peter had discovered at that sad time the loss of a far more precious treasure than silver or gold.

The three days that they waited before the departure of the promised first train to Plume, the elder Brown had spent in purchasing a few supplies, including a small tent and cooking outfit; in visiting the United States land office; familiarizing himself with the mountain country by a constant scrutiny of the State maps; and observing the various conditions of Western life, of which the streets of Denver afforded a rich and varied prospect. Last but not least, he paid a visit to the office of his old regimental commander, Colonel Charles Rose, who was actively interested in several stage and freight lines. To his keen

disappointment, however, the Colonel was absent, attending to business matters in Salt Lake and San Francisco.

When the day of the excursion arrived, Peter and his son boarded the train, in company with some three score or more of eager Westerners, and the principal officers of the C. C. & U. Ry. Every mile of the narrow mountain gulch which the snorting, stuffy, narrow-gage locomotive penetrated, was examined in the most intense delight by the former Iowan and his son, and after the tiny train had successfully climbed the last steep grade from Joetown, the two Browns landed safely in Plume, amid the wild hurrahs of jubilant miners and townsmen, who had turned out *en masse* to greet the arrival of the first thru train from Denver.

Plume at that time had several large and paying mines within its borders, grouped principally about the base of a majestic peak known as Castle Mountain.

The mining district in this vicinity took its name from the largest and best producing mine in the entire gulch, the Pay Rock. The ores obtained from the district were often solid galena, carrying large values in copper, silver, and gold; and others not so valuable, were in prime demand with the smelters on account of their containing valuable iron sulphides—an important factor in the smelting of precious ores. The veins containing these ores were generally true fissure veins, sometimes quite wide, often narrowing, but always constant; and with increased depth, maintaining their values excellently.

Upon investigation, Brown found to his great disappointment, that outside of the Pay Rock property, very little mining was being done at that time, owing to several badly mixed matters of litigation—the curse of the mining world. Also it struck him with considerable force, that the area of mining was restricted to such narrow limits as then prevailed in the region. It seemed incredible to him, for instance, that the balance of Castle Mountain and its noble neighbor across the creek, Mt. Emerald, named for the solid mass of pines and spruces which covered its broad flanks, could be void of veins similar to those worked in the Pay Rock, altho several reputable citizens of Plume

had told him positively that both mountains had been carefully prospected by dozens of veteran prospectors without the slightest success.

Undaunted by these statements, however, Brown and his son pitched their tent on the edge of a little park of pines on the north side of the creek, and began to systematically prospect the entire slope of Castle Mountain above the Pay Rock mine. After six weeks of the most careful work, they abandoned the Castle, and pitching their tent on the opposite side of the creek, they began operations on the north slope of Mt. Emerald.

This superb mountain was much more difficult to prospect, however, than the Castle, whose steep slopes were almost devoid of vegetation and whose granite surface was quite naked to the eye. With the slopes of the Emerald clothed in masses of pines and spruces, prospecting could only be accomplished by laboriously scraping away the thick blanket of moss, rotten logs, pine-needles, and talus, down to the surface of the mountain, then carefully inspecting the small space thus exposed in search of the desired outcropping.

Brown began prospecting the Emerald, acting upon the theory that the Pay Rock lode, which followed a course almost exactly due north and south, might possibly continue at a great depth beneath the creek, and outcrop again upon the Emerald. Taking observations about the Pay Rock property, he began his campaign upon the Emerald, by making a careful survey, assisted by Standish, measuring the distance and locating the probable course of the vein from the shaft house of the Pay Rock to the first upraise of the Emerald across the creek, at which point he began operations.

He was somewhat appalled by the enormity of his undertaking at first, for nature, as if to utterly defy his efforts, had placed a thick grove of conifers upon the exact spot which he had fixed upon as the possible location of a recurrence of the Pay Rock lode outcrop. But quite undaunted, however, the Browns continued day after day in their arduous search in the midst of the pines; and each day found them a little higher on the mountain side, un-

til at the end of six weeks, with clothing torn almost to shreds, and with hands and faces scratched and lacerated by the razor-edged talus and sharp pine-needles, they found themselves fully two thousand feet above the level of the creek.

As the Emerald still towered thousands of feet above them, their only solace after these terrible weeks of toil, was that the pines were thinning fast, and eventually, as they approached timber-line, the slopes of the mountain would offer them a bare and open surface. But as they gradually ascended the mountain, however, Brown's hopes fell, as every foot of ascent took them further away from the creek. For he had in the infancy of his undertaking deluded himself with the hope that the lode, when struck, could be very successfully mined by driving a short tunnel into it from the edge of the creek. Which method in this district was the ideal manner of conducting mining operations, as the great volumes of water which flowed into nearly every shaft in the district thru subterranean waterways draining the vast regions above, entailed an enormous annual expense for pumping machinery to keep the mine workings free enough from water to permit operations.

Thus the great pumps of the Pay Rock worked night and day, year after year. If the pumping ceased, the mine immediately filled; and thousands of dollars were lost in pumping it out again, replacing the rotting timbers, and placing the workings in condition to resume operations. As careful tests had proven that there was no valuable ore in the Castle above the shaft house of the Pay Rock, and that the lode dipped gradually into the mountain instead of toward the creek, the history of that property had been one of continually sinking upon the vein, and patiently pumping out the water.

However, thru a tunnel driven directly into the side of the mountain, such as Peter Brown proposed, the water would flow by gravity, and thus drain the entire workings of the mine above, without the large expense of buying and maintaining an enormous pumping plant.

At this point in his labors, however, Brown would have

been glad to have accepted a vein or lode at any disadvantage, for not a sign of an outcropping had been exposed to reward his efforts. Despair had not entirely seized him as yet, and his face still showed the dogged determination of the grim veteran that he was. But he was glad to call a truce, however, and both Standish and he spent several days in camp, during which time they cleaned up the camp outfit and mended their clothes. They also made a trip to Plume and laid in a final stock of provisions; and greatly refreshed by their brief respite, father and son renewed their toil.

One day, almost immediately after resuming their picking and shoveling in the loose pine-needles and rock far up the side of the Emerald, Peter was startled by a loud cry from Standish, who immediately came running to him with a large piece of rock in his hand.

Peter grasped it excitedly, and after a careful examination, declared it to be as fine a specimen of honeycomb quartz as he had ever seen.

"My God! What a fine prospect, wh—where did it lay?" he asked eagerly, following Standish up the hill as fast as his infirmities allowed. And much to the old veteran's astonishment, Standish showed him where it had lain quite bare to the sky on top of a mass of pine-needles.

"Why, boy," exclaimed the panting old veteran, "this has fallen here within the last few days. Inside of a week or so at the outside. The ledge which this broke from is undoubtedly above us. It can't—it can't be very far," he mused, "the trees are too thick. Yes, this piece of quartz must have broken loose and rolled down here inside the last few days Great Cæsar! That ledge above us!" he cried, motioning excitedly. And as Standish leaped up the mountain to a ledge of rock about a hundred feet above them, which showed dimly thru a thicket of young jack-pines, he eagerly scanned its face.

"Hurrah, father, it's here—it's here!" he cried triumphantly, and in a flash the crippled old soldier had climbed the hill, and was eagerly examining the wide streak of glittering quartz as it lay exposed between two walls of granite; and a few moments later he leaped at

Standish, and father and son hugged each other like shipwrecked sailors after sighting a succoring sail. Peter Brown's dream had become a reality, and, best of all, the lode looked feasible for a tunnel.

To his great amazement, after his first transports of joy were over, Peter found that the lode as it lay exposed to his view, pointed almost diagonally across their path, thus completely exploding his theory of finding a continuance of the Pay Rock lode. Instead of following the general direction of the Pay Rock lode across the creek, it pointed more to the east and west; and might possibly, by tracing the vein to the east, bring it close to the creek. Thus as prospectors often do, they had discovered an absolutely new lode in their search for an old one.

After a careful examination Peter became convinced that if the vein held the same direction as it lay thus partially exposed, it would reach the creek nearly opposite and within less than a thousand yards of the C. C. & U. Railway depot in Plume. And that night, following such a day of excitement and delirious joy, the old veteran said to himself, after carefully assuring himself that Standish was fast asleep, "Peter, you darned old fool, why didn't you go up the hill and work *down,* instead of killing yourself in that wild tangle of pines?"

And the more he thought of it, the more this participant of many battles and bearer of honorable wounds became enraged; and finally fell asleep, fully convinced that his six weeks of toil on the side of the Emerald could all have been averted if he had used a little more "hoss sense," and taken a preliminary prospect from the uppermost barren and open slopes of the mountain down to the forest of pines.

After several days of patient picking, shoveling and close compass work, Peter traced the vein on a comparatively true course bearing toward the creek. And at the end of two weeks he had proved it to within a half mile of the railroad station in Plume, at an elevation of fully two thousand feet above the level of the creek. Beyond this point he could not trace it, for it ran straight into an enor-

mous projecting ledge of the Emerald and did not emerge upon the other side.

The exact measured distance from the ledge where the outcropping finally disappeared, to the south bank of the creek, was one thousand nine hundred and eighty-five feet. And it was seven hundred and sixty feet from the edge of the creek, to a point upon the mountain side where it would be practicable to start a tunnel, which point was fully five hundred feet above the level of the creek. Deducting this amount from the full measured distance, Peter figured that a tunnel of twelve hundred and twenty-five feet would cut the lode at a depth of fifteen hundred feet. To say that the magnificence of the proposition fairly staggered the old veteran would be putting it mildly. However, he lost no time in idle speculation, but immediately staked out a sufficient number of claims so as to include the entire length of the vein, with a goodly allowance at both ends. And immediately adjoining the C. C. & U. Ry. right-of-way he placed his stakes for a tunnel site.

After these preliminaries, he boarded the first train for Denver, with a full description and measurement of his claims, together with some rich looking samples of the ore.

His movements up to this time had aroused no suspicions of a "strike" among the townspeople of Plume, as he had conducted all of his surveying operations at night, taking advantage of several moonlight nights that occurred at this juncture of his enterprise.

Arriving in Denver, he went straight to Colonel Rose's office, and was delighted to find that ruddy old Westerner at his desk.

Colonel Charles Rose was a Kentuckian of straight Puritan descent, whose ancestors, instead of emigrating to the region north of the Ohio, as had Peter Brown's, had moved south and west, into Kentucky and Tennessee. The Colonel had married a handsome woman of aristocratic Virginian Cavalier ancestry, whose ancestors had been settled in Kentucky some time before the arrival of the Roses. Just previous to the Rebellion, the Colonel, anticipating the inevitable conflict and in full sympathy with the abo-

lition movement, had moved to Iowa, and there, by reason of his exceptional civic and military abilities, had led a regiment to war.

After the two old campaigners had exchanged hearty greetings, and engaged in a little round of old times, Peter finally mentioned his mining project to the Colonel, who, delighted with the description, and closely examining the ore, at which he was an expert, pronounced the find a bonanza.

"Egad, Pete, what are you going to name the lode?" he asked.

Peter looked up in some surprise, as he had entirely overlooked that part of the program. But as he looked up at the Colonel, his eyes caught sight of the old flag of the army corps under which he and the Colonel had both fought, and which hung upon the wall above the Colonel's desk carefully framed under glass. The emblem of the corps was a cartridge box, bearing the ominous legend, "40 Rounds."

"By gosh! Colonel, I'll call it the 40 Rounds, after our old flag," he said, in the celebration of which the two old vets proceeded to tap a bottle; after which jovial christening, the Colonel recommended the services of his son John, a rising young lawyer of Denver at that time, for filing and making out the proper papers for the discovery and the ownership of the 40 Rounds lode.

After dinner at the Colonel's residence, and a call at an assayer's office to have the ore tested, Peter obtained his papers and left for Plume satisfied that he was in possession of a real bonanza.

When the people of Plume at last got wind of Peter's "strike" it caused considerable excitement, and resulted in the filing of several claims immediately adjoining the property of the 40 Rounds. Strange to say, many of the oldest miners of Plume had prospected this same ground many times, but Nature had evidently guarded her secret from them in order to reward the old soldier and his son.

The next mail brought the assayer's test, and to Peter's delight, the ore proved values to the extent of $47.85 per ton, principally silver, tho carrying excellent values in

gold and copper, with a considerable percentage of lead.

After his first transports of joy were over, Peter soon began to realize that it is one thing to merely prospect a mine and another to *develop* it. Like nearly every other business proposition, the mining business depends largely upon the extent of one's capital. If Peter had possessed sufficient capital he would have immediately started his tunnel to cut the lode exactly where he had made his survey. But when a bore is proposed to penetrate at least twelve hundred and twenty-five feet of solid granite, with no prospect of pay ore until the objective lode is cut, it is a proposition which calls for the expenditure of several thousand dollars. And altho it was decidedly the most feasible and economical plan for the scientific development of the mine, yet with Peter's slender capital it was impossible. He was forced to follow, therefore, the only plan possible under the circumstances, and that was to start a shaft, sinking it upon the vein where it lay exposed on the ledge of rock fully two thousand feet above the level of the creek. Peter hoped, however, that the ores thus raised from the shaft would bring him sufficient returns to eventually put the tunnel thru to the lode; the tunnel itself being started by him, in performance of the assessment work which was required by the United States Government to hold the tunnel site, annually to the amount of $100.00, but the few feet that would be thus made each year would be but a mere scratch in the side of the Emerald.

The Browns had built their cabin near the mouth of the tunnel, at which point was a broad shelf or terrace upon the side of the mountain, some five hundred feet above the creek. At the mouth of the shaft, fully fifteen hundred feet above the cabin, they erected a commodious shaft-house, and furnished it with bunks, cooking utensils, etc., and they also built a tool house and equipped it with forge and anvil, which were necessary for sharpening the drills.

For over a year the Browns steadily sank the shaft, and kept up the assessment work on the tunnel site. In that time they produced some very good ore and in consider-

able quantities; but the actual cost of mining the ore itself, the labor required to get the ore down to the railroad station for shipment, the railroad haul to Denver, the cost of smelting, and the actual theft of the smelters, so notorious at that time, all conspired to produce a very small net return to Brown and his son for their arduous toil. However, they made some headway, and Peter soon had a generous bank account in Denver at a depository recommended by the Colonel.

As they started into the second year of the development of the mine, the long anticipated evil befell them which had proved so costly to the Pay Rock. In the spring, great quantities of water flowed into the shaft from the upper regions of the Emerald, and at last they gave up the work as a task impossible to continue, unless a pump was installed to keep the workings clear from the crystal flood.

Peter gave the matter his most serious thought. He went over his resources carefully, and concluded that he would stake his all on the tunnel project, and abandon the shaft completely. With the same amount of money which would be required to install a pumping plant to keep the shaft free of water, he figured that he could push the tunnel several hundred feet; and with the advice of the Colonel, he began that task, which, however arduous, would eventually be the salvation of the property, for with the tunnel completed, it would be far easier to produce many tons of ore, therefrom, than to obtain one ton from the now badly flooded shaft.

By this time Standish had become quite an expert miner, and Peter figured that, with no ill luck, they could prosecute the tunnel at an average of forty feet per month.

Thus the two Browns, with all the fever and vigor which only mining the precious stuff itself can produce, kept up the constant drill and blast within the tunnel, month after month, for over two years, until the tape measured an even thousand feet from the mouth of the tunnel to the breast. Peter could not handle the drills himself, incapacitated as he was by his rheumatism and wounds, but he contented himself by putting the rock dropped by

the blast into the one tiny ore car in their possession, and hauling it thru the tunnel down the little track and dumping it into the gulch. He also cooked most of the meals, kept the house, sharpened the drills, and looked after the supply of food and dynamite; while Standish, tall and sinewy as a young ash, attacked unrelentingly the granite breast of the 40 Rounds with hammer and drill, exploding the remorseless dynamite and advancing nearer and nearer the vast heart of the Emerald with every bite of the conquering blast.

When they unloosed the tape again, it reached the twelve-hundred-foot mark. They were within twenty-five feet of the lode. Peter had never for a moment doubted but that the lode would be cut and exposed at that distance. But he was getting desperately anxious, however, as his ready funds were almost exhausted, while his credit with the storekeepers of Plume had long since been stretched to the breaking point. He had enough money left to run the last twenty-five feet, but not a cent more. That distance was soon accomplished, but with no indication of the lode. This considerably daunted the old soldier, but he could not doubt that the lode was hidden from them by only a few more feet. He therefore applied to Howard & Co., keepers of a general store in Plume, for a last month's credit of provisions and dynamite, he having hardly dared to look at the total of the bill he owed them for the past three months.

Howard thought the matter over carefully. The busted miner was a common thing for him to encounter, and as they were more often the victims of drink than ill luck, they usually could obtain no credit with him save in a very limited way; but he knew the old soldier received a small pension from the government, that he had a son capable of working at almost anything, and that both of them were of the utmost integrity of character; and lastly, we must give him the credit for saying to himself, "Pete Brown has been a good customer of ours for years, and I would just as soon as not lose the amount in remembrance of his good pay of past times."

And so the Browns, as at the beginning of this narra-

tive, having exhausted this last month's supply of provisions, were also awaiting the discharge of their last stick of "giant."

A muffled roar was soon heard. A sharp puff of air rattled the half open door of the tunnel. The blast was over.

Had it reached the lode?

By almost superhuman efforts Standish had penetrated nearly fifty-two feet of solid granite in this last month, in addition to which the holes just discharged would add at least two feet to the total, the lode having dipped or varied from its course just that amount, in its fifteen-hundred-foot fall from the outcropping far above, provided, of course, that this last shot had exposed its precious riches.

The entrance of the two Browns into the tunnel of the 40 Rounds a half hour later was almost tragic. Without means, almost without food, their credit exhausted, their physical and mental forces terribly depleted, these two heroes had fought the solid rock for nearly five years, and unless this last shot was victorious, they were defeated and prisoners of want.

Standish lighted a candle and pressed eagerly forward. There was a girl in Plume who was to be his if the precious lode of the 40 Rounds had been struck. Every hole and every shot for the past six months had been driven and fired in her name. *He* had not feared want. Necessities are few in the light of youthful love, and so he pressed forward in the joy of love and hope, with his eyes undimmed by the still escaping smoke, and his lungs unchoked by the foul fumes of the blast.

But Peter, the father, moved feebly. He realized that only a miracle could have exposed the coveted ore in this last shot. An old veteran is not led by the light of Hope. The grim old warrior has little faith in the chance shot. He follows no false will-o'-the-wisp, but instead he faces the battle line with firm, grim stoicism. And as Peter walked forward by the dim light of his candle, he was feebly thinking of what his next move would be in this tremendous baffling enterprise, and preparing his despairing gray eyes to view the disheartening spectacle of the still grayer unyielding granite breast of the 40 Rounds.

But he did not realize that he would witness another spectacle which would arouse in him such an anguish that the sight of the unconquered rock could not, and which would completely subdue his undaunted heart and melt his grim stoicism into a fountain of tears.

When Standish reached the breast of the tunnel, he thrust the candle anxiously into the gray depths of the jagged seams made by the blast, his eyes searching eagerly for the gleam, or supposed gleam, of the long-battled-for quartz.

But in vain. The terrible mountain laughed and sneered at him.

He placed the candle on the floor, and despairingly seizing a pick, he stripped the breast of the tunnel to the smoothness of a stone wall. But all was granite—solid, gray, cold, pitiless, unyielding granite. He struck the wall a final, despairing blow, causing the sparks to fly in showers. The mighty force of the blow had broken the point of the pick. That breast of rock was harder than the steel which struck it. The blow echoed dully in the depths of the mountain, and with a groan of grief and despair, the strong youth who struck it fell upon the heap of rocky débris and wept like a child.

As he fell the draught put out the flame of the candle.

It was at this juncture that Peter appeared, groping his way feebly forward with his dim eyes, and stumbling over the pile of rock upon which lay his unhappy son.

"My poor tired boy," he cried brokenly, knowing that the worst had come, and that the last shot had exposed nothing but a barren wall.

The candle fell from his hand extinguished, and falling upon his rheumatic old knees regardless of the cruel, jagged granite cutting into his flesh, he clasped his son in his arms, and together father and son wept there in the darkness, and only the vast stony heart of the Emerald knew.

Peter, the father, emerged from the tunnel of the 40 Rounds a poor man again. Poor in pocket, poor in hope. When he returned to the cabin he found that Poverty had entered, and was again his unwelcome guest. Many times

before she had visited him, and he recognized her instantly. They silently exchanged greetings, and once more the wolf slept beside the cabin door.

Standish, the son, emerged from the tunnel a desperately whipped man. The mountain had broken his heart. It was his first great defeat in life. He was still bleeding from the cuts of the sharp rocks which had pillowed his head. Nature had set him a terrible pace. Her solid granite had beaten his strong arm, charged as it was with dynamite and drill. He did not observe Poverty as his father did when he entered the cabin. He observed another figure, however, but it was not that of Poverty. Long years afterward he could have named it.

It was FATE.

BOOK TWO

THE NEST THAT SHAKES IN THE WIND

THE Browns began their modest supper in silence. The tears to which they had succumbed in the mine had partially washed away the acuteness of their disappointment, and their despair was succeeded by hard, practical thought. In times past they had vaguely discussed a plan of action in case their funds should become exhausted before they cut the lode. Such a contingency had seemed so improbable, however, that it had been a mere dip of anticipation; but now that such a situation actually faced them, they were both thinking out a solution of the problem. Standish broke the silence.

"Father, I guess I had better go down to Denver and have Colonel Rose help me to get a job; six months work at fair wages will pay our debts, give us a grub stake, and giant enough to cut another hundred feet into the hill. Surely we must be close to the lode. Don't you think so, daddy?" he said, looking appealingly into the brave sensitive face of his father.

The old veteran sighed heavily as he replied, "Son, I'd stake my life that we are within twenty-five feet of it. I suppose I *could* borrow some money from the Colonel, but perhaps it's better for us to earn it, independence is so sweet. I really think tho, son, that a little change will do us both good, especially yourself. You're all I've got, and if it wasn't for your bravery and strength, old Peter Brown would have been done for long ago. But never mind, sonny, when we do strike that tarnel stubborn streak of ore, you shall have it all—gold, power, riches, and—and a hair cut," he added smilingly, as he noticed almost for the first time, the long unshorn locks which clustered about the ears of his son.

"My little pension, and what few dollars I can make

fiddling for the boys down in Plume, will keep me going O. K.; and if everything else goes all right, we'll hit the old 40 Rounds such a whack six months from now, as will carry us thru to pay ore in a jiffy. Work is scarce up here at Plume I hear, but I know the Colonel can get you work in Denver, and I guess it's the move to make."

They cleared the table and washed the dishes, and as the father busied himself in making up the beds and attending to several other little neglected duties of their quarters, Standish brushed himself up as well as he could, and halting at the door he said, "I won't be gone long, father, I'm just going to drop in on Mollie for a few minutes," and opening the door he disappeared in the darkness.

He passed down the trail, crossed the railroad tracks near the little station, and walking up the principal street of Plume he paused before the largest edifice of the village.

It was a low two-storied frame structure with a veranda built along the entire street front. A rude sign painted in black and white, and fastened clumsily to the roof of the veranda with two strips of pine, indicated that this particular edifice was "The New Windsor Hotel." It was the only place in the village which aspired to the dignity of a public hostelry, and altho the word "new" affixed to an old hotel sign, is perhaps an indication that the hostelry thus identified has recently changed ownership and undergone a renovation; yet it nevertheless gives to the veteran traveler a decided chill, quite similar to that experienced when one is introduced to a strange man, with the whispered admonition, "that he has just buried his third wife."

The proprietor of the New Windsor at this time was Mrs. Mary Rogan, an Irish widow of fifty-five summers. She had arrived in Plume one day from Denver, the guest of the C. C. & U. Ry., an official of that road having interested her in the leasing of the Windsor Hotel then vacant, had also issued her a round trip pass so that she could examine the proposition in person and without expense. The widow had gone over the property carefully, and re-

turning to Denver where she further consulted the owner, the deal finally resulted in Plume numbering among its growing population, the widow Rogan and her handsome young daughter, Mollie.

The steady boarders of the New Windsor were the trainmen of the C. C. & U. Ry., and several engineers and mining men from the nearby mines. While an occasional traveling salesman, and parties of visiting stockholders of the numerous mining concerns of the region, together with considerable numbers of tourists in the summer season, all contributed to the maintenance of this mountain hostelry.

The widow's daughter, a young woman of eighteen, had secured the position of teacher in the one tiny school which the village supported; and she also assisted in no small way, thru the medium of her comely attractions, in filling the tables of the New Windsor with gallant and admiring gentlemen from the entire camp.

Standish entered the hotel office, which was filled with the crew of the evening passenger train from Denver, who sat smoking and hugging the bright coal fire and exchanging the gossip of their day's run, and opening the door into the cold, narrow hallway, and climbing the steep flight of creaky stairs which led to the second floor, he paused at the head of the open doorway of the parlor, which was furnished with the personal effects of the widow herself.

It contained an organ of uncertain age, a black walnut stand with a white embroidered cover, upon which rested a massive family Bible and a sadly soiled cream and gold plush bound photograph album, containing the pictorial necrology of at least three generations of the Rogans and the O'Briens, the latter name being the maiden name of the widow. A small stool beside the organ was the repository for several ancient hymn books, and sheets of vocal and instrumental music of a much later date, evidently the property of Mollie. Several cheap wooden chairs, a large well battered up lounge upholstered in faded red plush and delightfully odoriferous from untold years of buckwheat cakes and other kitchen fragrances,

and an old fashioned hair sofa, a relic of first married years, filled the various corners of the New Windsor parlor.

Upon the parlor walls were several frames, among them being the Lord's Prayer in pictorial form; while another contained a desperately melodramatic poem printed in black and gilt, describing a fearful mine disaster which several years before had brought death and suffering to several families in Plume.

Upon a badly fly-specked wooden stretcher nearby, was a canvas upon which was painted a view of Grays Peak as viewed from the valley of Clear Creek. It looked more like an ant-hill in distress, but if one were wise, he would accept the widow's glowing description of this gem of art, with a gravely composed countenance, and several well placed "ahs."

Another interesting subject upon the parlor wall, was a steel engraving of the Washington family. Two or three yellow streaks across the once white mat of this picture, indicated to the careful observer; that the illustrious George and Martha, together with their little flock, had nearly perished in some tenement fire. Several tell-tale watermarks upon the same mat and numerous blisters on the varnish of the frame, revealing very plainly, that just as the flames had reached the frame, the firemen had succeeded in drenching the walls upon which the frame was resting. As the widow had lived in Chicago during the Great Fire, one might be justified in assuming that this dramatic incident in the later history of the Washington family, had occurred in the metropolis of the Great Lakes.

A small chamber opening from the parlor thus described, was the abode of Mollie Rogan. Standish looked inquiringly in its direction, and seeing a light thru the half opened door he advanced into the parlor to see if Mistress Mollie was at home, she had heard his step, however, and met him half way in the parlor.

The tread of a heavy man upon the stairs of the New Windsor shook the hostelry to its very foundations. During a winter storm, the snow, whipped by a stiff wind, was driven thru the thin sides of the hotel as thru a

sieve, covering the beds on the windward side upstairs with deep glistening ripples of the "beautiful," which the regular guests upon retiring, philosophically shook off on the floor.

And, oh! The wind! With every gust of the fierce winter gale or the softer breeze of summer, the hotel shook and weaved like an oriole's nest suspended from a wind-rocked tree.

During a severe storm the previous winter, the hotel was nearly blown into the creek which flowed swiftly a few yards distant. And the widow, nearly frightened out of her wits and having loudly protested with the owner in Denver, a carpenter had been engaged to brace the corners of the building with some heavy posts, anchoring them to several beams sunk deep in the ground. Since then the widow had felt safer; as for the hotel, it still shook violently in the wind and pulled madly at its fastenings, much like a ship in a harbor pulling fiercely at its anchor during a heavy gale.

At regular intervals, and with almost the exact regularity of an ocean fog-horn shrieking its hoarse warning to vessels in the fog, occurred the hideous brayings of several Rocky Mountain jackasses. The long eared singers in a stable two doors to the west of the hotel, singing yearningly to the canary toned divas of another stable four doors to the east of the hotel, who returned the soulful salutations of their neighbors with an impassioned fervor which brooked no superiority either in volume or in tone. Thus these mountain birds sang to each other day and night, even on Sunday and Decoration Day. And just as often as their melodious "onk-ke-onks" and grave crescendo "hee-haws" were emitted, the tender heart-melting vibrations entered into shingles, weather boarding, rafters, and in fact into the entire structure of the New Windsor, softly imparting their rich sonorous strains into the ears of the guests; it having been estimated by particularly favored guests of this famous Colorado hostelry, that about thirty minutes of this soul-agonizing chorus, would put the most earnest Chinese funeral to shame.

When the hotel did not shake in the wind, it shook in

the bray of the jackasses. And when both these forces swooped down upon the devoted edifice at once, the uninitiated guests were sometimes distracted enough to call for life-preservers, thinking that the old ship would surely sink.

Mollie ushered Standish into her little room off the parlor and seated him beside a tiny stove, which was usually piping hot to stave off the cold air of the mountain nights as it leaked thru the innumerable chinks and crevices of the hotel. Widow Rogan had almost denied her daughter the extravagance of this room, but had finally been persuaded that Mollie should be allowed the privilege of a room all to herself, especially as the parlor was open to the guests at all times; both mother and daughter sleeping in another room across the hall from the parlor.

Mollie's trim individuality reigned supreme in this tiny chamber. In addition to the stove, the room was furnished with a small table with an elaborately embroidered cover, upon which stood a reading lamp with a red paper shade; while a couple of old wooden chairs neatly covered with a red and white fabric to conceal the battered up wood, constituted the balance of the room's modest furnishings. In one corner was a large stack of Harper's Bazaars, of which Mollie was a regular subscriber, and upon the walls were many double page pictures cut from the same magazine, also an old daguerreotype of her father and mother taken many years before in Chicago.

Now Mistress Mollie had decided upon one thing that very afternoon, which was that a young lady who was engaged to be married as she was, should have a ring, and she had made up her mind to ask Standish for one that very evening.

A young woman who is engaged must have a ring.

Such has been the custom of centuries of love making. To millions of the tender sex it has brought untold delight, whether it be the plain silver band offering of the humblest peasant, or the magnificent solitaire of the millionaire, it carries into a maiden's heart a world of sentiment.

To those women who are bound in marriage, its magic power oft prevents the quarrel. There are some women who scorn the weak and guilty husband, and turn him away with a cold heart; but when they pluck off the ring which has adorned their finger, perhaps for many years, they weep. The former object of their affection has proved himself vile, yet the sight of the ring brings back the time when he was pure and love beat high. These women can forgive.

There are some women who have plucked off the ring fiercely in the heat of the quarrel, but as the husband advanced protestingly to take it back, they have thrown their arms lovingly about him; and in that embrace, both husband and wife promised each other better things, and the ring shone all the brighter thruout the remaining years.

There are a few women, who engaged but not married, have returned the ring coldly, without sentiment, without regard, to look for another ring, another foolish giver.

There are still a fewer number of women, who have been known to give the cold dismissal but not the ring. In the eyes of such women, a ring has intrinsic value.

Mollie belonged to the true class of women. She wanted a ring upon her finger, to treasure her lover within her heart. Its close presence would remind her of him when he was away at his work, and it would always be a solemn, sacred token of their engagement, to remind her of his constancy when her own heart was weak, and to inform the world that her person was sacred and inviolate in the promised bonds of matrimony.

Their conversation had drifted on in the little chit-chat way of lovers, and as Standish rose to bid her good-bye, she crept up into his arms and whispered her request in that confident petulant manner of a woman who rules the object of her desires.

Standish was half prepared for her request. He was fully conscious that it was the customary thing to do, but in the fearful clutch of his poverty he had long evaded the issue, especially as he had anticipated the striking of the

rich lode of the 40 Rounds, and then the ring should be a magnificent diamond.

"Certainly, darling," he replied confusedly to her request; and as an apology for not having done so before, he told her that he was going to Denver to buy her a diamond. Standish did not see her happy smile in the dim light as he told her this, but he felt the tightening clasp of her arms, and with a fond kiss she released him, and he passed thru the parlor and out into the hall shaking the whole house with his heavy tread.

As he passed out into the night filled with the joy of her embrace, he looked up at the starry sky with its millions of glittering jewels, and he wished that one of them might drop at his feet set in a golden band. But further on as he climbed the steep trail, Poverty clutched him by the throat, the joy was rudely swept from his heart, the unyielding granite breast of the 40 Rounds stared him mockingly in the face; and there, under those same glittering orbs, realizing his helpless, moneyless condition, he wept. When he looked up at them again thru his tears, they appeared no longer as bright jewels set in a beautiful sky, but rather as cold distant planets.

Approaching the cabin, he heard the familiar tones of his father's violin. He stood near the window and listened, the notes seeming to soothe him.

"Dear old dad," he murmured, as the sweet notes filled to overflowing their little weather-beaten shack. It was an old, old ballad that dad was playing. Standish remembered, that long ago he had heard his mother sing the same sweet, tender words. Yes, the old man was humming them even now:

"I cannot sing the old songs,
For mem'ries come again,
Of golden dreams departed,
And years of weary pain.

Perhaps when earthly fetters,
Shall set my spirit free,
My voice shall sing the old songs,
Thru all eternity."

The sweet strains of the violin softly followed the husky old voice. The notes which the wavering voice could not carry, the instrument did. And perhaps it was not that the voice was cracked and husky, but rather that the old man's heart strings hushed the tender notes and claimed their own.

Soon the sweet strains ceased, but Standish did not hurry, for he felt that this was dad's hour, and that the depths of his tender revery was too sacred, even for the presence of a son.

In the domain of Spirit, Poverty is unknown.

Broken old Peter Brown sat there in his humble cabin, poor in purse, but royally rich in the flow of memories.

As Standish seated himself upon the washstand outside the cabin door and waited, he thought that perhaps the ring would be bought in some manner after all, but he did most emphatically know, that he was dreadfully tired and sleepy; and stamping his feet heavily, so that his father might know he was coming, he raised the latch and entered.

Peter was putting the violin and bow in their case. Looking up cheerily he said, "Well, son, got home so soon," and placing the case upon the shelf and handling it as tho it were a thing of love, he lighted his pipe and looked into the fire.

BOOK THREE

THE INVASION OF POLISH

THE train which Standish took for Denver passed the up-bound train at the Forks of the Creek. Upon that train was a person who was experiencing for the first time the glorious inspiration of the Rockies.

Theodore Dodge, the person in question, was a polished young man of symmetrical build, medium height, full chested and shapely limbed as a young Greek; and with magnetic merry black eyes, brownish hair and rosy cheeks, he made a rare picture of perfect and graceful young manhood. He came from Ohio, where his parents, who were well-to-do farmers, had provided liberally for his education; and now, at the age of twenty-two, he had just graduated from college, flattering himself that he was a full-fledged engineer and mining expert.

The handsome youth undoubtedly did possess a superb book education, but he was certainly sadly lacking in that greater education of *actual* contact with that subject matter upon which he had so assiduously informed himself from his books.

Mines and mining existed for him only in thought. He felt that he knew them thoroly in theory, but he was soon to see them materialize into those cold, hard facts, which, somehow, seem in actual experience to differentiate so curiously from the substance of mere printed pages.

The president of the college which Theodore had attended had warmly interested himself in the bright young collegian, and when Theodore had finished the course and obtained his degree, the president had secured for him the promise of a position from an old friend of his who was at that time a resident of Denver.

Theodore, thereupon, had come immediately to the mountain metropolis, and presented his letter to the gen-

tleman addressed, who proved to be a wholesale merchant of the city, Mr. Thomas Bayard. The merchant had scrutinized the young man very closely with his shrewd gray eyes, and had stated a time for the youth to call upon him again. At this point in our narrative it becomes necessary to digress briefly to relate the circumstances of Thomas Bayard's first venture in mining.

Is there an old resident of Colorado who has not at some time or another been the possessor of mining stock? If a man really does escape the tempting invitation of the Great Hills, in itself a severe test of his conservatism, or resists investing a little wad in the "U-O-ME," or sinking a small bunch in the "Gay Red Elephant," and by this act of rare abstinence eliciting from his weaker or more reckless friends the credit of steering clear of the seething maelstrom of Western mine speculation, he is almost sure, sooner or later, to have some of the flimsy stuff forced on him as collateral by some unfortunate acquaintance. So that, sane or insane, drunk or sober, wise or foolish, the Coloradoan of long standing is in a fair way to become the possessor of some of that most questionable, tho often surprisingly valuable, commodity in the whirlpool of American speculation—a bunch of mining stock.

Immediately adjoining the extensive properties of the Pay Rock in Plume was a large property known as the Sampson-Smith. Sampson had originally owned one claim, Smith the other. And the two properties thus immediately adjoining each other were so situated, by reason of the peculiar slope of the mountain, that the lode, which was the main or "mother" lode of the district, could only be reached by means of a deep shaft. Neither Sampson or Smith had the means to sink a shaft as deep as was required to reach the lode, especially when there was the possibility of the vein dipping or turning off in some unknown direction.

It was several hundred feet from the shaft-house of the Pay Rock to the nearest lines of the Sampson and Smith properties, and altho it was conceded by mining experts that the vein was probably there, the two claim holders had no actual outcroppings of the vein upon the sur-

face of their properties to more definitely determine their operations. Under these circumstances, Sampson agreed with Smith to sink a shaft on the supposed boundary line between the two properties. This would enable them to work both properties thru a single shaft, the expense of which was quite within their united means.

They sank the shaft, they struck the lode, and each of them produced some good ore. Then they fell out, Smith having discovered by means of a new survey that the shaft was wholly on his property instead of being upon the boundary line, and he chose to make demands upon Sampson accordingly.

Then Sampson secured an injunction to prevent Smith from confiscating the shaft, and thus their slender fortunes soon melted in attorneys' fees. Next, the different attorneys interested put attachments on the properties in order to secure their fees. Then Sampson, who was a widower, died, leaving several minor heirs in the East to inherit his interest in the property. Smith still lived on, however, but he could not shake off the clutch of the lawyers.

A long time then elapsed, during which the claims were jumped by new parties, neither of the claims having been patented, and the annual assessment required on them by the government having not been kept up in the interval. Smith was now at his wit's end, and all of the parties interested were forced to get together to fight the jumpers; all of which circumstances having gone to make up what is familiarly known in mining circles as litigation; and litigation is the dread vampire of mining on the Great Divide. For there are today scores of rich and valuable mining properties in Colorado that are hopelessly involved and wholly unproductive solely because of a vast tangle of litigation.

Now, Bayard, in the course of his mercantile business, had been forced to levy a claim upon the Smith property, by reason of his being a heavy creditor of Smith's. So, getting in touch with other business men having similar claims, he called a meeting of the attorneys interested in both properties, the various heirs of Sampson, the well beaten Smith, and all other parties having claims against

the properties. At this and several subsequent meetings the diplomatic merchant succeeded in securing the agreement of all parties to the following arrangement:

First, to present a united front and make terms with the jumpers. Second, to permanently merge the two properties and organize a stock company, issuing stock to all parties interested according to the justice and value of their claims. And third, to hold the balance of the stock in the treasury, to be sold as occasion required, to raise funds for the development of the long idle properties, which were truly of great value. The natural outcome of the whole affair was the complete restoration of harmony between all parties, the satisfaction and peaceful exit of the jumpers, and the permanent organization of the Sampson-Smith corporation with Thomas Bayard as its president and treasurer.

With this accomplished, it was naturally up to Bayard to put the property on its old-time paying basis, and to do this he must have a competent manager. Thru long experience in the course of his mercantile business, he was quite wary of that portion of the mining fraternity of the West, who, professing to be expert managers, really allowed a mine to go to rack and ruin, as long as they could sit at a gambling table and puff choice cigars. As a shrewd business man, Bayard wanted to develop the Sampson-Smith as quickly and economically as possible, for he believed it to be a great property.

Upon receipt, therefore, of his friend's letter, in which Theodore was so warmly recommended, Bayard decided that if on mere personal contact the young man impressed him favorably, he would prefer him to the risk and excessive expense of a certified and duly proven mining expert, promising himself that if the youth really made good to increase his salary from time to time as he proved worthy, to the full pay of an expert. And later, when he came in personal contact with the bright young fellow, he felt that he instantly recognized a personality imbued with rare intelligence, capability and loyalty. It was enough. Here was a fellow who, under proper guidance and encouragement, would work with energy and skill, and above all,

obtain results. So after a few preliminaries, in which Bayard advised the young engineer to look up the former workmen of the properties and to hold himself quite open, considering his lack of experience, to the suggestions which they might make as to the development of the property, the merchant closed a contract with the youth, giving him *carte blanche* to manage the property and bring it to a state of full and steady production.

"Young man, do your best. Never let up until you have ore on the dump, and are shipping every day," was Bayard's parting injunction, as Theodore left the office to take the train for Plume.

This, then, was the worthy, who, passing Standish at the Forks of the Creek on his way to Denver, was destined to play no small part in that party's future career.

Arriving at Plume, Theodore naturally sought the comforts of the New Windsor. He was very warmly welcomed by the business and laboring men of the village, as his appearance meant that another active producer would soon be added to the district, with the consequent disbursement of thousands of dollars each month among the citizens of Plume.

For several weeks Theodore and his men toiled day and night upon the abandoned shaft and workings of the Sampson-Smith, which had long since been almost wholly submerged, and the pumping plant greatly damaged by water and rust. And in his strenuous labors upon this property, the young collegian developed many of those qualities which later in life established him as an engineer and mining expert of national repute.

Within three months from the date of his arrival Theodore and his men had ore on the Sampson-Smith dump, and from that time and for several succeeding years there were always ore cars at the C. C. & U. siding at the mine, loaded with Sampson-Smith ore consigned to the smelters in Denver.

Mrs. Rogan was more than delighted with her handsome young guest, and had the walls of a sunny east room covered with a double thickness of wall paper in order to

partially conceal the glaring defects of the New Windsor's primitive architecture.

Theodore soon became popular with the C. C. & U. train men and the balance of the hotel boarders, especially the mining fraternity, who found in him very congenial and intelligent company.

Mistress Mollie fought very shy of him for a long time after his arrival. Letters came regularly from Standish, and the girl's heart was true; but a person as highly magnetic and attractive as Theodore was could not help but deeply impress this mountain belle. In course of time she could distinguish his quick step sounding on the thin floor of the veranda, and so acute is woman's instinct of the differentiations of the opposite sex that it was not long until she could distinguish it wherever it sounded in the shaking structure of the house itself. Finally the keen psychic sense of this pretty Irish lass could detect Theodore's magnetic personality in the very atmosphere of the hotel, so pronounced at times that it would fairly disconcert her, and she would flee the house in an effort to regain her composure. Ah! Supreme, imperious Nature. To vindicate your immutable laws of sex attraction, you would bring a woman from Alaska and a man from Patagonia, to meet and wed in Panama.

After many conscientious interviews with herself, in which she could not help but recognize the young engineer's growing importance in the community, she determined that she had best meet the issue bravely by establishing an honest open friendship with this handsome down-easter, and not endure the silent torture of an inexpressible emotion which racked her soul in his near presence.

And so it began. When an impressionable young woman takes up a friendship with as magnetic and charming a young man as Theodore Dodge, it is but a short flight to something more serious.

She soon found herself constantly comparing him with Standish. The contrast was indeed striking. The tall, angular form of the latter did not compare favorably, in her eyes at least, with the supple, graceful figure of the

young mine superintendent. The hesitating, drawling speech of Standish, whose features were often convulsed by a distressing twitching caused by the tiny muscles of his face vainly endeavoring to follow his swifter thought, did not compare well with Theodore's bright face and quick, expressive speech and extensive vocabulary.

Standish was a great, rough, plain-clothes man. Theodore was as neat as a polished silk hat stowed snugly away in a smart leather box. His air and manner displayed all the polished refinement and culture of a well-bred college man. And then the money end of it. Standish always so poor, self-denying, poverty stricken. She constantly thought of his promise to send her the ring. When would he deign to send it? Ah! Standish, you must hurry. The time to give a lady a ring is when she has once accepted you gloriously into her heart. Indeed, the ring is often the key that locks your love in her heart. If you do not get that key and lock it safely within, the door is liable to spring open and your love fly away.

But Theodore, good, generous boy that he was, the smoke from his fragrant cigars as he and the train men puffed them in the office Sunday mornings smelled deliciously thru the rough floor of her room, which was directly above the hotel office. And Mollie, as most women also confess they do, rather liked the smell of a good cigar; but Standish—he was so puritanical. He did not smoke nor indulge in intoxicants, even ever so little for company's sake, nor even swear. But he was *good,* and as generous perhaps as he could afford to be. She remembered the books he had given her and the nice birthday present he had given her mother. Really these comparisons did not leave him in such a bad light after all. But just now he was so far away and Theodore so near. And then — always that long promised and never materializing ring.

The next phenomenon of this maiden's thought was her struggle with that still unsolved mystery — a woman's curiosity. "Who were Theodore's parents? What was his salary? What books did he read? Do you suppose

he has a sweetheart down East? Is she a blonde or brunette? Where did he meet her?"

Quite unknown to her mother she often visited his room while he was at the mine; and boldly searching his letters, looking thru his books and examining his collection of photographs, only served her intense feminine curiosity to that end, that her secret and most reprehensible investigations soon carried her up to the man himself.

We must, however, give Mollie full credit for not trying to make a bold conquest of Theodore, either as a friend or as a lover. She was, in the beginning, honestly desirous of establishing a straightforward friendship with him, the same as she had long maintained with all the other young men of the village. But in this case, having entered the lists with a most irresistible personality, it was as impossible for her to separate friendship from downright love as it is to distinguish the emotion of a caress from that of a kiss.

As for Theodore he was perfectly heart-free. Life was monotonous in Plume. He frankly confessed that he liked the girl from the first moment he saw her, and he felt his heart reaching out to her from the beginning. He could not help it. When a man possesses a great warm heart, he naturally possesses a great love. This love reaches out for the things it desires as naturally and passionately as the tendrils of a vine reach upward toward the golden sun; as the swift bird leaps exultant into the blue heavens; as the soul forever seeks its affinity. Theodore's love responded to Mollie's attractions as spontaneously as the morning-glory opens up its petals to the first beam of the rising sun.

All things that are perfect are *spontaneous.* In the great chronicles of man's existence, History and Art, the things that he admires most are those which sprang up *free,* at-the-instant-gushing-forth; leaping gloriously, spontaneously, without conscious effort, from out the crucible of Existence.

Creation itself gushes forth spontaneous out of the vast fount of Nature; and what is so perfect as that which perfectly imitates Nature.

At the command of God the World sprang forth from Chaos perfect. Perfect to that life which was created then. Perfect now to that soul which comprehends its noble unity.

Thus Mollie's brave little friendship fluttered a brief instant on the ways of her conscience, and then slipped without a ripple into that warm, passionate ocean of love, whose surging tides beat fiercely within the portals of her heart.

It was Thanksgiving Day that the final consummation came. In the evening a big dance was to be given in the great ore mill of the Pay Rock, and Mollie had accepted Theodore's invitation to attend.

She had taken the huge Bible from off the parlor stand for sufficient space to write a letter. She mused long over the epistle, several times rising to her feet and walking back and forth in an endeavor to solve what to her was a problem. The truth was, however, that there was no problem. It had been solved for some time. *She loved Theodore Dodge, she had ceased to love Standish Brown.*

Altho her heart sheltered the new love, and had wholly driven out the old, yet her conscience stoutly defended the old. And now her guilty little heart was struggling to force her conscience to boldly release her old lover. This done, all bonds between Standish and her would be severed.

She felt intuitively that the letter must be written and posted immediately in the thought that something embarrassing might happen that very night if she did not, and her conscience did not propose to be compromised.

After many pauses, certain knittings of her white brow and determined compressions of her dimpled mouth, the letter was finally finished. She read it over for the last time, folded it, placed it in an envelope, and addressed it to "Mr. Standish Brown, Denver, Colo. Care of Colonel Charles Rose." Then going to her mother's room and obtaining a postage stamp, she affixed it to the envelope, and throwing a shawl about her shoulders, she passed up the street to the postoffice.

Slip went the envelope into the outgoing mail-box.

Mollie's form stiffened visibly as the missive left her grasp. She felt almost as if she had lost a part of herself, and her bosom heaved with deep emotion. Conscience wished that she had not sent it, but her heart told her it was well. She stood for a moment gasping in her extreme trepidation, and then passed out. On her way home, however, she had recovered herself sufficiently to think rapturously of the dance that evening, and by the time she reached the parlor again and replaced the Bible on the stand, her face was radiant. The letter she had written and posted had set her free.

They went to the dance that night in a stylish sleigh drawn by a fleet black roadster. The air was stinging cold. They had two miles to go and they fairly flew. The vast silent crags of the mountains towered dizzily above them, and the stars seemed to almost spit and crackle, emitting vivid electric sparks of dazzling green and yellow. The merry jingle of the sleigh-bells, the sharp beat of the horse's hoofs upon the icy roadbed, and the "crunch-crunch" of the sleigh runners over the frozen snow, were the only sounds to be heard, save the low rush of the creek down the gulch, and their young, free hearts beat high in the gay anticipation of the evening's pleasure.

The ball proved to be a grand success. It was given for the benefit of the Plume Volunteer Fire Department, the proceeds to be applied to the purchase of a hose-cart, house and fittings for the protection of the village's several score of wooden store buildings and dwellings. The village already possessed an excellent water supply, piped from a large reservoir a mile up the gulch. There were also a sufficient number of fire-plugs in the town, but a cart and hose were needed to carry the water from the fire-plugs to the scene of any conflagration which might visit the community.

The management of the dance had cleared the floor of the big ore mill of all fixtures and machinery possible. The rafters were decorated with fragrant pine boughs and strings of alternated red cranberries and white popped corn; and the music stand was decorated with red, white and blue bunting, the orchestra consisting of a first and second violin, a bass viol and a flute.

Old Peter Brown played the first violin and was the caller. He looked dreamily at the fast gathering throng of merry dancers as he tuned his fiddle. It reminded him of old times in Iowa, and his eyes moistened visibly in the retrospection. Several of the married ladies had brought their children, and the little ones, gathered in front of the music stand, were listening delightedly to the sharp "plunk-plunk" of the violins and the soft tremolo of the flute, as the musicians tuned them from time to time. The gentlemen outnumbered the ladies at least five to one, and it seemed as if every lady, young or old, was fairly smothered with attention.

Mollie certainly looked beautiful that evening, and was the undisputed queen of the ball. Of a neat, plump figure and a well-rounded bust, her luxuriant locks of wavy hair, black and glossy as a crow's wing, were gathered up in a shining mass set high on her shapely head, contrasting handsomely with her clear white brows, dimpling rosy cheeks, and the sparkling animation of a pair of bright Irish blue eyes constantly flashing the eloquence of her keen enjoyment.

They danced far into the night. Old Peter's voice was getting noticeably husky from the calling, and the ever resourceful Theodore, with Mollie on his arm, slipped up to the old veteran and offered him a bottle. Peter peered slyly down at Mollie and said, "Well, as long as my boy ain't here, little one, I guess I'll take a bit of this snake-bite."

Mollie laughed, but she did not allude to Standish. After passing the bottle to his fellow musicians, Peter returned it to Theodore with his thanks, and soon the old veteran's voice rang out again to the merry throng.

"Away there, now, gents. Get your partners for the Munnie Musk." And as Peter played on thru the long night, each bar of his music carried Mollie, his son's promised bride, farther and farther into the arms and affections of Theodore Dodge.

Mollie had never known such happiness before. As she and Theodore glided about the big mill in the dreamy rhythm of the waltz, their feet, hearts and souls beat in

perfect unison. During the brief intervals in which Theodore left her side to smoke and chat with the men, she contrasted his sparkling face and easy manners with the awkward speech and slouching gait of her former lover. Indeed, she several times wondered in the midst of her gay exhilaration of how she had ever been able to tolerate the rough, unpolished manners of Standish so long.

"But there must have been *something* about him that was attractive," she mused.

Yes, there undoubtedly was, Mollie. Beneath that rough and awkward exterior there was a noble soul, but it would take the stern touch of the grim fighting years for the greater inner man to break thru the thick crust of the outer man, to at last reveal the true virtue within.

When Theodore parted from Mollie that night in the little parlor of the New Windsor he kissed her. That kiss sealed their love for all time. And that same night, as she slept and dreamed, the form of her old lover appeared within the theater of her soul. She faced him fearlessly, she motioned him to depart. Her finger was steady, her arm rigid, her figure commanding; and slowly the tall, gaunt form dissolved and vanished from her view. Conscience had thus given her the license and the authority. Only eight hours before she had received Theodore's first kiss she had mailed the letter which had set her free. Her honor and her conscience were therefore inviolate.

BOOK FOUR

THE HEART OF THE EMERALD

CHAPTER I

STANDISH had been in Denver six months. He was successful in securing work from the very start, Colonel Rose having employed him as a watchman to protect the warehouse of the Western Provision Co., a large wholesale house which handled a general line of provisions, such as were in demand in the West at that time. Colonel was the president of the concern, and it did a large business.

Standish was required to watch the warehouse at night, sweep and dust the office and its fixtures, and work upon such accounts as might be given him by the foreman. The work was comparatively light, the pay good; and in spite of the difficulties of sleeping in the day time in a town where the cracking of the pistols and the whoop of the cowboys were still of occasional occurrence, Standish enjoyed the long nights and made good use of his time.

It would be difficult to enumerate the books he read during his spare hours. As with nearly all young men, he chose the works of battle, love making, and of travel. In this latter form of literature he fairly reveled, having access to the generous sized library of the Colonel.

The Colonel had treated him with the utmost consideration. He was pleased to note that his protégé was careful and proficient in the execution of all the duties required of him, and a son could scarcely have received more attention than was shown him by this old friend of his father's.

He was also often invited to dinner by Mrs. Rose, but rarely did he accept. He felt awkward and out of place, and indeed the temperament of this young mountaineer

leaned decidedly toward the company of self. He had even then begun to realize the company of Mind, and his brain fairly seethed with those flying thoughts, which seek to fill that mental vacuum where only harum-scarum spirits of youth have reigned before.

The six months had passed swiftly. Spring and summer had flown. The snow was again visible on the foothills, for upon the main range it lies eternal, and the beautiful autumn was being gradually pinched to the gauntness of winter.

Standish had made the first rounds of the warehouse, cleaned the office, and as the last sheet of the account was checked which the foreman had handed him that evening, he put it away in its receptacle and seated himself near the fire.

Presently he unbuckled his money belt, which he wore around his waist between his outside and his undershirt; and shaking it gently and pushing it carefully with his fingers, he pulled from it a small wisp of cotton. *It contained the ring.*

Every month he had remitted the larger share of his salary to his father, but he had always retained a portion, saved from his personal expense money with extreme self-denial, with which to buy the ring.

He had first seen it in a jeweler's window. It was a beautiful tho small diamond solitare, neatly set in an elegant gold band. For two months he had feasted his his eyes upon it, without daring to ask the price. But the third month, however, he took courage as he felt the edges of several gold pieces in his belt, and entering the store he anxiously inquired the price. His countenance fell as the clerk told him. Then it rose again, as he figured that in three more months he could buy it.

"Don't—don't sell it," he said appealingly to the clerk, "in three months I will come again and get it."

And as he passed out with his heavy lumbering tread and awkward slouch, the old clerk smiled to himself and wondered what that young giant could want with *that* kind of a ring. Sometimes the cowboys purchased rings, thru which they tied their gaudy cravats, but they

were generally satisfied with a plain gold or silver band ring.

The old clerk, who was a German Jew, ejaculated as he watched the retreating form of Standish, "Mein Gott! Vere am I? Ach! Yes! I vas out Vest!" as tho that was a sufficient explanation for anything strange or out of the ordinary.

At the end of the appointed time Standish appeared punctually as he had said. The old clerk recognized him instantly, and the ring was purchased. The beaming clerk offered to put it in a neat velvet box, but Standish declined; and wrapping it in a piece of cotton, he had thus tucked the precious trinket safely into his belt. And as he sat there by the fire that night, and turned the sparkling jewel in the light of the gas-jet, a beautiful Play was enacted in his soul. He was enraptured with its scenes, was lost in its inimitable art, and unconsciously applauding the actors, he saw the last curtain drop with keen regret.

He did not at this time realize the rare phenomenon of this Play, or give its wonders the slightest analysis. In later years, however, when he had come to a full realization of its marvels, he invariably removed his hat upon his entrance to the foyer, and carefully filed the programs for future reference.

The Play this particular night, was centered about a beautiful woman, Mollie. The only other characters in the Play were himself and several cherubs of children, and a happy grandfather, Peter. They all lived together in a magnificently furnished home and all was love and perfect happiness.

Then he turned from the Play to the glittering diamond, and fondly soliloquized, "And this is only the beginning, soon we will strike the lode in the 40 Rounds, and I will be rich, and Mollie will be my wife."

With a happy sigh he returned the ring to the belt, and thrusting his hand into the inside pocket of his coat he pulled out two letters. One was from his father, the other from Mollie. Like the stern self-denying Puritan

that he was, he tore open his father's letter first, reserving the sweets for the last.

This was his father's letter:

"My dear son:

"Your old dad is enjoying good health and spirits these days, and is pleased to acknowledge the draft of $45.00 which you sent on the first inst.. I begin to feel quite encouraged about the mine now. Have paid up the store folks, and all our indebtedness is cleared up. Also have on hand a total of $115.65 in cash, which is the basis of our next operations in the mine.

"I made another $5.00 playing at a dance last night. Most all the town ladies were there, including Mollie. She is stepping pretty gay with that young mine superintendent, Dodge, whom I wrote you about some time ago as being in charge of the old Sampson-Smith. Say, but you ought to have seen those Plume miners hoof it. Almost a regular stag affair. Will probably have several more dances this winter now that the town's woke up. I'm glad of it, for the money comes easy, and will help us buy more powder and fuse for the 40 Rounds.

"Can't you try and come up for a couple of days? It won't cost much, and your old daddy is getting awful anxious to see his boy. Your affectionate father,

"PETER BROWN."

Standish slowly refolded the letter and replaced it in its envelope.

"So Mollie went to the dance with that young Dodge," he mused doubtfully, "But pshaw, she ought to have a little pleasure."

The remark was hopefully philosophical, but in his heart there was a decidedly queer feeling.

"By Jove! I really had ought to go up for a day or two," he continued, as he placed the letter in his pocket, "but I guess it would be fairer to have dad come down here. A chat with the Colonel would do him a world of good."

Thus this puritanical fellow was so deadly in earnest with everything he undertook, that the bare thought of a little recreation and pleasure for himself, was treated by him as little short of a crime. Stoical, persistent adherence to a cherished plan, this was one of the great char-

acteristics of his mentality, and no doubt his long years of monotonous unremunerative labor in the tunnel of the 40 Rounds had largely aided in fostering it. Sternly serious he was, almost to the point of ridicule. A sort of modernized John Brown. A sheaf of hard winter wheat in which the winnower finds no chaff.

He then proceeded to open the letter from Mollie. It ran as follows:

"Mr. Standish Brown,

"Denver, Colo.

"Dear Sir: Without the slightest consideration for one who has, until now, fully believed in your love; you have persisted in making your absence from our town, and from *my* presence very noticeable.

"I have waited in vain for that ring which you were going to send me. I believe that I made a great mistake in accepting any attentions from you whatever, and I write this letter to inform you that as far as I am concerned, our engagement is entirely ended.

"If you have any use for the *few* trinkets which you have presented to me in times past, I will be pleased to send them to you upon your request. Respectfully,

"Mollie Katherine Rogan."

Standish did not move for several moments after the perusal of this letter.

"My God! It can not be true," he cried almost incoherently at last. "Where—where, is the letter she wrote me only just last week," he moaned; and pulling out that particular letter from his pocket with shaking fingers, he read aloud the entire epistle which he had received from her the previous week, ending with the words, "Your loving Mollie."

"No! No! Its some darned infamous joke," he cried; but alas! As he read her last letter over and over again, he recognized the well known chirography of Mollie Rogan, somewhat stiffened and formal to be sure, but nevertheless, hers beyond dispute.

"That's it! That's it! That dance which father writes about. It's that darned dance," he moaned wildly.

Bowing his head, he slowly pulled the ring from the

belt again and turned it in the light of the lamp. It sparkled brightly as ever, its beams were perfect. Then his trembling hands dropped, the trinket fell to the floor, and slowly succumbing to an unutterable grief, the youth's tall form shook in convulsive sobs.

A few evenings after this incident, as he was going to work, he met the brakeman who had just come in from his day's run to Plume and return.

"Hello there, Standish," he said, as they shook hands heartily. "Two feet of snow on the level at Plume. Lively camp these days. Had a big dance there last Thursday night. By the way, your old girl has gone and done it. She's going to be married in two weeks. Goes back East to young Dodge's home in Ohio for the wedding trip. See! Here's a bid to the wedding. Us boys is goin' to get 'em a fine set of dishes. Bully girl, Mollie, and they say that young Dodge is way up in his business. Heard they were going to bring him down here to Denver for a better job. Great things these college fellers fall into, Standish. Got common folks like you and me skinned a mile. They get to be experts in some line, and the next thing you know they're the whole thing. Darned if I ain't thinking of taking up a correspondence course in something myself. When you going up to Plume? Saw your old man the other day. Says he's all O. K., and that you're talking about working on the tunnel again."

Standish listened to the brakeman's talk like one in a dream. He nodded, smiled, and shook his head like an automaton, and gazed intently with his burning eyes at the wedding invitation which the brakeman handed him. "Yes, it was all too true. Mollie had coldly thrown him over, and was lost to him forever."

"Well, so long, Standish, hope to see you when you go up the line," and the brakeman passed up the street

On his way to his lodgings the next morning Standish stepped into the jeweler's shop.

"Say, mister, how much will you give me for that ring I bought here a few days ago?" he asked, addressing the old clerk, who looked up at him in mild astonish-

ment, and who instantly replied in that vein of well feigned indifference characteristic of his tradesman craft;

"I doned vant it, my friend, I doned vant it." At the same time calculating with lightning instinct of what a profit he could make on such a transaction.

Standish started away. And the Jew fearfully frightened that he would actually get away without further parley, leaned hastily over the counter and said, gesticulating in characteristic manner with both hands.

"I tell you vat I do. I gife you one hundred twendy fife dollar, und call it done."

As he had originally sold the ring to Standish for $150.00, his offer represented a clear profit to himself and a corresponding loss to Standish of $25.00.

"Here's your ring. Give me the money," replied Standish, deliberately pulling open his money belt. "I thought I needed it, but I guess I can do without it now," he added half apologetically.

The eager clerk examined the stone with the eyes of an expert, and found it in exactly the same condition as when sold.

"I vill hafe to gife you a check," he said.

"Oh, that's all right, it's as good as the money," replied Standish.

And a few moments later as his customer took the check and passed out of the shop, the Jew muttered to himself, "Eezy monee." And rubbing his hands together and dancing about the room in high glee, he joyously shouted, "Nextd."

The door did actually fly open, but it was not the store door. It was only the door of the cuckoo clock suddenly flying open. And as the tiny bird like a figure leaped out, bowed its head, spread its wings, and called "cuckoo," once, for the half hour, and the little door closed again with a sharp clap; the old clerk cried out with a gleeful laugh, "Ha! Ha! Ha! He vas a cuckoo, ey?" and putting the ring back in the window, he laughed again.

"Yah! He! He! He! He vas a cuckoo, doned it!" and the incident was closed.

CHAPTER II

At the breast of the tunnel of the 40 Rounds, the figures of two men could be distinguished in the dim candle light. They were Peter and Standish Brown.

The steady "click-click" of the hammer as it fell upon the drill, and the constant "drip-drip" of the water from the roof of the tunnel were the only sounds; the men, silently intent upon their work, did not converse.

It was the middle of January. Peter had thawed out the dynamite and cut the fuses, as Standish drove the last hole. The work seemed to tire Standish quite noticeably. He had not worked at any severe manual labor since he left Plume, and his strokes greatly lacked the fierce energy of that last desperate attack upon the granite which he had made just before he left for Denver. There was a good reason for this, poor fellow. This time there was no longer the bright eyes or love of sweet Mollie Rogan to inspire and strengthen his arm.

Out dropped the drill upon the rocky floor sending a sharp clang echoing dully thru the long dim vault. The last hole was finished.

Standish dropped wearily upon the short stool to get his breath. And as he sat there a moment resting, his father took up the candle and peered with keen scrutiny into the five deep holes which his son had just drilled into the breast.

"Um, it seems to me, son, that them holes is leaking," he said in a deeply significant tone, after a brief examination.

If so, it undoubtedly meant that they had struck the lode. For a vein or lode in a mountain, invariably acts as a gutter or drain, for all the region that lies above it. The water naturally following the fissure of the vein, as the vein is composed of a much softer substance than the solid granite of the mountain. In fact, nearly all the

veins of the Pay Rock district were filled with this same talcous substance, which nearly as soft and fine grained as common chalk, holds the ore in suspension in rich glittering streaks. Thus water, trickling from the breast of a tunnel, is almost a sure indication of the wall of a vein. As the vein carrying the water, is simply the wedge-like filling between the two granite walls of the fissure, containing and enclosing the softer vein, exactly as lies the soft filling between the harder layers of the baked cake.

It was quite evident that the old veteran was getting excited.

"Gee-whil-e-kees, sonny, look at that," he said, pointing to several drops of water sparkling in one of the holes as the light of the candle shone in. "Great Jupiter! I really believe its the lode."

Standish followed the drift of his father's remarks, but somehow he did not seem to enthuse the slightest. He appeared like a man under a spell, and as his father charged the holes, he wearily tamped them. It was the first work in the tunnel since his return from Denver.

Carrying the tools back towards the mouth of the tunnel they lighted the fuses, and emerged once more into the light of day for the dynamite to do its work.

They did not tarry long outside, for instead of the bright sunshine of the morning, a fierce storm was raging on the Divide, and it was really difficult to distinguish their cabin close by thru the clouds of blinding snow. There are no windows in a mine. The elements rage, or the sun shines brightly, unobserved by the miners burrowing deep in the bowels of the mountains.

It was late in the afternoon as they thus left the tunnel and entered the cabin. They did not expect to visit the tunnel again until the next morning, leaving it all that time to thoroly clear itself of the deadly dynamite fumes and gases. Soon they got the supper going, ate it, cleared the table; and Standish, after reading a short time, went to bed, very tired, and acting strangely unlike himself.

Peter had noticed with considerable alarm his son's excessive weariness, but had attributed it largely to the

sudden change of altitude from Denver to Plume. The previous day he had told him the details of Mollie's wedding, Theodore's success with the Sampson-Smith, and informed him of all those little news items not mentioned in his letters. He had not written to him about the wedding, having hoped that he would take it more easily as the time passed with the flying weeks; and altho Standish had followed his father's narrative with apparent indifference, yet Peter could see that every detail of it struck deeper and deeper into his already deeply wounded soul.

In his anguish Standish accused himself of staying away too long, of not having sent her a plain gold ring, which would have served the purpose until he could have purchased a better one. He compared the bright thoughts and happy dreams of his home coming which he had enjoyed previous to the receipt of Mollie's last friendly letter, with this dreary, unhappy, heart breaking return to Plume, snowed in as it was with all the fierce blasts of winter. This wild play of the son's thoughts was not wholly visible to the happy father, however, who hobbled about at the sight of his son, as joyfully as a faithful dog greets his master's return.

The next morning broke fair and beautiful, and Standish, somewhat refreshed by his night's sleep, coaxed his father to go into the tunnel at once, to see if they had really struck the lode. To tell the truth, he had plied his labors so long and hopelessly in that terrible gray hole thruout the long years, that he could scarcely believe that his task was so nearly accomplished.

He led the way, breaking thru the deep snowdrifts, panting and sweating. As he started to light the candles at the door of the tunnel, his father who had followed less precipitately, came up.

"My God! Look there, son!" he cried eagerly.

Standish's eyes followed his pointing finger. In the little gutter, cut so conscientiously by himself the whole length of the tunnel in the right edge of the floor, was a stream of water filling it to the full; and the fresh layer of sediment upon the entire floor of the tun-

nel, showed that for a while the stream had flowed deep and swift enough to cover the floor itself.

Yes, there was undoubtedly a fine stream of water flowing from the tunnel of the 40 Rounds. And a careful examination disclosed the fact that the entire ledge of rock which sloped abruptly away from the tunnel's mouth, had been swept of the snow and a mantle of ice lay there instead. The water gushing warm from the tunnel, having frozen upon the ledge as the stream flowed over the rocks toward the creek. In fact, it was a frozen cascade.

Inspired by this undoubted proof of their striking the lode at last, the two men rushed wildly forward into the depths. Arriving at the breast, which was jagged and scarred from the effects of the blast, they saw water spurting from several holes; while upon the floor was a large quantity of soft vein matter deposited there by the blast and the rush of the waters when first released. Standish picked up a piece of the fallen rock. At one end, it sparkled like a mass of brilliant garnets.

It was ORE.

Thrusting the candle into his father's hand, he seized a pick, and drove it into the breast. It sank into the mass with a soft chug, sounding as if it had struck a bank of clay. He pulled it out, and thrusting in a shovel, he brought out shovelful after shovelful of heavy talc, mixed with masses of ore.

That last shot had penetrated the long sought for lode of the 40 Rounds. They were fabulously rich.

Old Peter shouted like a demon, and grabbed up pieces of the rich stuff and tried to eat them, cutting his tongue severely on the sharp edges. He licked one particularly rich looking piece with his bloody tongue as tho it were a piece of sugar. In his ravings over his new found wealth he almost forgot his own son. But finally recovering himself, he glanced at Standish.

After Standish had fully satisfied himself that they had really struck the lode, he seemed quite unnerved. Instead of a great joy filling his heart, he groaned with

"And turning to the sheer blank wall, he drove the pick at it with almost superhuman force."

unspeakable anguish. The rare sparkle of the beautiful ore seemed to mock him.

"Mollie! Mollie!" he moaned in agonizing protest, "If I had only known it. One more foot into this accursed granite would have given you to me." And crazed by the thought, he again seized the pick.

"God Almighty!" he cried, lifting his wild, haggard eyes upward, and raising the pick menacingly, "You have robbed me of her, curse you, curse you. Satan himself could not have devised a more unholy trick than this." And turning to the sheer blank wall, he drove the pick at it with almost superhuman force, the tool breaking in his hands.

The Lord of the World had indeed placed the precious ore just one foot beyond his reach. That foot of granite had cost the young miner his bride.

It is thus that men face Destiny, even to the smallest fraction of time. Its massive jaws shut in the lightning's flash. A watch marks the seconds, but Destiny splits them, and its decree is as irrevocable as death.

Mollie's change of heart and her marriage was a terrible shock to Standish. It was the act of a drama in which the hero is inmeshed in difficulties, the cause of which he is largely in ignorance of; but the falling of this foot of granite, was an act in which the villain stood revealed. That villain was Destiny.

The mighty blow of the pick which Standish had struck, was a wild despairing protest. A vain endeavor to slay the monster. But Destiny smiles in the faces of its victims, and whips them ever pitilessly onward up the steep road of Life.

Peter had by this time regained his senses sufficiently to hear the wild cursings of his son. He saw the mighty blow of the pick which shattered it in pieces, and a moment later he saw him stretched rigid upon the wet muddy floor of the tunnel.

"Oh! God! Oh, sweet, tender Jesus, forgive my boy," he cried, "His wrongs have made him demented, or he never would have said it." he moaned in despair. And

kneeling over the rigid form of the unhappy youth, Peter prayed for his forgiveness, and wept bitterly.

There in the rock-bound heart of the Emerald, dripping in the flow of the waters, and smeared with the rich mud of his great mine, Peter Brown maintained the covenant with his Maker. Madly exultant as he was in the midst of his vast riches, yet what were they compared to his peace with God?

As nothing, absolutely nothing.

"NIL SINE NUMINE."

PART TWO

THE SKY-LINE OF THE VAST

BOOK ONE

THE GRAVEDIGGER AND THE STAR

CHAPTER I

PETER heard a knock on the door. He opened it, and in stepped the widow Rogan, puffing heavily from her exertions in climbing the steep trail.

"Why, Mrs. Rogan," he said cordially.

"Shure, 'tis mesilf, Mr. Brown. I thought I'd be comin' up to see yez, and to say good-bye. An'—an' how's the lad?" she said, between breaths, looking in the direction of the bed upon which Standish laid.

"I believe he's gaining somewhat now, Mrs. Rogan. Have a chair," replied Peter.

Standish turned in the bed as he heard the sound of her voice, and faintly smiled a greeting to her. It was the first time they had met since he had left for Denver nearly a year ago. Going over to the bed she patted him on the shoulder.

"Poor lad," she said, "yez have ben havin' a hard time of it, I hear." And as Standish nodded in reply, she continued. "The lads have ben tellin' me that yez have sthruck it rich in the mine. God be praised fer it, Mr. Brown."

Seating herself in the chair which Peter had set out for her, she looked up kindly at the two men, Peter having seated himself on the side of the bed. There was a brief silence for a moment which was broken by the widow.

"I'm goin' to lave Plume, Mr. Brown," she said. "Yis, a Saturday morning. Me dahter is goin' to live in Dinver now fer good. Mr. Dodge, me new son-in-law, is permoted to a bether job, and they have invited me fer to jine them in the new home. Yis, Mr. Brown," she

continued, looking up at them pathetically, with a world of sympathy and silent meaning in her voice. "If ye plaze, sir, I'm very sorry fer it all. Indade, I thought me dahter was goin' to marry the lad here; but these gurruls, sir, how they do switch their moinds. I felt so sorry fer the lad. Him a workin' so hard down there in Dinver. Shure, didn't the brakeman tell me all about it. Yis, this lovin' and cooin' bizness is too much fer the likes of me, Mr. Brown. Indade, I got married mesilf in jist about two minutes one avnin', after waitin' fer over ten years fer me good lad. Ah me, oh my, Mr. Rogan was a foine lad, too, Mr. Brown; shure he's bin dead these many years, poor man." And here the widow started to sniffle as the two looked at her sympathetically.

Wiping her eyes she continued, "En I came fer to say to yez, Mr. Brown, and to you, too, me poor lad," smiling at Standish, "that whinever yez come down to Dinver, be sure to look me up, and yez will have a warrum en dacent wilcome from me own self, to be shure. Ah me, oh my, Mr. Brown, it's always the way. I thought the foine lad here would be me son, but 'tis no use figring on such a thing as love. 'Tis loike two bawlin' cats under yer windy, a yillin' so tirrible loike fer one minute, that whin yez go fer yer bucket of water, shure be the toime yez gits back, there they are — the decatful creathures — snuggled up, the one to the other, loike two cooin' doves. Indade, I never could in all me loife, Mr. Brown, tell the difference between two cats a snarlin' and a spittin' at each other, an the crazy gurruls as spark about with the lads, a changin' their moinds every few days, an a finally callin' fer the bans with the man you niver thought on. Shure, tis a strange thing, this fit of love bizness, Mr. Brown."

Standish felt rather embarrassed at the drift of the widow's remarks, but the old lady spoke with such genuine sympathy and characteristic Hibernian kindliness, that he restrained his protests and only smiled.

Peter also felt the kindliness of the old lady as she spoke in her quaint Irish way, touched here and there with the old country brogue; and after a long and pleas-

ant chat, she rose to go, renewing her earnest solicitations, that when they came to Denver, they must be sure to look her up.

"Shure, Mr. Brown, I'll git to go to church agin. Indade, 'tis a pleasure to know that, Mr. Brown, after these many months. Here in this wee bit of a town I was all alone with no gude priest to go to. But down in Dinver, Mr. Brown, 'twill be different. Shure, I'll see the gude father once more," she repeated, as Peter gave her a final bow and closed the door.

She hurried down the trail as fast as her portliness would allow, her dull blue eyes lighting up visibly at the thought of once more worshipping in the old church, which privilege she had long been denied in priestless and churchless Plume. In her deep retrospection, all the well remembered charms of the old church life came back to her. The "gude" father, the vespers, the visits of the gentle sisters soliciting funds and clothing for their charities, and oft times too, dropping those delicious bits of their history which only add to their charm and mystery; and then, those long, pleasant chats with the old parishioners on the way back from service, talking over old times on the distant Isle of the Green.

The Browns looked questioningly at each other after the departure of the widow. They were almost tempted to laugh at her quaint musings, but the kindly talk of the old lady struck a responsive chord in their hearts, and they accepted her words as the honest offerings of a good heart.

Somehow, for a whole day after her visit, the atmosphere of their cabin seemed chastened with a soft touch of femininity.

CHAPTER II

There are two great phenomena upon the world's surface which have always defied the most subtile and inspired literary efforts of man.

The OCEAN and the MOUNTAINS.

They absolutely defy description.

The Argonaut sails out upon the profound bosom of the ocean. He looks at its surface. He views and experiences the long, easy roll of the tide swells, the smooth, glassy expanse of the calm, the fierce, angry billows of the storm.

He meets many strange craft upon the high seas, all of which are probably registered at Lloyd's or elsewhere among the world's shipping. Occasionally he meets a derelict, a piece of wreckage, or a bit of sea-weed. Then schools of fish, from the half bird-like flying-fish, to the high spouting leviathan; together with many flocks and solitaries of strange birds and fowls; and yet the most of this myriad life, perhaps all — flora, fish and fowl, are described and classified in the books of man.

Then he casts his eye beneath the surface of this mighty flood of waters. In the shallows he sees schools of fishes, their brilliant hued bodies glistening in the rays of the sun like diminutive rainbows. Beneath the shallow waves, he beholds the opaque jelly-fish, the formidable lobster, and hundreds of other wonderful species which inhabit the yellow sands as they gleam and shine beneath the waves of the rolling deep. And yet all these, too, are known to man, and a glance at a volume of natural history will suffice to enlighten and classify for him all these wondrous creatures.

But the DEPTHS.

The vast, fathomless, silent, yawning caverns of the deep. This gigantic Fount of Aqua, which engulfs the

keenest vision with its baffling waves, and rolls back the most intrepid diver in the play of its ponderous billows.

Far out upon the deep blue ocean, gazing down at the unknown miles of salt water rolling and surging beneath the keel of your stout ship.

No Lloyd's register here, no shallows, no visible yellow sands, no natural history. Naught, save the vast impenetrable DEPTHS.

Therein dwells Mystery, inviolate.

A supreme and dreadful silence.

Hushed, until that awful hour, when these salt-vaulted cemeteries of the sea shall vomit forth their dead, and the vast seething fathoms of the Deep shall roll back as a scroll upon the Judgment Day.

Then only will that abysmal profundity be shattered, to bellow and howl its dreadful ages of pitiless smother to rocking skies.

Then only will that mighty mystery which now sleeps within the silent bosom of the Deep, awake to mingle its hallelujahs with those of a naked, shredded world.

And the MOUNTAINS.

Those deep, secret-keeping brothers of the Ocean.

These great Rocky Mountains. This roof of America. A chain of great peaks representing some pitiful two or three of the eight thousand diametric miles of Mother Earth, thrust suddenly upward among the clouds.

A few, insignificant, perpendicular miles of terra-firma.

A mere fraction of the enormous bulk of the globe.

A tiny niche cut upon the tallest telegraph pole.

Only a mountain. Yet how vast.

A great roof, upon which many leagued forests grow, eagles nest, wild beasts roam, avalanches slide, and swift streams rush down as rain from the eaves.

It is comparatively easy for one to record the mere height of a mountain, describe its flora, name the species of its animal life, measure the flow of its glaciers, classify its visible rocks, and dilate upon its high peaked grandeur.

But the DEPTHS.

Here, as with its foaming brother, the Ocean, the history of the Mountain ceases. The poet's lofty imagery fails him. He falls aghast at beetling immensity. He groans in the unspeakable emotion of the greatest song unsung, INFINITUDE.

Nearly eight thousand mysterious miles under the feet of every man, yet he scarce knows one of them.

As we stand upon some projecting crag, viewing the silent grandeur of the Brothers in White, we may be standing close upon vast wealth.

Beneath this tangle of aspen and spruce may be a treasure cave, a depository of virgin gold. A slender thread of quartz upon yonder inaccessible cliff might lead us, if we dared follow it a few yards, to a vault of shining silver.

We stand in the bottom of this valley, watching the gushing forth of a boiling hot spring.

Whence comes it?

From what Titanic kettle is this steaming flood spewed forth?

Perhaps if we could fathom its source, we would find it flowing hot from the workshop of Pluto.

What workman fashioned this specimen of quartz which glitters like the moon on one side and rivals in its way the beam of the golden sun on the other?

Who? Whence? Where?

From out the DEPTHS.

As with the silent depths of the Ocean, one must await the dread summons of Creation's King, to see revealed the smoking depths of these treasure-vaulted hills.

In the little hamlet, on the farm, or in the teeming city, the poet can sit himself down and describe the minutia of that life, until the catalogue thus rendered registers a perfect record. He reaches out, he examines, he records that life. When he publishes that record, his public recognizes it as a perfect mirror of that narrow and limited life.

But the OCEAN and the MOUNTAINS.

Fellows and kindred of the unfathomable sources of

quick-springing Birth and all swallowing Death, their secrets are locked fast within the impenetrable vaults of high imperious Nature.

A Poem of the Ocean is a Song of the Unexpressible.

A Song of the Mountains is an Aria of the Unutterable.

Far up the east slope of the Peak in the early afternoon of a day in June a little cavalcade was slowly ascending. Peter, riding a bay gelding; Standish, leading a small black mare, followed by Shep, a collie pup recently purchased by Standish.

After the Browns struck the lode in the tunnel of the 40 Rounds, Standish had succumbed to a long spell of fever. Peter had made the best of it, quite comfortably, too, in the knowledge of his new-found riches.

After many weeks of careful nursing, Standish slowly recovered, but it required months of recuperation before he could again tap the drill with his old-time vigor.

They had long promised themselves this trip to the summit of the Peak.

Lordly the noble mountain rose in the West, its snowy helmet crowning the very crest of the Divide. On the east slope it faced the Great Plains of Colorado; and on the west it sloped toward the great Salt Lake of Utah. To the north, its white mantled brothers towered in glorious glittering succession towards the Wyoming line; and to the south, it faced the scarlet red-rocked country of the Rio Grande del Norte.

The Great Peak.

One of the Snow Kings of the Range. A monarch among many great mountains. Clothed in royal ermine, reclining upon a throne of shining green.

The Browns expected to reach timber-line by sunset, where they would camp for the night, and from which point they could easily reach the summit the following day.

Across their path rushed a crystal stream, flowing from under a great bank of snow. The thirsty horses thrust their noses deep into the pure flood, and quaffed long and eagerly. Shep lapped up a few mouthfuls, and leaped

about the heels of the two men as they drank from a cup. High in the blue sky above them soared a pair of eagles, searching the crags for conies, the little rabbit of the upper slopes of the Great Hills.

In the mountains the summers are short, but fair. Ah! wonderous fair. Eight months of snow, four months of grass. Eight months of white, four months of green. Two-thirds of a year of bleakness, one-third of verdure. This is Nature's yearly chronicle on the Great Divide.

After the first caresses of the warm June sun, Summer, as if fully assured of the Frost King's retreat, bedecks herself with all the gayety and wild abandon that marks her glorious season.

The snow retreats far up into the gulches and cañons, the grass emerging as it melts, and the flowers thrusting up their delicate petals courageously from among the lichen-covered stones.

In June, also, the slopes of the mountains fairly glisten in the mad profusion and white spray of the foaming waters which tumble swiftly down upon every side to swell the sources of the sea. The lordly pines and spruces renew their green with the tender young sprouts of the season. The aspens spring up like armies of green uniformed soldiers. And above all, far, far up, piercing the blue vault of heaven as with mighty, waving plumes, tower those high, serene summits, where winter lives eternal.

At sunset the Browns reached their goal, a little clump of stunted pines, just below timber-line.

TIMBER-LINE.

Eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea.

Where the larger vegetation ceases; where the life of the green pine ends; where the rocks rule jointly with the snow.

They encamped at the base of a huge cliff, tethered the horses and fed them with a generous feed of oats taken from a capacious saddlebag. The camp fire was built of the dry twigs of the dwarf pines, and the bacon was soon sputtering over the fire.

There are two odors in the mountains which exactly mate — frying bacon and pine balsam.

To suddenly inhale them together is to develop an indifferent appetite into a ferocious hunger.

Into the bacon grease, sputtering over the fire, Peter dropped slices of raw potato, while Standish started the chocolate. The potatoes were soon browned and the chocolate boiling. Peter placed the slices of bacon and fried potato upon a tin pan while Standish produced from the saddlebags a loaf of bread and a couple of tin cups for the chocolate. Cutting off slices of bread, dipping them into the grease remaining in the skillet, picking up the slices of bacon and potato with the fingers, and quaffing the chocolate from a tin cup, this is a mountain repast, the prospector's menu. He lives on this kind of fare for months at a time, and actually gets fat on it. Hard, firm, solid fat. But the great secret is, that there is something else which goes with the grub. It's *air* — glorious mountain ozone.

After heaping up plenty of fuel on the fire and gathering more for any emergency which might arise, they adjusted the tether ropes of their steeds, got out their blankets and went to sleep, Peter making Shep lay next his back. The warmth of the dog would help resist the sharp cold of the mountain night and consequently the rheumatism.

At the first peep of day they arose, ate a cold breakfast, saddled the horses, and began the three-thousand-foot climb to the summit.

What a magnificent sunrise!

After the first gray tints came the brown, then the pink. A dull red, slowly spreading into a deep purple, climbed up the horizon. Then vivid patches of scarlet appeared, followed by a fierce lurid flame; and at last the June sun, hot, lusty and amorous, glowing across a vast wilderness of plain and cities, mounted the eastern sky, beaming a glorious day.

As they gradually ascended above timber-line, they began to more clearly distinguish the vast panorama which lay at their feet. Down towards the sun they beheld the Great Plains stretching eastward from Denver, the city itself hidden by towering foothills still steaming in the

dews and mists of the night; with the upper hills, densely covered with conifers, rolling grandly upward in ever ascending billows to the foot of the snowy range.

Blue patches here and there denoted little lakelets. Huge rock-bound cisterns thus hemmed in by beetling cliffs. From the teats of their plump breasts flowed tiny streams feeding the distant oceans. Indeed, they were the beautiful mothers of the mightiest rivers and water-courses of the nation.

A chain of tiny lakes and pools clustering on the west slope of the Peak feeds the roaring Colorado, which, flowing thru its Grand Cañon deposits its flood into the Gulf of California. The blue waters of several mountain gems nestling far down among the pines upon the east slope of the Peak find their way thru the Platte and the Missouri into the Mississippi, and on to the Gulf of Mexico.

Thus these matchless reservoirs of the Great Hills irrigate the arid lands of eastern Colorado and water the thirsty plains of Kansas and Nebraska; and on the south and west swell the Colorado and Rio Grande, to moisten the red deserts of Arizona and New Mexico.

The hard-breathing horses waded thru the deep snow banks on the north side of the Peak as the dim trail circled and zig-zagged in its steep and tortuous ascent. Many years previous the United States government had maintained an observation station on the summit, but it had been abandoned for some time. In doing so the government had opened up a horse-trail clear to the summit. It led the little cavalcade up steep ledges, carried them past and over masses of semi-glacial ice, and finally, after a last and laborious climb, they arrived on the summit near the ruins of the old government station.

Both men and beasts were struggling for breath. Shep's tongue was lolling out, both from the effects of the altitude and his exhaustive scamperings after the saucy and nimble snow-birds.

From the summit of a mountain the eye observes a striking feature which is not visible from the depths of the valley below.

As you stand in the valley and gaze upward at the

peaks, the eye catches only the *perpendicular* effect. You merely observe the height.

But as you stand upon the summit, you instantly note the enormous flanks, the monstrous buttresses of the range. The vast *bulk*.

You look down upon great mountain meadows, enormous granite shelves, wide pine-covered flats and innumerable lakelets and pools tucked away in huge rocky pockets which line the broad extended ridges of the range. And this — this is the crowning triumphant impression of these Titans.

After observing the height of the elephant, you are placed upon its back; and for the first time you observe the vast shoulders, the enormous hips and the tremendous masses of flesh hanging about its neck and back.

Thus it is with these overwhelming hills.

Towering, beetling height; enormous width; colossal, distended, gigantic CORPULENCE.

The summit was a mass of broken boulders, disintegrated granite, snow and ice. At one time it must have been an enormous towering ledge, but centuries of the alternate dynamic action of frost and sun had shattered it into fragments. This process was still going on. As the sun rose higher and beat down more fiercely, it melted masses of half-frozen snow, which, falling hundreds of feet below over the edge of great cliffs, would start other huge masses of snow and rocky débris, and the Browns could hear the roar of the avalanches as they rushed with frightful velocity a mile or more below them, down the steep sides of the mountain, to plunge at last into the trembling and helpless valley with a fearful crash and roar.

Peter produced a pair of field glasses from his blouse, and, adjusting them, slowly scanned the glorious panorama. After a few minutes observation he handed them to Standish.

Plume was plainly visible, tucked snugly away in the deep gulch, and far down towards the east, appearing like a mere foothill, was the bald summit and green slopes

of the Emerald, smoking hotly in the rays of the mounting sun.

The horses peered wonderingly about them. At all the stopping places below timber-line they had been able to nibble tufts of grass and the green tops of berry bushes; but in the steep climb from timber-line to the summit, the only comfort they could extract with their desiring tongues was to lick a piece of ice, or thrust their muzzles into a snow-bank to quench their thirst. Shep, who had recovered his breath somewhat, had gained a perch upon a huge boulder. Peering into the fearful depths below, he would bark at the two men from time to time, as if he must give some expression at the spectacle of the wondrous view.

The sun was just past the meridian when they swept the view with the glasses. Unseating themselves from their saddles, they sat upon the doorsill of the old government station house and basked in the sunshine. As the wind blew up warm and gusty from Utah, Peter observed a gorgeous-winged creature floating in the air nearby. Presently it alighted upon his coat sleeve. It was a huge bumble-bee. Crawling over the sleeve for a moment, vainly searching for something to fill its paunch, the beauteous yellow and gold thing jauntily spread its tiny wings and shot over the summit into the yawning maw of the valley far below.

Ah! Wondrous Nature.

An insect flying over a mountain top. Happy, heedless of the cloud monarch's terrible brow, and perfectly at home upon the breast of the soft summer breeze.

Several butterflies came up with the same fresh breeze, the airy creatures fluttering out into the fearful maw of the valley, dancing upon the breast of the breeze, apparently unconscious of the frightful leap from the high summit to the yawning depths below.

The two men followed the airy flight of the delicate creatures with tender solicitous gaze. Then they looked into each other's eyes. A tear trickled down the bronzed cheek of old Peter, this hero of stern war. Standish's countenance was stoical, but, nevertheless, a song reverberated in his soul.

Peter spoke, "Father, we rest within Thy holy keeping."

After drinking to the full the inspiration of the glorious view, they remounted their horses and began to descend the trail. The sun was fast declining, and the trail was much more perilous to descend than to climb, owing to the soft slush and rotten ice which the fierce play of the sun had produced.

Most of the way they were forced to walk, leading their patient animals. At dark they reached their former camping place at timber-line, fed their steeds and ate their supper.

Standish made a glorious fire, heaping it high with fragrant pine boughs. The night was keenly frosty, the stars shone brightly, and the vast slopes of the Peak towering far above them, echoed the weird songs of the falling waters and rushing streams.

Peter drew up a log to brace his old rheumatic back, threw a blanket over his shoulders like an Indian, and blew great clouds of tobacco smoke toward the firelight. Shep thrust his nose between his brown paws and blinked dreamily at the fire. Standish, who did not smoke, was almost tempted to that night, as he viewed the serene pleasure and lusty smoke-blowing of his father. Thus they sat looking long and silently into the fire.

Peter was attending a play in the greatest theatre in the world. It was in his soul. A theatre which is in the soul of every human being; perhaps of every living thing within their limits.

He first saw great heaps of treasure, of silver and gold. This treasure then turned into clouds of bank notes. He saw himself rich, influential, a power among men. He next saw his old home, just as it was in the days of his youth; then he saw his father and mother.

They stood there just as plainly upon the magic stage of this wonderful theatre, as when he saw them last in real flesh and blood. He spoke to them, and they answered. Then he saw his beautiful, tender wife, Mary. In a flash, he beheld again all the love scenes of their wooing; the

old trysting place, the wedding, their joy at the birth of Standish. He could even reach out and touch the little red-faced fellow, as when he first came with his tiny cry, sputtering and protesting into the great world.

Then came the scene of the gentle Mary's funeral. Hasten, playwright, the sad scene affects the old man.

And now again, his wealth.

He saw himself going to Denver, buying tools, supplies, account books. He beheld the mine giving up its vast hoard. He saw railroads and trams built, and in operation. He saw a fine house in Plume. Here he gave a gift to a friend. He saw his name mentioned in the newspapers as Peter Brown, the Bonanza King.

And in the matchless beauty of these swift-moving scenes, his eyes drooped, the lids closed, the pipe fell from his lips, and the old man slept, seeing in his dreams still fairer scenes in the sublime theatre of his soul.

Standish saw the pipe fall, and heard his father's first deep snore. Presently, too, he heard Shep faintly yelping in his sleep, and saw his body shaking slightly. Shep was undoubtedly being held spellbound in his little doggie soul theatre, chasing rabbits and snow-birds in his sleep.

Standish was trying to forget. Thru all his long sickness he had tried to forget Mollie, but in vain. Then he had hoped that in the change and inspiration of this mountain climb he could forget.

He kept looking into the fire, and soon his eyes drooped also. A band of dream players came trooping into the theatre of his soul and the play was on. This was his dream.

He saw Mollie. Always Mollie, haunting him forever. Pale and beautiful she came to him. He tried to force her away. He even threatened her, but still she advanced. She embraced him. He did not remember the cause, but when he looked again at her, she lay upon the ground as one dead. A spade was suddenly thrust into his hand. He drove it into the soft earth and quickly dug a grave. Everything was now so distinct to him.

First, the layer of bright green sod, then the soft brown

earth, which he tossed up on each side of him. Finishing the grave, he lifted Mollie in his arms and carried her to the edge. Then placing her within it, he gathered an armful of flowers and ferns. How beautiful they seemed to him, how fragrant. He covered her with them. They seemed to caress the sweet lips and press caressingly her beautiful form. He stood over the grave with the spade in his hands, ready to throw down upon her the heavy turf; and he felt himself shuddering at the thought of covering her with the cold earth. But she was lost to him. She was dead. The clods fell. Only a mound remained. He started away a few steps, and then he thought he heard a laugh. He looked around, and upon the mound lay Mollie, just as natural as when he placed her in the grave.

Surely she was dead to him. Had not his thought decreed it? Therefore she must be buried. Quite vexed, he dug another grave and buried her as before. He started to depart again, and again he heard the laugh; and looking around as before, he again saw her form on top of the newly-made grave.

How provoking. How many times he buried her thus in the dream he never could remember. The last time, however, he not only dug the grave, but he toiled and toiled to roll upon it a monstrous stone. Surely such a weight would hold her secure. Again he walked away. He turned quickly as he heard the provoking laugh. The great stone had been rolled away, and the prostrate form of his old love laid beside it.

Returning, he broke into tears beside his promised bride. He had buried her. Why did she not remain in her grave which he had prepared so tenderly?

Then the laugh sounded close beside him, and, turning quickly, he beheld an old, old man. In this old man's hands was an hour-glass and a scythe. His beard of snowy white reached far out into the dim forest glades, and was lost to view in the distance. Standish did not know it at the time, but that beard was a thousand leagues long. It had grown and remained uncut, from the very first moment of the year One. Its owner was Father Time.

"Here is a wise man, undoubtedly," thought Standish. "A veritable hoary Ulysses." And, appealing to him, he said, "See, kind sir, this is my old love. I have tried to bury her, but the grave will not hold her."

The old man spoke, looking at him queerly with his merry, twinkling eyes.

"Frail youth, do you not know that this, your old love, is still a *living* thing. It appears dead, but 'tis not so. It is a thing immortal. The grave will not hold an old love. The memory of an old love is a star, which, once rising, will shine forever within the firmament of the soul. Kiss her good-bye, then I will show you."

Standish knelt down by the side of the beautiful form. He kissed the sweet face tenderly, and wiped the tears from his eyes. Then the old man laid aside his hour-glass and scythe, and, waving his hands over the prostrate form, he repeated this verse:

"One, two three.
You are free.
Mortal, see!"

Standish looked eagerly thru his tears. The prostrate form of his old love had suddenly been changed into a beautiful star. It rose, and soared slowly above the forest, and far up into the blue sky. It was to remain thus fixed in the firmament of his soul forever, to beam down upon him its tender, twinkling memories.

Gathering up his hour-glass and scythe, Father Time tapped him on the shoulder, saying:

"Ah! My lad, you cannot bury that which is a star. See, it will shine in your soul forever, a bright and sacred memory. Time heals all wounds, my boy, adieu!" And laughing merrily at his own witticism, the old man disappeared.

Standish awoke with a start. An ember from the fire had popped into his hand. He shook it off, and looked across the fire at his father and Shep. They were still fast asleep. He rose and stretched himself, and stepped away from the fire into the night. He looked up at the stars, and repeated the words of Father Time, "You cannot bury that which is a star." Then a great light

flooded his soul. His love for Mollie had risen as a bright star of memory, and left his heart free.

Returning to the fire, he replenished it, and woke his father, fearing he would take cold. Shep had risen by this time, and after lazily stretching himself, he suddenly began to growl. The two men looked in the direction that his nose was pointing, immediately distinguishing among the bushes a few yards away a pair of eyes shining like emeralds as they reflected the light of the fire. Shep's hair was standing out fiercely by this time, but, pup like, he dared not encounter the intruder. Standish hastily picked up a burning brand and threw it at the gleaming eyes, whereupon they disappeared. It was probably either a wolf or a cougar.

The two men then went over to the horses, and found them resting quietly; and gathering a fresh lot of wood, they replenished the fire for the night and got into their blankets. Shep managed to get in between them, and, snuggling close, would raise his head suspiciously from time to time on the lookout for further intruders.

After a long refreshing sleep, the morning broke fair and beautiful, and they began the return home. Standish soon began to sing blithely, and, scorning the back of his little black mare, he ran down the trail as nimbly as a deer. Peter, from the back of his easy bay mount, greatly rejoiced at the spectacle, and exclaimed to himself:

"Good, the boy's himself again."

BOOK TWO

THE CHAMBER OF VIRGINS

CHAPTER I

UPON their return from the Peak, the Browns began the development of their great mine. Upon careful investigation, they found that they had broken into a great ore chamber, extending some twenty-eight feet from wall to wall. The shaft and upper workings of the 40 Rounds were fully fifteen hundred feet above the tunnel, upon the top of the ledge. Thus this enormous body of ore extended hundreds, perhaps thousands, of feet below the floor of the tunnel, as well as upward to the old shaft house fifteen hundred feet above.

They were fairly overwhelmed with the possibilities of this colossal wealth. Considerable water was still flowing from the vein, and Standish made a trip up to the old shaft, finding it comparatively dry, thus not only proving the splendid drainage value of their tunnel, but proving beyond the slightest doubt the continuity of the vein.

A mining man from Denver visited them, attracted by news of the big strike. He flashed a certified check of a cool $100,000 in Peter's eyes, and wanted to buy at that figure. Peter only looked at Standish and smiled, and the fellow went away quite discomfited.

Nearly every citizen of Plume, and, for that matter, almost the entire population of the gulch, visited the tunnel, and begged to see the big strike. They nearly exhausted their ready funds, which Standish had earned in Denver, part of it the ring money, by a constant entertainment of friends and honest miners, who wished them luck with their great find. The excitement soon died away, however, and their visitors becoming fewer, they

gladly availed themselves of the opportunity to perfect their future plans.

A representative of the C. C. & U. Ry. visited them shortly after their return from the Peak. They showed him the extent of the ore body, and requested that he put in a siding. He promised to take immediate action, and in a few days both men and material arrived from Denver, and the siding was put in.

A contract was also made for considerable lumber and timbering, to be used in building an ore chute from the mouth of the tunnel down to the railroad siding. Thus the ore would slide down the chute and into the railroad cars by its own gravity. A large crib was also built below the mouth of the tunnel, and out of the way of the railroad siding. It formed the base of a new dump, over which the waste matter, the talc, rock, etc., would be dropped. Quantities of timbers would also be used in the mine, in stoping, which process consists of building a platform or scaffolding upward every few feet and stripping the walls of vein matter, allowing it to fall to the bottom of the stope, thru an iron or wooden chute. The ore would then be separated from the waste matter, and hauled in cars thru the tunnel, and dumped outside into the ore chute, where it would slide into the railroad cars ready for shipment. The waste matter being run out in separate cars, and dumped into the gulch, down to the huge wooden crib which served as an anchorage.

Thruout the entire length of the tunnel no timbers were used, as it was bored thru solid granite, and would probably stand intact, perhaps as long as the mountain itself.

Peter's idea of working the great lode thru a tunnel was splendidly vindicated. No machinery was needed at this time to operate the workings, save a common blower to furnish fresh air. The water flowed thru and out of the tunnel seeking its level. The ore and waste matter dropped from the stopes directly into the cars, and were then handled in the economical manner as above described.

Soon the smelter returns began to come in from their first shipments, and Peter and Standish gazed at the gener-

ous sized checks delightedly. It was the first, real, tangible evidence of their fortune. They offered them in payment for the timber, and for a few supplies purchased of Howard & Co. They were eagerly accepted, and thus the last bit of doubt which might have existed in their minds was swept away. They possessed a fortune of as clean, pure, and honestly acquired wealth as was ever won by two determined men.

Long years afterward, however, when Standish in more mature age, enjoyed the use of this almost unlimited wealth, he felt the effects of those fearful years of toil in the long gray tunnel of the 40 Rounds; and he then thought the reward, however great, was none too much for those mighty efforts of his youth.

Simultaneous with their full realization of the magnitude of the property, Standish began to study. He sent to Denver for the books he required, determined that he would master every bit of information which threw light upon the subjects of assaying, mining, and metallurgy.

He was particularly anxious to master assaying, for with a complete education in that science, he would at all times be able to determine the value of the ore they were producing, and thus be in a position to insist upon a fair settlement from the smelters.

Peter employed only a few men at first. He wanted to feel of the proposition very carefully, and he only added to his force as occasion required. One thing, however, he had determined upon emphatically; he intended to pay the best wages of any operator in the district. Whenever he heard of a raise of wages at the other mines, he investigated the report carefully, and if it proved correct, up went his wage scale accordingly, and with always enough more to prove his proud assertion, that he paid the best wages in the camp.

It did not take him long to notice the effect of this policy among his men. They proved diligent and loyal, and he congratulated himself that he obtained the full benefit of every raise as well as they.

Peter did not forget to make the old cabin more comfortable. It was enlarged considerably, and made stouter

and warmer. He and Standish had always liked the location with its unobstructed view up and down the gulch. It was somewhat exposed to the sweep of snow and rock slides, but he felt that it was amply protected by the thick forest of tall pines and spruces above it.

Peter confined his own labors to a daily inspection of the mine, and he would not allow Standish to spend too much time in the workings. The damp air, and the chill and wetness of the mine, were sure to impair the health of the strongest physique in course of time; and he felt that his brave boy who had already served full time in the grim hole, should study now, and roam about the hills as much as he pleased.

Colonel Rose came up from Denver a few months after they commenced operations. Being Peter's financial agent in Denver, he had observed the rapidly piling up returns from the property, and he suddenly awoke to the fact that his old comrade was really getting rich.

Peter took great delight in showing the property to the Colonel who was greatly impressed with its wonderful riches, and before he left, Peter closed a contract with him, whereby the Colonel was given full power as his financial representative in the city. The contract was to run a year, and was largely an experiment. Peter realized that he had his hands full in the mere management of the property, and altho requiring Standish's assistance somewhat in the management, yet he felt that his son should continue his studies uninterrupted. The Colonel would be in an excellent position to invest their earnings, and long association had proved him to be a man who could be trusted implicitly.

CHAPTER II

The day the Browns broke thru the granite wall into the long sought for lode of the 40 Rounds, they penetrated a chamber, wherein slept two beautiful virgins.

Virgin SILVER. Virgin GOLD.

Sealed up in the enchanted castle of the mountain by their father, imperious Plutus, the god of Riches; these two beautiful virgins had slept countless ages, waiting for a brave prince to dissolve the spell, and set them free.

Bravely he had come. Courageously he had toiled toward them in the bowels of the mountain, and at last he had rent their prison walls in twain. And they waited there in the darkness of their chamber, these two fair creatures, for him to lead them out into the beautiful world. But it really was not a prince who freed them thus, it was that great blind giant, LABOR.

The strong arm, striking the mighty blow. The blind giant who wipes the sweat from off his brow, and feeds upon the poor husks which his master chooses to give him.

Labor groped his way into the great chamber where the two virgins were timidly calling to him. He heard their cries and released them, leading them from their dark noisome prison, out into that beautiful bright world which he himself could not see.

Delighted with the fair prospect, they turned to thank their benefactor.

But Gold started at the sight of Labor, whose huge, steaming, sweating form was so different from the fair prince of her dreams. Ugh! His great hairy breast, freckled, coarse, powder-smutted features, and blind, sightless eyes. She looked at him in disgust, spat in his face; and left him unthanked, unrewarded.

Gold is a wanton.

Once released into the gay world, she follows the pleasure path of the courtesan. She tries, not by sweet art,

to win the prize of beauty among the fair children of Plutus. That which she can not win by her grace and beauty, she seduces by exposing her voluptuous charms to kindle the flame of lust. Cruel, cunning, unholy as a vampire she treads the world, casting off her old lovers indifferently, and languishing shamelessly in the arms of the new.

Gold, the insidious seducer of classic Greece.

Gold, the bold courtesan of mighty Rome.

Gold, the base betrayer of fair Florence.

All of which, at one time, were clean, pure republics. Solon, replaced by Phillip of Macedonia. Cincinnatus, by Nero. Dante, by the Medicis.

Insidious, corrupting, baleful, Gold.

Thou, base, lecherous vampire of fair republics. Art thou to suck the life blood and honor from our own great republic? These United States of America?

Within our borders millionaires have succeeded the possessors of mere thousands. Billionaires are about to succeed millionaires.

At what time will your remorseless jaws close with satiation, oh, Gold?

When will the republic cease, the Cæsars reign?

In the words of the prophet, " How long, oh, Lord, how long?"

And so Gold, the wanton one, exulting in her freedom, flitted away into the world to satisfy her unholy desires, and wreak upon her victims the venom of her hatred.

Silver, however, looked pityingly tearful into the sightless eyes of Labor. She was filled with unutterable thanks for her freedom, and kneeling down, she reverently kissed his great hardened hand, sweetly saying as she did so, "Consider me always your friend, my hero."

The great giant trembled, his sightless eyes rolled painfully in their red sockets as he felt the press of her warm lips upon his hand. He struggled to articulate some word in response. He knew it was the Lady of the Silver Robes, for he had heard her voice sounding from the depths of the enchanted chamber as clear as a gently tinkling bell,

saying, "Ah! kind sir. I am Silver, release me, and I will fill the world with peace and plenty."

Gold's voice was so different, it had an insidious serpentine smoothness, which terrified as it also charmed.

The inspiring words of Silver thrilled the giant form of Labor. His despairing soul was filled with the great hope, that this fair virgin whom he had thus released from the dark chamber of the mountain, would fill the world with a bounteous flood of plenty, and his children would be made forever free and happy.

She would feed the starving; she would keep the great mills turning; she would sow the barren naked fields of the whole world with life-giving grain, whose rich harvests would yield great joy and sustenance to all mankind. Labor felt that he was in the presence of a great emancipator. She who would carry the magic horn of Plenty, and would fill to overflowing e'en the humblest dwelling of the poor. And that men would rise up and sing glad anthems in her name.

Filled with this great joy, he at last found speech.

"Believe me, fair one, I accept your friendship, thus so sweetly bestowed. And with these strong arms I shall ever defend and champion your cause." And as he spoke, his great chest heaved with emotion, and the muscles of his mighty arms swelled in enormous knots.

"I leave you then, my hero, to see the world; and if—if my mission is misunderstood, and I meet with misfortune, I shall certainly return and seek your protection, and bide my time for the ultimate triumph of my cause." And flitting away, she too sought the confines of the great world, while Labor returned to his hole in the mountain, and once more toiled beneath the lash of the master.

Far and wide the two fair daughters of Plutus traveled out into the teeming world. Until, upon the shores of the great blue ocean they met a Potentate. It was POWER, lord of a mighty Nation.

Seeing his great palace and vast wealth, Gold made love to him.

Silver passed them one day as they strolled along the beach. Power cast a lustful eye upon her tender form,

and Gold, perceiving it, became jealous. She could brook no rival in the affections of Power even tho that rival be her own fair, innocent sister, Silver. She, who came from the same vault of the mountain, where they had both lain side by side thru all the remote ages. Yea, both conceived in the womb of the same mother and sired by the same father. Silver and Gold, the twin sisters, the fair offspring of the same illustrious parents.

So terrible now became the jealousy of Gold, that she deemed the broad expanse of the Nation itself, too small, to hold her fair sister.

And one fatal night, in that Palace by the Sea, Gold seduced Power, he who was the sovereign of a mighty nation; and even then, not satisfied with her shameless conquest, she poisoned his heart against her fair sister. And together, the guilty pair persecuted Silver, and drove her from the distant East seeking shelter in the bosom of the Great Hills of the West.

One day, as Labor emerged from the black hole of Toil, to bask a moment in the sun, rolling up his sightless eyes to the throne of his Maker imploring rest and peace, he felt a soft hand thrust confidingly into his, and a gentle voice spoke to him, which he instantly recognized as that of the Lady of the Silver Robes.

"Ah, kind sir," she said, with tears in her eyes, "I have been driven from the Court of the Nation by Power and Gold, and I am forced to seek that protection which you once so nobly pledged me in that long ago."

"And you shall have it, fair one," roared the blind and indignant giant in thunderous tones, which shook the very vitals of the Nation, and which made Power and Gold fairly tremble in that Palace by the Sea.

And that is why, gentle reader, that the Lady of the Silver Robes liveth in the sheltering bosom of Labor, the great blind giant of the Nation. That is why the people of the Great Hills love and cherish the Silver Queen. That is also why she rests, "until death do us part," in the warm, red blooded heart of the shining West, never to be removed save to be crowned mid the proud acclaim of the Nation, Queen of Peace and Plenty.

Mistress Gold still sways the Potentate of Power in the far East, in that Palace by the Sea. But fair Silver, dwelling in the humble cot of Labor, waits patiently for the day of her coming glory. When the great teeming Nation shall burst the shackles of unholy Power and Gold, and crown the Silver Queen.

Gold to the Select.

Silver to the Common.

Nectar for the Cæsars.

Bread for the Masses.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

BOOK THREE

THE CROSS AMONG THE PINES

CHAPTER I

DURING the five years which followed the great strike in the tunnel of the 40 Rounds, Peter Brown's dream of wealth had been fully realized, but in the enjoyment of that wealth he had found himself in a similar condition as a brakeman who was employed on the railroad which ran thru his old home town, back in Iowa.

It seems that a number of railroad men gathered in a little grocery store at the division point, were earnestly discussing what they would do if they should suddenly become possessed of great wealth. Each had related in glowing terms how he would spend the money, all of them more or less extravagantly. When it came the brakeman's turn, however, to air his views as a spender, his eyes fairly glittered with excitement, and the crowd pressed forward eagerly to catch his words, as he related the wonderful manner in which he would spend his imaginative wealth. Looking longingly across the counter of the grocery store at the contents of a shelf, he said yearningly, "By gosh, boys, I'd have all the cove oysters that I wanted to eat, for once in my life."

So it was with Peter. Having formed habits of the greatest simplicity thru all the long years of his poverty, it was absolutely impossible for him to spend an income much beyond that of the ordinary wage earner. He considered himself too old to build railroads, or engage in those several other enterprises which in his youth had greatly attracted him, and he could not see why he should take the time and money to build an elaborate residence

in Plume. The truth was, that he did not propose to be coaxed away from the mine. It was his life, his very existence. Altho his bright mind reveled in the great world of thought, and while he was truly a philosopher, a great reader, and an eager investigator of all the phenomena of life; yet he chose to dwell largely within himself, and in the management of the mine he found an abundant field for both physical and mental activity.

Down in Denver a large hoard was piling up. On the first of each year Peter visited Colonel Rose, and examined and adjusted the past year's finances. He required the Colonel to give him a receipt in full for all services rendered, and they started each year with a clean balance sheet. Investments he had left almost entirely to the Colonel's judgment and discretion.

At their last settlement the Colonel had handed him a large bundle of bonds, stocks, deeds, mortgages, etc., for his examination. Peter had dubiously turned the bundle over in his hands for a moment, and handing it back had said, "Sorry I can't accommodate you, Colonel, but I don't want to be bothered with all this. I have your word that the stuff is good, so let it go at that."

The Colonel had maintained the strictest care in rendering his annual report, and Peter had at all times an accurate record of his various investments; their original cost, present value, etc., together with a memorandum of all cash balances due and deposited with the various banks.

The last time that he had taken the train back to Plume after his annual settlement with the Colonel, he leaned back in the coach seat and said to himself, "All — all for the boy. Mebbe in the distant future he will conceive some great work to do. If he does, well, he's got the money." Musing thus, the old veteran had added, "And the beauty of it is, that he's really made the most of it himself, for I wan't of much account."

In the sixth year of the development of the 40 Rounds since the great strike in the tunnel, Peter was confronted by many important questions in the further development of the property.

For several years the management had been compara-

tively simple. It had only been a question of extracting the ore, dumping it into the railroad cars, and shipping it to the smelters in Denver. Merely extracting the meat from one cell of a colossal nut. But now they had nearly exhausted the contents of that cell. They must reach out and discover new cells, and extract the meat as before. This process of discovering, reaching out, and exploiting for new ore bodies, is called development work; and in every well managed property is constantly going on, and altho absorbing considerable of the mine's earnings, nevertheless usually brings a splendid return for the outlay.

A few weeks after his last annual settlement trip to the city, Peter entered the mouth of the tunnel intending to visit some of the old abandoned workings, to see if they were really exhausted as had been reported by the foreman.

Occasionally a vein contracts, or "pinches out" as the miners say, from its usual width; and narrowing to a mere few inches, sometimes becomes completely exhausted.

Several days previous, Peter had instructed the mine foreman to explode a blast at a certain point in one of the abandoned levels where the vein had thus suddenly pinched out. The foreman having exploded the blast as directed, Peter intended upon this trip of inspection to note the result.

Lighting a candle and stuffing several in his pocket, he walked the length of the tunnel, and at the end he turned abruptly to the right, into a big "drift," a passage along the vein from which the ore has been extracted. Following this drift for some distance he arrived at a ladder which led to the upper levels of that portion of the mine.

As he laboriously climbed the long ladder all wet and slimy from the constant seepage of the water and the ooze of the soft vein matter, he vowed that he would immediately equip the mine with a steam hoist to reach from the tunnel to the old abandoned shaft above. It was indeed, becoming a positive necessity. It would greatly increase the ventilation of the property, be a great convenience to his force of men, and would bring a sure return for the outlay by greatly increasing the production

of the property. The long hours, and the consequent exhaustion, which the men took in ascending and descending the long ladders to and from their work would be applied to mining instead, and it would be far more economical to equip the mine with a modern hoist and employ a competent engineer, than to throw away any more money on this old fashioned ladder proposition.

Peter soon reached the second level, and resting, lighted his pipe. He wished that he had brought Standish with him, but he had left him at the cottage absorbed in a book and he had hated to disturb him. After heavy exertions he finally reached the seventh level, thus he had climbed six hundred feet up the rickety wet ladders, a hundred feet at a time, and he stood there puffing loudly from his exertions. Yes, he would wire Denver tomorrow for that hoist. How ridiculous to tire an old man like this, who merely wants to inspect a portion of his mine. Recovering both his humor and breath however, he walked to the far end of the drift toward the point where the blast had been exploded. The bottom of the drift was covered with several inches of water and mud, and it was with much difficulty that he could plow his way thru the sticky mass.

Again he thought, "I wish I had sent the boy, he could have done this nasty job much better than I."

How rarely do men recognize old age, when it really begins to lay its heavy hand upon them. The keen thought of youth still sparkles in their souls, with scarcely the least comprehension that the poor old body is beginning to fail. The stiffened joints, the nerveless fingers, the weary back, fail most signally to continue their former agility. Yet a man rarely acknowledges it. His bouyant thought seems surprised as the infirm body fails to perform its usual functions. And in such a plight, and finally acknowledging the great change, the old man smiles a weak pathetic smile, sighs heavily, saying to himself with a dubious shake of his head, "You're getting old, my boy." How tenaciously youth still clings. "My boy," uttered by an old man speaking of himself. And again, agile protesting thought rushes him forward, and

again he weakens and falls. And thus old age cruelly settles down upon him, until often thought itself becomes infirm. Soon his atmosphere becomes wholly frigid. He finally ceases to think youthfully altogether. The snow land of the long weary years slowly fills his soul. Hoary, white haired old age, he is only waiting to die. The vital forces gradually become clogged, and—exit, the old man's life has fled.

Now Peter was beginning to feel his infirmities sorely. He regretted that he had undertaken this fatiguing trip. But on he went, and having once resolved upon a hoist, he now vowed that this would be his last trip into this great slimy intestine of the mountain. Was it a prophecy?

"Yes," he thought, "the office was the place for him now. The bright sunlight, the warm fire, his big chair, and his dear old violin. What a fool he was to come up here. Standish would reprove him when he found it out. Then he thought of the six hundred feet that he would have to crawl down again to reach the tunnel. He hesitated. He would turn back. But no, he was nearly there. He would see the deal thru, now that he had undertaken it.

His candle was burning low by this time. He took another from his pocket and lit it. A few feet ahead of him he could distinguish a heap of débris which partially choked the drift. It was undoubtedly the result of the blast. He could also distinguish the pick which he had instructed the foreman to leave, as he would probably have to pick around a bit in the course of his examination.

The vein at the point where the blast had been exploded, had suddenly contracted to the width of a couple of fingers, and the men had ceased work, thinking that it would not pay to blast out several feet of solid granite to obtain a mere inch of ore.

Peter had conceived the idea, however, that the vein might widen with another shot or two, and reveal a new ore body.

After carefully inspecting the débris dropped by the blast, he thrust the candle into a chink of the wall.

"By jinks!" he exclaimed suddenly, his eyes gleaming with all the ardor of a veteran miner, "I believe its widening."

Carried away by his excitement, he seized the pick and crawled over the pile of fallen debris, thrusting himself into the little pocket which lay between the breast of the drift and the pile of material brought down by the blast.

"Good ore, too," he muttered, picking up a piece of glittering quartz. Curling up in his narrow quarters, he dropped some hot wax from the candle upon a piece of fallen granite lying on top of the pile of débris and stuck the candle into it. Then with his back to the breast of the drift and his face turned toward the candle, he grasped the pick and began to pry off a tempting piece of ore which hung from the roof of the drift at his right side. He exerted himself heavily in the work. It was loosening. Soon it fell. Picking it up, he thrust himself slightly forward toward the candle light in order to more closely examine it. As he did so, he heard a dull slipping sound. He started to turn, but was instantly pinned down by an enormous mass of débris which fell from the walls and roof of the drift. The constant percolation of the water had loosened the mass, and the jarring blows of the pick had finally felled it.

The old man uttered a fearful shriek.

Carried away by the ardor of his investigation, he had deliberately crawled into a trap.

Fortunately the candle did not go out as it was placed too far forward. The draught of air made by the falling mass had nearly snuffed it, but the flame finally held.

The unfortunate man now lay upon his stomach with his face within a foot of the candle. His legs and body as far up as his navel were completely covered and crushed. They lay under tons of rock and vein matter and his situation was absolutely desperate.

It would be impossible to describe the agonizing thoughts which filled the old veteran's mind. He had passed thru the war with the Brigade. He had fought at Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg, and Lookout Mountain;

and at Atlanta, on that fearful Twenty-second of July, 1864, where the Brigade had fought on both sides of the breastworks, he had received a bad wound. Always facing death upon the battlefield, he was always prepared for it there. He had laughed in its face a thousand times. So often had he heard the song of the deadly minnie ball and the death dealing shell as they plowed thru the ranks of the Blue, that he paid no more attention to them than the reaper pays to the cut of the scythe thru the wheat.

But here, in this wet slimy bowel of the mountain, he was quite unprepared for the worst. The suddenness of his calamity was awful. It was terrible to think that this might indeed be death.

At first the old veteran squealed in his fearful mental agony, as rats do when suddenly caught in the jaws of a steel trap, and his agonizing cries echoed dully in the black vault of the mountain. His arms, however, tho badly squeezed, were partially free. Wildly he tried to release himself. His hat fell off, and his long gray locks and flushed face, all smeared by the slime of the wet rocks, looked terrible in the dim light of the candle.

After the first desperate struggles and squealings of the old man had ceased, he became horribly conscious of the absolute certainty of his fate, and he began to emit a fearful maniacal laughter. All these paroxysms, being merely the animal like manifestations of the infallible law of self preservation. The screams and struggles of the victim were now almost instantly succeeded by his pitiful moans, as the circulation of the blood began to cease in his legs and lower body. Of all physical agonies, none can exceed such a pain. It is invariably followed by delirium and unconsciousness.

Peter's reason now began to assert itself in spite of his horrible situation. He knew that he would soon be unconscious, and he also knew that it would be impossible for any human being to hear his cries, as the men were too far distant in other levels of the mine.

Yes, this must be death.

His one thought then, was for the *living,* for Standish.

He would write a letter. It was all he could do now; to write a few lines, and then to die.

He did not need to write the manner of his death. When they found his body they would know all.

With his right hand he managed to pull out his note-book from his upper vest pocket, and with it a pencil. His mind was wonderfully clear now. These few moments were pitifully precious. A few precious atoms of time, in which to write a few last words to his dearly beloved son.

Painfully opening the book, he placed a piece of ore upon one side of it to hold it open, and then he proceeded to write upon the other. This was the letter:

"O, dearly beloved, adorable, faithful son, good-bye. I press your lips for the last time. I embrace you. If you have ever seen good in me, remember me for it. I may be dead forever. The Bible is not always clear about the hereafter. But I *know* that I am immortal in you. All fathers and mothers continue to live immortal in their children, if not in them, in their friends. I have found in life, that the *individual* is the supreme effort. This effort inspires other individuals. From father to son. Standing upon me, dear son, you must try to attain and do the things I could not do. To *endeavor,* to try. It is the highest. It is the grand symphony of Life."

The pain was fast dimming his senses now. Still did his brave soul battle on grappling fiercely with Death.

A most divine thing is this death-defying sublimnity of the soul.

The body may scream, may writhe in anguish; but the soul, fearless and undaunted, sings its triumphant song, e'en while the death rattle sounds harsh within the shattered frame.

He would write a few more precious words.

Oh! God! How short the time.

His fingers were purpling, and he put the very vitals vitals of his fast expiring life into his shaking hand.

He saw Calvary. He saw the shining face of his Master.

He would write the sublime words.

Nay!—Yes!

A last, supreme, agonizing struggle, with his soul spreading its wings for distant realms, he wrote:

"I die a Christian."

The pencil fell from his nerveless hand.

Victory! Consecration! BLISS.

As his dying eyes bulged from their sockets under the awful pressure of the mass which had engulfed him, they saw revealed in the short sweep of their vision, a great mass of shining ore. Hanging from the roof above him, it was slowly settling, ready to fall. Old Peter Brown would be buried in a grave of precious gold in the midst of his great mine.

Gold is the price of human blood.

And here, still another victim to feed its hideous maw.

Frail human life may expire, but gold, the imperishable metal, lives on forever.

Salt crusted and embrined in the vast silent caverns of the sea, the barnacled hoard of countless wrecks and great ships gone down in the awful Deep; stored away in the massive vaults of national treasuries; piled up in the strong boxes of the Princes of Mammon; hoarded in the stockings of the miser; and hanging as succulent grapes in virgin clusters within the bowels of the mountains, Gold is the price of human blood.

Gold, pleasure seeking. Gold, militant.

The inspiration of the ancient Argonauts.

The tempting apple of Hesperides.

The conquering trafficer of the Phœnicians.

The flaming torch shining from the Heights of Ophir.

The yellow finger beckoning to the dauntless Columbus.

The bloody mistress of Coronado.

The dancing demon of the cruel Pizarro.

The god of Wall Street.

Gold, the supreme vampire.

Gold, the greatest of the Borgias, the adept of all poisoners.

Gold! Gold! Thou art a monster, thou base metal god of weak and unholy men. Thou art the supreme human tempter. The cause of man's blackest vileness, his greatest unholiest efforts.

Gold! Gold! Thou art the abhorred infinite addition, the endless multiplication, the arch summing up and extreme Luciferian calculus of human existence.

And yet, Oh Gold! Even as we curse thee. Oh, the wonders and the miracles thou hast wrought in the world of men. Tempting them, thou hast also raised and glorified them, as thou hast also felled and ruined them.

The dying eyes of Peter Brown showed dimly in the candle light. The slowly settling mass of ore and rock was remorselessly crushing out his life.

It forced out his tongue. The blood, squeezed from his body, colored his face to the purpleness of a beet.

"Swish—slush."

Another tottering mass of ore slid down. With it fell quantities of soft talc and vein matter, which, mixing with the water, gradually spread. Slowly it enveloped the dying man's face. Then it covered it. It spread on over the book. It reached the candle. Another slushy mass dropped. The candle was extinguished, and with it a human life.

DEATH.

The annihilation of Birth.
A Mystery swallowing a Mystery.
A noiseless thing, falling into an eternal silence.
The final chronicle of man.
Birth, a mystery.—Death, a mystery.
Mystery, the Beginning and the End.
The Alpha and the Omega of human existence.
The total.
The SUM.

CHAPTER II

The dusk looked in on Standish. He threw down his book and looked at his watch. It was nearly supper time.

He went out doors. The sun had disappeared behind the Peak and a sublime cloud effect was displaying itself. A train of ore cars emerged from the mouth of the tunnel nearby, drawn by a little fat burro driven by a happy gay singing lad. Three of the cars were emptied into the ore chute, and the heavy ore went tumbling down with a rush and a roar into the railroad cars on the siding. The other cars, filled with waste matter, were switched on the dump line and their contents dumped into the gulch.

Mechanically the lad coupled up the train of tiny cars, and drove back into the tunnel.

"Everything O. K.," thought Standish. Shep came running up and danced about his master's feet. Standish petted him and yawned. He had been so absorbed in the book, that he had read until he was sleepy. He went into the cottage and started supper. Peter usually got the supper, but when he was not there, Standish started the meal at the usual hour. These two hermits were so accustomed to each other's habits, that when one was away, the other took hold of the household work as a matter of course.

At six o'clock the night shift came on. The night foreman came in and reported, and went into the mine. A few minutes later the day shift came out, and the day foreman came in and reported. As he turned to leave, Standish said:

"Oh, say, Nelson, seen anything of dad?"

"Not today, sir," Nelson replied. But as he reached the door he suddenly stopped. "Oh, yes, Mr. Brown, he told me yesterday that he was going up on the seventh

level to see how that blast came out. He and I bet the cigars on the deal. Dad bet me that the lode would widen instead of pinching out."

"Oh, all right," replied Standish.

The supper was ready. Standish waited impatiently, many thoughts beginning to agitate his mind.

"Why don't dad come? I wonder if he really did go clear up to the seventh level. By Jove! He's got to stop this kind of business. He's too old and infirm for such work. Its perfect foolishness for him to go into the mine. I could just as well have done it for him."

The cottage was connected by telephone with the public station in the postoffice at Plume. Standish rang up and had the operator send a messenger boy for Mr. Howard at the supply store. Soon the bell rang and Standish went to the 'phone.

"Hello? That you, Howard? Say, has dad been down to the store today? Not today? All right. Much obliged. Good-bye."

Standish hung up the receiver. The supper was getting cold and he could not eat it alone. Shep looked up wonderingly into his master's face as he sat disconsolate by the fire. Standish was as much disturbed as a little child who comes home from kindergarten and finds its mother is away.

"My God! Do you suppose—No! It can not be!" he exclaimed suddenly, as a terrible thought flashed thru his mind. Starting to his feet, he fixed the fire, turned down the light, and seizing his hat he rushed out of doors, followed by Shep who leaped and danced gayly in front of him.

Rushing into the tunnel, he took up several candles at the entrance, but he did not light one then, as he could see dimly by the light from the ore train ahead of him. He soon overtook the train which was well advanced into the tunnel going for another load. Shep was snapping at the heels of his old friend, Buster, the burro.

"Howdy, Johnnie," said Standish to the boy driver, "Can't stop this time," and on he rushed.

Johnnie looked thoughtfully after his retreating form.

"Young boss is in a hurry tonight, wonder what's up. Get-ap there, Buster, you old slow poke," he said, hitting the burro a whack with a heavy pine slab upon a spot upon the animal's hip from which all the hair was worn off, and which was hardened like a piece of sole leather by frequent whacks of clubs, shovel handles, crowbars, and various other handy instruments of persuasion. And momentarily roused by the *sound* of this gentle "tapping-tapping," of course not by the sting, Buster slowly pulled the train up the track toward the end of the long tunnel.

At the lower end of the chute at the end of the tunnel, down which the ore and waste was shoved from the levels above, was a small telephone which Standish had rigged up himself. The wire was fastened to the chute, and followed it to the upper end. The bell was not fitted up electrically at that time, but was worked by means of a loose wire which shook a small hand bell at both ends of the line, when the wire was pulled back and forth the bell rang out loudly, thus attracting the attention of the men who were at work on that level.

At this time, mining in Colorado was a very different proposition from what it is today. Machine drills were practically unknown. Electricity as a motive power was merely being talked of, and nearly everything was accomplished by hand process, crude and primitive.

Standish rang the bell vigorously. Soon a rough voice responded.

"Is that you, Red?" asked Standish, and receiving an affirmative answer, he continued. "Will you please come down, Red, and bring McGuire with you. Let the other boys finish up the work. I won't send you back up there again tonight."

"All right, boss," replied the gruff voice.

While they were coming down, Standish looked about for a shovel, and finding one, he cut a piece of rope from a large coil which hung in the rocky chamber, and fastened it thru the hole in the handle of the shovel. He also found a pick, and adjusted a piece of rope to it in a similar manner.

By this time Johnnie had arrived with the ore train.

"Seen anything of dad tonight, Johnnie?" asked Standish.

"No, sir," replied the boy.

Standish could hear the men coming down the ladders. Soon they reached the first level and emerged into the tunnel. Standish looked at both them and the boy seriously.

"Boys," he said, "Dad hasn't come home for supper. I 'phoned the store, but he hasn't been there at any time today. When Nelson checked in tonight, he said that dad had probably gone up to the seventh level on the west end to see about that trial blast. Boys, it's hard to think of, but mebbe—mebbe something's happened to him up there. It's the only place I know of to look for him, and I want you to help me. Red, you take the shovel. Mac, you take the pick, and I'll carry the dog up, his scent may help us out."

The men looked at each other significantly and silently picked up the tools. Johnnie's eyes opened wide in alarm, and as they started to leave, he came up to Standish and said, "Please, Mr. Brown, can't I go too?"

"Yes, Johnnie, give Buster a good feed, and come along," replied Standish.

When they got well started toward the ladder which led up to the seventh level, Standish, who was in the lead, suddenly stopped, and stooping down, he pulled Shep up to him saying seriously, "Shep, old boy, we've lost dad, go find him."

The dog's brilliant eyes flashed a moment in the candle light, and then he bounded away into the darkness. As they neared the ladder they saw him go a few paces beyond it, and then returning, and smelling and sniffing at the slimy rounds, he began to bark furiously.

"My God! boys, this is awful. Dad has undoubtedly gone up there, the dog scents his trail. Whether he's alive and has possibly come down, is the thing we will have to determine. What do you think, boys?"

Rourke and McGuire exchanged glances, but remained silent.

"Speak up, boys, don't be afraid, I can stand it," he said with a pathetic glance.

"Boss, its a cinch that he's up there. If he had come down the dog would lead us the other way. I've trailed 'em before. It's only a question of whether the old man's hurt, and still alive, or wheth——," and Rourke stopped speaking, as he saw the blood rush from Standish's face, he could not say the word, "dead."

"Come on then, boys," said Standish fiercely.

Placing a fresh candle in the socket fastened to his hat, he picked up the dog and carried him on his broad shoulders. The dog was trembling with excitement, but he laid quiet. He had often ascended the ladders with Standish in this manner, and his instinct told him that he must lie quiet in order to preserve the equilibrium.

Thus the little band started up the ladders, Standish leading the way. The shovel fastened about Red's neck clanked dismally as it struck the sides of the ladder. They halted for a moment at each level, and each time Standish released the dog. The knowing animal would snuff about for a few paces, and then returning to the ladder he would look upward and bark excitedly. Finally reaching the seventh level, Standish released the dog as before, and at once he bounded off in the darkness sneezing and barking.

"My God, that does settle it," groaned Standish pitifully.

The men remained silent. Old experienced miners, they had seen the death mark before. They only wondered that it had not occurred before, as this was apparently the first accident which had ever occurred in the history of the 40 Rounds. A remarkably low casualty, considering the long period of the mine's operation.

They followed Standish carefully, the boy creeping up between them. He was thoroly frightened by this time, and wished that he had not come. As they neared the end of the drift, they saw Shep thrusting his nose into a mass of wet and slimy vein matter, and halting they looked about them.

The roof had caved in badly. Yes, the shot had ex-

posed over a foot of ore, old Peter had won his bet, the ore had not pinched out. Standish looked questioningly at the dog.

"Well, what is it, Shep?" he said.

The dog thrust his nose into the wet mass as tho to fathom it. He leaped upon the pile, his feet sinking several inches into the deep muck. Then he lowered his delicate nose again. Suddenly he stiffened out, his eyes gleaming with rare intelligence. Then slowly moving his head back and forth over the mass he began to howl dismally. The weird sound echoed hideously in the grim vault. It was the death howl. The vault contained a corpse.

Then he began to scratch. His sharp claws grating harshly upon the quartz between his low, fierce growls.

Standish, almost fainting, recovered himself, and turning to the rough men at his side said, "Boys, this pile of rock is a grave, please begin," and calling off the dog, he had Johnnie hold him.

The men unfastened the tools from about their necks while Standish lighted another candle and thrust it into a chink in the wall. The first thing Red did, was to advance to the side of the great pile of débris, and cautiously thrust his shovel upward at the cave-in of the roof. It looked solid, but he thought that they had better not advance too far. Returning he said:

"We'll begin at this end, Mr. Brown, its safer."

The two men worked swiftly, McGuire loosening the stuff, and Red shoveling it back into the drift. As they advanced slowly, inch by inch, the more carefully did McGuire insert the pick into the pile. Soon a half burnt candle fell from the débris. Standish seized it and thrust it into his pocket. The men were steaming from their exertions, but they were tireless and worked like demons.

Every moment or so, the dog would try to tear himself away from Johnnie; but unable to release himself, he would bark furiously, only a stern command from Standish serving to quiet him.

Soon Red stooped down and picked up a pencil from

the last shovelful of stuff. Evidently when it fell from Peter's fingers it had rolled toward the candle. Then the note-book which contained the letter, stuck out from the mass. Standish stooped down and picked it up, and as he did so, he saw something different from the rocks, the talc, and the ore. He forgot himself, and thrusting his hand into the wet mass, he grasped the object. It was the cold right hand of his dead father, lying extended in the debris, just where the pencil had fallen from it. He gave a terrible cry and leaped back. Then recovering himself, he thrust the book into his pocket. The two men dropped their tools, and all three attempted to exhume the body with their bare hands, but they could only release it in this manner as far as the navel. Their hands were powerless against the enormous mass of ore which had crushed out the old man's life.

Disdaining now the thought that another slide might come down on them, they went boldly forward to the breast of the drift, and resorting to the pick and shovel again, they gradually broke up the huge mass of ore. And as they did so, both Red and McGuire could not help noticing the extreme richness of the ores they were working in. Even in the presence of death, the miner never loses his thirst and instinct for gold. He scents the richness of the precious stuff, as naturally as the bull scents the waiting herd.

At last the mass was broken up and removed, and the mountain gave up its dead.

Carrying the body to a dry spot near the ladder, they laid it out on the floor of the drift, there in the black vault of the mountain, with the candles glimmering about the head and body like the ghostly illumination of an Irish wake.

Grief, pitiful agonizing grief, came slowly over them, as they gazed at the kindly old face now so cold in death.

Standish, unable to longer contain his tears, threw himself upon the form of his beloved parent and sobbed like a child. The men could not stand it. Johnnie had been blubbering for sometime. So Red blew out the candles. It was a charitable act. Johnnie snuggled up

to him and seized his hand, and thus the little band wept there in the darkness. All about them was the vast bulk of the mountain. Cold, pitiless, voiceless, eternal materiality.

After a long silence, broken only by the sobs of Standish, Red struck a match and lit the candles. Standish then rose calm and silent. He tore up his jacket, and with the strips and their two pieces of rope, he had the men bind the body upon his broad back and shoulders. Red carried the dog, and the tools were left behind.

Standish carried his precious burden down the entire six hundred feet of ladders to the tunnel below without a stop. The men had begged to relieve him, but he would not listen. Then he walked thru the long tunnel and carried his burden out under the stars and into the cottage.

CHAPTER III

The bright sunny morning of the second day after the death of Peter Brown, a group of miners stood near the old shaft house of the 40 Rounds. Standish had closed down the mine itself, and his men were here gathered to blast a grave for old Peter out of the living granite.

Great drifts of snow were on the ground. Two hundred feet east of the shaft house was the edge of the great ledge in which the lode of the 40 Rounds terminated so abruptly. It was an enormous projecting buttress of the Emerald, having an almost sheer height of two thousand feet above the level of the creek, and some fifteen hundred feet above the cottage of the Brown's and the mouth of the tunnel.

A hundred feet back from the edge of this gigantic crag, grew a small clump of sturdy pines, half buried in the deep snow drifts. The hundred feet intervening between the pines and the edge of the ledge, was as bare of vegetation and snow as one's hand, and its floor was almost as smooth as polished marble. The snow could not stay upon it. The eternal sweep of the mountain wind carried it over the precipice as fast as it fell, and no soil had ever accumulated there for the same reason.

But at a distance of a hundred feet from the edge, the pines had managed to get a foothold. No one ever knew how they accomplished the feat, or how they maintained their brave, fearless, green lives on that bleak rocky eminence. Perhaps in the long ago, some fearful snow-slide had deposited a little soil there, together with a bunch of pine cones or their winged seeds, and in the spring the warm sun had coaxed the little ones out from under the snow. Getting a little start thus, they laid there another long winter, and gradually gathering courage with the eternal perenniality of Nature in their veins, they had peeped up and smiled at the sky. Then as they

gathered strength, they became more fearless, and as they grew larger each succeeding season, they finally grew to boldly defy the Storm King, and flecked their green tipped boughs saucily into his face. Never a breath of air in the gulch but what swayed these beautiful pines. Isolated many hundred feet from their green comrades on the further slopes of the mountain, they shook and weaved merrily in the fierce play of the wild mountain winds. They had survived the hurricanes of summer, had withstood the snow-slides, the forest fires, and the eternal crackling and tumbling of the great crags above them. Erect, silvery green, beautiful as Norse maidens, they tossed their boughs bravely and laughed to scorn the wildest fury of the elements.

The bare place on the great ledge between this clump of pines and the edge, was to be the last resting place of Peter Brown. The view from this high eyrie of the Emerald was magnificent. Far down the gulch shone the slender ribbon of the silvery stream flowing between the green clad hills. Plume and Joetown were both visible. To the west rose the great Peak, towering nobly majestic among its white mantled brothers. Across the creek, the Castle reared its proud jagged crest, and the entire Pay Rock district was visible, with the great dumps of the Pay Rock and the Sampson-Smith showing white on the mountain side, and the black smoke rolling out of the big stacks of their shaft houses.

Many times old Peter had expressed a desire to be buried on the top of this ledge, and his faithful son was fulfilling that desire.

The day following the discovery of Peter's body in the drift of the seventh level, Standish had wired to Denver for a handsome mahogany casket and a metallic case to contain it. The caskets would arrive on the afternoon train of this bright sunny day, and the vault which was to contain them, was to be drilled and blasted out of the solid granite floor of the ledge.

They were having a jolly time of it, these rough miners. Red Rourke, the night foreman, had just wagered a keg of beer for the crowd, with Nelson, the day foreman,

that he and his partner could drill a hole the required depth, quicker than Nelson and his Swede partner. It was to be Ireland versus Sweden.

There had always been a good natured rivalry between the day shift of the 40 Rounds, which was composed entirely of Swedes, and the night shift, made up of Irishmen. The drilling of the holes in excavating this granite tomb of Peter's afforded them an excellent opportunity to test the merits of each crew, and they flattered themselves, that none would enjoy the affair more than old Peter, whether he was there in the flesh or spirit.

Gathering up the drills and sledges the men walked over to the ledge. Old Micky Rourke, Red's father, marked out the dimensions of the vault according to the previous instructions of Standish. It was to be excavated in the exact center of the bare spot, a few feet east of the clump of pines. And Micky unwinding a steel tape, called one of the men to assist him. Then they marked out the exact lines of the vault, with a brush and a can of white lead, Micky painting the lines upon the bare surface of the ledge.

While he did so, the contesting drill teams stripped bare to the waist, scorning the cold air of the morning and the chill of the nearby snow drifts; their beautiful skins, covering magnificent muscles, shining in the bright sunlight like the sheen of some delicate satin in the gleam of a ballroom chandelier. The Swede's skin was snow white, with a faint tinge of steel blue. It was unmistakably Norse, the polar blue white, the fair flesh covering beneath which flows the proud blood of the Vikings. The Irishman's skin was a soft pink spotted with great brown freckles, much coarser, though warmer than the Swede's. Pinching it with the fingers, it would instantly whiten, releasing it, the rich blood would rush back and raise its hue to a vivid scarlet. Placing the living bodies of these two great races before a student versed equally in history as in anatomy, he could probably readily tell, by examining the cuticle alone, the nationality of each subject, the Scandinavian and the Celt.

Micky cut a pine bough, measured off the exact length that the holes were to be drilled, and trimmed the switch accordingly. The team who first drilled the hole without the stick projecting over the edge, was to be declared the winner.

The contestants leisurely sorted out the required drills and arranged them conveniently. Each team was provided with two sledges in case one should break at the handle or otherwise become defective. Old Micky was the self appointed referee. He gave the word and the two teams started in. Both Red and Nelson wielded the sledges while their assistants held the drills. Between the blows, the assistants gave the drills a slight twist, in order to keep the holes perfectly straight and true.

The huge sledges were raised by these sturdy giants of satiny skin and knotted muscles to their full length, and then brought down upon the drills with terrific force. A false stroke would undoubtedly crush the hand or perhaps the brain of the assistant, who was stooping down manipulating the drill with his head only a few inches away. But never a thought of a false blow by these brawny giants of the Great Divide.

"Clank, clank," fell the mighty blows, steel falling upon steel with the regularity of clock work, and as the sledges were raised and the blows fell in rapid succession, the onlooking group of miners was held spellbound in the glorious exhibition, applauding the teams repeatedly.

The winning team was apparently a matter of mere conjecture. The blows of the Irishman and the Swede seeming to fall with equal force and speed, and their assistants seemed equally skilled in manipulating the drills.

Nelson weakened first. He dropped the sledge and seized the drill while his assistant picked up the sledge and began the same steady rain of blows. He was considerably lighter than Nelson, but his blows rang out clearly as steel met steel, and the drill sank slowly but surely into the solid granite. Soon Red weakened, and he exchanged places with his team mate, McGuire, who worked the sledge like a demon. He was faster than any of them, and the steel seemed to fairly sink into the hard

granite. Thus they spelled each other, and as the holes grew deeper, they threw aside the short drills and inserted longer ones. And such was the admirable dexterity displayed by these expert miners, that they actually made the exchange of drills between the blows with never a stroke missed. The winning team would probably win by the merest fraction.

Old Micky was getting excited. "Hooray fer old Ireland," he shouted, as he watched the magnificent play of the Hibernian team.

A big Swede touched him on the arm. "Look at Ole Nelson, hey bate your boy. Eh?" he said.

"Niver moind, now, you white headed galoot. Hooray fer old Ireland!" shouted Micky again.

They had just inserted the longest drills which would finish the holes. Their supple bodies were now steaming heavily in the frosty air. They did not seem to tire, and the flash of their white arms was answered by the deep clang of the blows, just as regularly as when they first started. The little group of miners pressed closer and closer to them. Nelson's assistant motioned Micky to make ready to measure their hole. All now depended on the estimate of the man who held the drill. If the hole was not deep enough, they would have to start the sledge play again, thus giving their opponents the advantage of a few precious strokes. The Irish team, however, showed no signs of finishing as yet. Nelson's man nodded, and Micky plunged the stick into the hole. It projected a mere fraction of an inch, and the Swedes desperately renewed their stroke. In the meantime Red was working like a fiend. Like most Irishmen, it was anything to beat, even if the stake was only the treat for the crowd. The exertions which these men were putting forth in this friendly contest, might be taking a year off their lives. What mattered it, if a victory was to be won?

McGuire suddenly turned to the appealing face of old Micky.

"Quick, Micky!" he panted, and in went the switch. It was the exact length of the hole. A perfect fit, and the onlooking Swedes admitted it. At that moment the

Swedes yelled again, and in went the rod. Another perfect fit. The Swedes had lost by Nelson's assistant making a slight miscalculation. If they had not stopped for the previous measurement, the affair would have been a draw, and even as it was, both sides admitted the equal skill of the other. The rivals shook hands and got into their shirts, little Johnnie being commissioned to go to town on Buster for the keg of beer. Then several other miners resumed the drill work on the vault, while Micky and the two perspiring foremen visited a pile of ledge rock near the shaft house, to block out a huge stone cross, which was to be cut and placed to mark the tomb.

A little before noon Johnnie arrived with the keg of beer, accompanied by several others boys and burros, who brought up a substantial dinner which Standish had ordered from the hotel in Plume. The dinner was served in the old shaft house, made warm and comfortable by the heat of the old cook stove. The men drank liberally of the beer, and placed the keg near the vault where they could prevent the small boys from disturbing it. At dusk, another train of burros brought up a delicious supper and an ample quantity of bedding.

In this day's work, the men had completed the vault, drilled a deep hole to insert the base of the great cross, edged up a huge flat stone for a cover, cut a deep groove for it to overlap the vault, and had also finished a splendidly proportioned granite cross to mark the last resting place of Peter Brown.

After supper they played cards and smoked, also finishing the keg of beer, the children having long since been sent home. Old Micky had brought up his violin. He had often played second to Peter's first at the town dances in Plume. Seating himself near the stove, he rapped sharply upon the instrument, and said:

"Ladies and gintlemen, that is, if any of yez galoots is ladies paradin' roun' in gint's clothes, I wish to play yez a piece that's very dear to me. Mony's the toime I've heard the gude Peter play this tune, and its on me heart to give it yez. Are ye ready?"

"Go ahead," they shouted eagerly, and Micky began the familiar air of the "Mocking Bird." After swinging

deftly into the simple melody, he then took up the variations, rendering them splendidly; his work receiving an enthusiastic round of applause. Bowing with mock dignity right and left, he removed his hat and proceeded to pass it among the jolly crew. Good-natured Nelson put in a dime, which was the sole contribution. Looking at it a moment, the merry Celt handed it back, saying:

"The poor crathure looks so lonesome loike, Ole, yez had bether put it back in its nest. Shure, ain't I afraid of Scandihoovian dough ennyhow, it makes such thin bread." And the crowd laughed heartily at the witticism, as they thought of the thin wafer like bread of the Swedish immigrant.

Standish had engaged several men from the Sampson-Smith to assist him in getting the heavy caskets from the C. C. & U. depot up to the ledge. The train due early in the afternoon, managed to crawl into the depot at dark, as usual, several hours late. The caskets, one inside the other, and both enclosed in a rough outside box, were fastened on runners and hauled up the steep trail to the cottage.

The undertaker from Joetown who had prepared the body for burial the day before, arranged it in the mahogany casket. The lid was closed down, the cover of the metallic case put on, the rough outside box was closed up, and the burro train started for the shaft house, guided by the Sampson-Smith boys. Standish had also secured a melting pot, several bars of lead, and some tamping irons with which to seal up the vault and the base of the cross, and which were also loaded on the burros. There was no moon, but the stars shone brightly, and the mountain side was white with snow.

Up the steep winding trail toiled the procession, the burros often stumbling and wallowing in the deep snow. The great weight of the heavy caskets, and the extreme steepness of the trail in the dim light, made it a difficult undertaking. But their hearts were in their work, and by midnight, after extreme exertions, they managed to reach the shaft house. Bed clothing and a warm lunch was provided for the Sampson-Smith boys, and Standish guarded the caskets until day break.

CHAPTER IV

The day of the funeral broke gloriously, altho it was very cold. Standish roused his men, and they ate a hearty breakfast, after which the caskets were run out to the vault. A cold breeze swept up from the east, and the deep freshly cut vault of shining granite glistened with thousands of particles of hoar frost. The great cross was then moved on rollers and raised upon a scaffold over the niche. By careful manipulation, it was lowered without accident, and as it stood upright and was stripped of its wrappings and ropes, the first beams of the morning sun rose over the mountains and peeped into the gulch. A fire was then built under the lead pot, the lead melted, ladled, and run into the cracks about the base, and then carefully tamped. That cross will probably stand for centuries.

The rough box was then removed from the caskets, the lid of the metallic case was carefully raised, and Standish threw a huge American flag over the mahogany case. Ropes were then placed in readiness to lower the caskets into the vault, and all was made ready for the funeral.

As they finished their task, a loud report, resembling that of a cannon, was heard. It was Red and Micky exploding powder in an anvil near the blacksmith shop. The discharge reverberated in deep thunderous tones in the gulch, the roar echoing first from the near slopes of the Emerald, and a few seconds later, from the great crags of the Castle across the creek. It was the signal to the people of Plume, and the anvil was thus discharged every few minutes.

Presently the watchers on the ledge could see a series of little black specks moving up the trail. The good people of Plume were on their way to pay their last respects to old Peter Brown.

Among the first to arrive was Mr. Howard, the storekeeper. He was to make a few remarks in lieu of a minister, as Peter had been very fond of him.

Funerals do not vary much in their essentials.

From that remote time when the first man mourned o'er his dead, and covered the strange cold clay with heaps of stones to keep off the vultures and the wolves, the funeral has ever been the same. A life fled, the tears shed, the words of eulogy spoken. The sad burial, and the body thus consigned to earth, mixes with the soil from which it sprung.

It matters not that kings be embalmed, and placed in marble tombs; or the sacred dead be reduced to ashes and placed within a golden urn.

Behold! The AGES march.

The volcano spouts, the deep sea rushes in, the earthquake surges; and tombs, urns, and catacombs, yield and mix their dead with the eternal dust.

"Boom!" Came a deep roar from the Sampson-Smith. They were taking up the funeral dirge.

"Puff—boom!" Answered the 40 Rounds.

Presently the Pay Rock boys woke up. And—"boom!" came a mighty roar from a point near their shaft house.

"Bully," said old Micky, "Begorrah, Red, we'll give her a whopper this time," heaping up a fearful charge in the anvil.

"Puff—boom!" It roared, rolling up the gulch like a thunderbolt.

"Boom! Boom!" answered the grim batteries of the Castle. Soon the Seven Thirty got into the battle, and the Abraham Lincoln took up the fight.

The din became terrific, the thunderous discharges reverberating and rolling unceasingly among the dizzy crags of the mountains.

Peter Brown; old veteran, brave soldier, honorable citizen, fellow musician, brother miner, Christian; your requiem is being sung among the vast defiles of the Rocky Mountains, and your brother earthmen are rolling up

thunderous salvos, announcing your coming to the King of Kings!

Quite a crowd was gathered by this time. Many women and children were there. Old Peter had remembered every one of them at Christmas time during the past few years.

Promptly at ten o'clock the undertaker removed the mahogany lid, and Mr. Howard stepped forward and made a neat address. As he closed his remarks, he opened up a small notebook. It was the book containing the letter written by the dying Peter to Standish.

Explaining the painful conditions under which the letter was written, Mr. Howard further said: "Let there be written upon the tombstone of this grand old man, this sublime confession which he penned within the shadow of death, 'I die a Christian.'"

A quartet had been gathered from among the throng. They sang splendidly. As they did so, the crowd filed slowly past the casket, to look once more upon the features of their old friend.

Several women brought flowers. Most precious blossoms, grown in tin cans and bottles in the windows of their tiny cottages.

What touching offerings!

Some of these precious flowers had taken months of tender care to grow and protect them from the cold bleakness of the Great Hills. How many times had they been taken to the cottage window to catch the pale sunlight? How many times put near the fire at night, that they might be safe from the cold winter wind? A primrose, a calla lily, a violet, a stalk of fragrant geranium, a poor, half starved rose. Into the casket they dropped, one by one. Not—not in bunches, dear reader. That was impossible in bleak winter bound Plume. Standish saw these poverty offerings drop into the casket, and it touched him deeply. He too, would remember these faithful women of Plume at Christmas time, like his good father.

A telegram had been received from Colonel Rose's son, John, to the effect that the Colonel was sick in bed

and could not attend the funeral. A package containing a great bunch of roses had come up on the train with the caskets. They were from the Colonel and his wife. They looked beautiful as they lay upon the starry flag, but in Standish's eyes they did not compare with the precious offerings of these poor miner women of Plume.

The crowd having filed past the casket, Standish came last. He looked long and tenderly at the calm, peaceful countenance, and he picked up the offerings of the miner women and tucked them one by one about the white locks of his father, causing the women to burst into tears. Tenderly he pressed the cold lips for the last time, and then Red and Nelson took him by the arms and led him away. The quartet sang again, and the caskets were lowered into the vault. Then they lowered the giant capstone, and pouring in the hot lead, they tamped it as it slowly cooled. Again the anvil boomed forth. Again came the thunderous response from the Castle.

And there you are, good Peter Brown, sealed up safe in your little box to sleep the centuries. When the Great Day comes of the coming of our Lord, with His flock of snow white doves, His angelic band of palm bearers and celestial choir of anthem singing cherubim; your rocky sepulchre will open, and you will fly down to meet Him in your white and shining robes of Christian faith and endeavor. Down, down, from this high reared crag of the Great Hills. Down, down, to the shores of the great blue ocean, where will set His judgment throne; down where the countless dead of the Sea, shall rise up to meet the myriad dead of the Mountains and the Plains.

It was a glorious but terrible day for Standish. After supper, as Shep and he sat alone in the tiny cottage, he heard a footstep outside, followed by a timid knock on the door.

"A package for you, Mr. Brown," said a voice as he opened the door.

"All right, Charlie," he replied, recognizing the son of the hotel proprietor in Plume, "won't you come in?"

"Nope," replied the boy, "got to get right back, ma's sick."

"Good night, then, and many thanks for coming up," said Standish, as he closed the door.

Then he opened the package.

It contained a dozen beautiful American Beauty roses, tied with a lavender colored ribbon. Pinned to the ribbon was a card which read as follows:

"Mr. Standish Brown, my other son, please accept our sincere sympathy in your sad bereavement."

It was signed, "Mrs. Mary Rogan," but the chirography was that of Mollie's.

A touch of something sweet came over him. Nameless, voiceless, tender. It was the touch of a woman's loving sympathy, and as he looked at Mollie's old love star shining over yonder in the skies of his soul, he smiled. Evidently from the color of the flowers they had thought of him, the living, knowing that the dead was more than bountifully remembered.

That night, he placed the roses upon one of the pillows of his bed, where he and his father had slept together for many years in the winter time, on account of the father's rheumatism. He tucked the long stems under the sheets, and the fair flowers smiled down upon him from the pillow, instead of his father's beloved old face. Shep slept at his feet and warmed them. The notebook which contained his father's death letter, he put under his own pillow, and the precious violin and bow, he had taken from their case and put on a chair beside the bed, where he could reach them if he wanted to. And then, staring up at the flowers with great wistful eyes, he wished that he might not wake in the morning, for the road ahead of him seemed so long and steep without his dear old pal.

How long he lay thus, he did not know. But soon Shep began to snore. The restless mountain wind sang dismally in the chimney top. The fire died out. The night closed in, and at last he slept.

BOOK FOUR

THE PHENOMENA OF A SHADOW

CHAPTER I

ONE afternoon in the spring of 1893, an old man sat upon a bench in the Union Depot in Denver. Upon his lap was a little girl, and beside them was a carpet bag containing their entire belongings.

They were Italians. Grandfather, Ferrari Lorenzo. Granddaughter, Fiorina Lorenzo.

Here in this great flux of nations, America, the author must ever resort to the "fatherland" of his character, in order to give that character a faithful portrayal.

The great French master, Balzac, writes mostly of Frenchmen. You instinctively feel this, and his words confirm it. In spite of his magnificent creation, "La Comedie Humaine," it will never stand for anything but French society, a mere department of that greater, world wide, universal human society.

Dickens, in foggy London, writes of the English.

D'Annunzio writes of Italians.

A foreign author can likewise portray to his readers with comparative safety, an American character. His very mention of the name, American, conveying a decidedly fresh, New World atmosphere. His reader immediately comprehending in a general sense, that New World atmosphere which so strongly marks the personality of the typical American. It scarcely matters whether the character is a native of Brazil, Mexico, Alabama, or British Columbia, for the ordinary foreign reader has no difficulty in immediately identifying him, as coming from that wonderous eldorado, America.

But here, in these United States, in this vast pot-pourri

of *all* nations, we cannot speak of Americans in that general sense. Such a term conveys no local meaning to American readers.

When a contemporary American author describes a character as coming from Missouri, Illinois, California, New York, Maine, or any other of the numerous states composing the Union, it conveys absolutely no meaning of the pedigree of his character. In colonial times such distinctions might, indeed, truly convey a certain sense of one's ancestry, as the people of the different colonies largely retained the original characteristics of the first settlers. But since that time, the original colonial lines have succumbed to a tremendous influx of foreigners, and today all the States are people by a vast cosmopolitan population of Negroes, Bohemians, Hibernians, Italians, Chinese, Japanese, Scandinavians, Germans, English, Russians, Jews, etc., together with a sprinkling of nearly every other nation of the globe.

Nay! To convey a true idea of American ancestry, the mention of a locality, the state, community, or city, does not to any great degree qualify or enlighten one as to the character. The author being absolutely forced to revert to the original fatherland for a pedigree. Thusly:

"He comes of good old English stock." "He is a Scotchman." "He comes from the Emerald Isle." "They are Sephardic Jews." "He is of Puritan descent." "She is a French Creole." "They are Russians."

And with this information, or that of a like character, mentioning either directly or indirectly the fatherland, the character is instantly clothed in the sublime garments of history. The mind immediately rolls back to the glorious epoch of the character's fatherland, and in the return surge, deposits the character thus illumed upon the shores of the New World.

Thus this "old country" atmosphere, blended with the state, city, or country life of the New World, is the basic principle of describing American character. The fatherland always first, the American atmosphere second; *i. e.*, always excepting "native Indians and minors not taxed," following the language of certain legislative acts.

Ferrari Lorenzo was an Italian, a Calabrian. He was also a Red Shirt, a legionary of Garibaldi. One of those who ate fire at Rome in 1849, and drank blood at Milazzo in 1860. He was one of the Immortal Thousand who finally drove the Bourbons from unhappy Sicily.

This dried up, thin visaged old immigrant, was one of the immortal Garibaldian band who shouted "Rome or Death!" on the bloody field of Mentana in 1867, only to fall before the deadly fire of the French and Papal soldiery. That deep scar upon his left temple is a certificate of glory. It was furrowed by a ball from a French chassepot. Besides receiving that scar, Ferrari also lost a son at Mentana. A mere stripling, who lived long enough to hold up a musket in the cause of suffering Italy, and become a martyr for his country. Shot down in the cause of united Italy. Like a beautiful flower which opens up on a bright morning of early spring, and perishes at night, in the deadly bite of a belated winter frost, he died in Ferrari's arms.

As the grief-stricken father kissed the death-whitened brow of his son, his own red blood fell from the wound in his temple and streaked the dying boy's fair pale brow.

Ferrari's hair had already become gray in the cause of united Italy. At the death of his boy it became snow white. The heart is a greater bleacher of human hair than the soul.

After Mentana, the Red Shirts were transferred from living action into the pages of history sublime.

Another boy, a younger son of Ferrari, lived long enough to be the father of little Fiorina. Both he and the wife passed away by a visitation of the cholera in the city of Naples. Ferrari's own wife, like Anita, the brave wife of Garibaldi, died from the effects of following her heroic husband thru a campaign of dire want and exposure in the lost cause of republican Italy. Thus Ferrari emerged from this black night of glory and misery, alone, save for his little granddaughter, Fiorina. She was the sole survivor of his family.

The burden of his sixty years, added to the weight of

his terrible trials, did not, however, extinguish the fierce republican flame which still burned within his indomitable soul. Which is a sacred flame, burning inextinguishably even to this day within the souls of thousands of the brave sons of Italy.

Banderia, Ciceruacchio, Mazzini, Garibaldi. The brightest stars in the glorious firmament of Italy.

Republicanism had set Ferrari's soul aflame.

But alas! Triumphant royalty. Victorious Popery. The King and the Priest.

When Mazzini died, the candle flickered in its socket. When Garibaldi died, the last great light went out, and with it the near hope of an Italian republic.

But Ferrari's republican torch being inextinguishable, he learned to further feed its flame with that magic name, AMERICA!

The United States of America, that generous sheltering haven of the unhappy Pole, Hungarian, Finn, Armenian, and Boer, together with many of his unfortunate countrymen.

Ah! Yes! Sweet hope.

America, the land of the free.

Ferrari hoped to enjoy that glorious free air in the New World, which he had fought and bled for so vainly in the Old.

It took years of patient saving for him to accumulate the passage money. His son's funeral ate up some of it, the daughter's sickness and death absorbed a part of it, and besides, his darling little Fiorina had to be fed and clothed.

So the years rolled on, but Ferrari worked and saved undaunted, and at threescore and two, when a man usually retires in the knowledge of his brave deeds and with his accumulated competency, this sturdy old patriot was struggling for means to begin life all over again, in that great New World lying over a thousand leagues beyond the shining Calabrian strand, and on the further border of that rolling ocean upon which, in his spare moments, he gazed with great wistful eyes.

Having lived one glorious life to the years of mature

age, he was to begin another. He must cast out infirmity and renew his old veins with the fresh blood of youth. Altho his wornout anatomy denied him this divine elixir of youth, yet his sublime undaunted spirit furnished it. Hope made his heart leap like a boy's.

Finally he had saved almost enough money for their passage, and he was even daring to make occasional inquiries about the promised land.

As he stood one day upon the dock at Naples, contemplating his departure for the New World, he overheard the conversation of a group of Sicilians, who were standing upon the decks of a steamer that was tied up to the dock, and which was about to depart for the port of New York.

"Denver," they said, "the mines near Denver."

Seeing the transportation agent among them, Ferrari waited until the agent left the steamer, and going up to him, he said,

"Denver, please write it on a card."

At which request, the agent handed him his business card, after writing the name, "Denver," upon it.

A few months later, Ferrari and little Fiorina arrived at New York. He had purchased tickets in Naples to carry them clear thru to Denver. No one came to meet them. They were strangers in a strange land.

Paupers.

Pauper immigrants.

Ferrari had only enough money to keep them in victuals from New York to Denver.

The Government agent demurred.

Being paupers, they should be returned to Italy. They had no friends. Could produce no collateral. Had no one to meet them or offer a helping hand.

The interpreter discussed the matter with Ferrari.

Horrors! ! !

This — this their reception to the noble land of the free.

This, the terrible message to a great soul bursting with hope and republicanism.

Return to Italy! Never! !

He would take little Fiorina in his arms and jump overboard, thus sinking his hopes in the ocean.

Ah! No! It could not be so bad. He would think out a solution of the problem.

Statesmen plan Immigration Acts, "The restriction of Immigration," etc.

Congress in open session argues the question.

Morbidists with long drawn faces proclaim the doctrine of, "Protection from Over Population."

Spasamists cry, "Survival of the Fittest."

Sensationalists shout in wild frenzy, "Degenerates. Filling up the United States with degenerates, the pauper scum of Asia and Europe."

Oh, great Master of souls, hear our appeal.

Away, destroyers of holy light, crushers of hope, smotherers of sweet charity.

Up men!

Brothers, Christians! Israelites!!

God made man in His own image.

Are we to destroy His glorious creation?

We, who ourselves came to this virgin New World of America, with timorous hope upon our lips.

We, the sons of those fathers, who settled here upon the broad land and formed a commonwealth of free people. Can we deny our fellowmen that same glorious privilege?

Shut these glorious doors of Liberty in the face of the poor immigrant?

Never!

As well close the sublime portals of heaven, which indeed would be closed upon the fiend perpetrating such an outrage.

Oh, citizens, congressmen, legislatures.

Interpret the full import of the divine words of the Master.

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

"Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, *O ye of little faith?*"

"Therefore take no thought saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?"

"For after all these things do the Gentiles seek; for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things."

"*But seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.*"

"*Take therefore no thought of the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.*"

Do we accept the great Jew, brothers, or do we crucify him again?

"QUO VADIS."

"Which way are you going?"

To Rome to exalt a great cause, or to Oblivion steeped in cowardice and selfishness incarnate?

To walk illumed in the presence of Almighty God, or to skulk in the dark halls of Lucifer?

Having seen the light of divinely founded Israelite brotherhood, yea, even to martyrdom, are we to plunge again into the dark realms of unholy self?

Shall we selfishly defend the bone like the dogs and the wolves, or shall we unselfishly divide the crust as true Israelites?

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, look down upon your people, Israel. Feed us with sweet soul manna. Give us the loaf of Charity. The meat of universal brotherhood. Tho our great nation teems with population as the busy ants in their hill, still let us be led in the grandeur of that sublime faith, Israel, taught by the Founder of the Stars.

Our national motto is, "IN GOD WE TRUST."

Do we give it the lie in practice, or are we true?

As Ferrari stood looking apealingly into the eyes of the interpreter, he suddenly thought of something, and

thrusting his hand into the depths of his jacket, he pulled out a piece of oilcloth in which was wrapped a letter. He handed it with tears in his eyes to the interpreter.

It ran as follows,

"To Whom It May Concern:

"The bearer, Ferrari Lorenzo, is one of Italy's truest patriots. He is one of the original band of Red Shirts. A veteran who fought at Rome, Milazzo, and Mentana. He is worthy of all the respect and assistance that can possibly be shown him.

(Signed) "GARIBALDI."

Ferrari had kept this precious paper ever since the time, when the great hero of Italy had handed it to him with these words,

"After Mentana, Ferrari, it is to die. Farewell."

This letter had helped Ferrari more than once in his native land, would it help him here? Would the magic of Garibaldi's name work in America?

The interpreter translated the contents of the letter to his chief.

Ah, yes, Ferrari, these hospitable shores of America once domiciled your general. He is known wherever the cause of liberty is known. Garibaldi and Liberty are still synonymous terms in America, forgetful as we have become.

The inspector looked once more into the appealing wistful face of the old immigrant, and into that of the shy, frightened dove of a girl hiding behind her grandfather's jacket.

A follower of Garibaldi. A Red Shrit. One of the Immortal Thousand!

Enough!

The inspector respectfully returned the letter to Ferrari, and with a low bow admitted the Lorenzos to the free soil of America.

Arriving in Denver, Ferrari spent the first day in a vain search for work.

He found an employment agency thru the medium of an Italian fruit vender, the proprietor of which was

a Sicilian, who had little use for a Calabrian. They were almost mortal enemies in his eyes. The Sicilian happened to be of a low type, of the dog nature, the brute. He had probably never heard of Milazzo, that bloody victory of united Italy, which drove the Bourbons from Sicily.

"Still," reflected the avaricious Sicilian, "I can make two dollars out of him, even if he is a Calabrian."

"Give me two dollars," he said to Ferrari, "and I will get you a job in the mines."

Ferrari opened his money pouch. It contained three dimes and three pennies. The agent looked at the miserable pittance in angry disgust.

"Get — get out of here," he said excitedly, pointing threateningly to the door. Ferrari's eyes gleamed fiercely, but he left quietly.

That night, thru the kindness of the depot watchman, Ferrari and Fiorina slept on one of the benches in the depot. For breakfast, they ate a dry loaf of bread and two bananas, costing them a total of ten cents.

And now, as Ferrari sat on the depot bench this afternoon, after a vain search for some one who would understand his speech and give him work, he was wondering about dinner. So was little Fiorina. She was getting just real hungry. Somehow her usually gay little heart was very heavy, and as she sat there upon her grandfather's lap, she was almost ready to cry from sheer weariness and hunger. A great gloom was settling down upon them. No money, no work, no home. Strangers in a strange land.

As they sat thus, in the midst of a great throng of passengers, a tall man came in. It was Standish Brown. Upon his shoulders was a monkey. And as he passed them, Fiorina, child like, sprang from her grandfather's lap and leaped and shouted at the sight of the animal. Monkeys and hand-organs in old Naples, were as thick as popcorn venders in Denver in 1903, and the child was wild with delight in finding something familiar in this great strange America.

Standish was going up to Plume on the 3:30 P. M. train. He had come to Denver on a business trip, and

quite by accident had noticed the animal in a Sixteenth Street curio shop. It was young, intelligent, and of good size, and Standish was much amused at its antics. Then the thought had suddenly struck him that the animal would be a good companion for both himself and Shep, and so he had bought it with all the gusto of a pleased child.

As Standish looked down at the tiny little girl, Fiorina was only eleven years old, her face was all aglow with eager childish innocence and play.

Vainly reaching her arms up to the chattering animal, as it sat perched high on Standish's shoulder, she fairly squealed with delight, and called to it in a strange jargon of purest affection.

Noting the child's extreme emotion, Standish pulled Billy down from his shoulder and stood him on a bench. Instantly, the delighted child, without the slightest hesitation, hugged him to her breast, and carried him over to her grandfather, dancing joyously as she did so. A faint gleam of light came into the old man's eyes. He, too, was reminded of sunny Naples, and stretching out his hand he also stroked wistfully the unprotesting Billy.

Standish looked at the depot clock, "3:15," he had a good fifteen minutes yet to wait before the train left, and becoming deeply interested in the strange couple, he walked over to them and began talking to Ferrari. The old man shook his head, he did not understand. He looked up wistfully at Standish with his dark eyes, and then he started quite perceptibly. He was looking into the eyes of a *soul-man*. A being who emanates a celestial light. That holy light which is symbolized in pictures as a bright halo or nimbus shining about the heads of the saints. He had seen it more than once on the face of Garibaldi in battle.

Ah! This fine tall man, must be the real true American of his dreams. He must see. Now Ferrari only knew three words of Anglo-Saxon. One was, "Denver," the other two he had learned from the transportation agent at Naples.

Rising to his feet, as Standish stood there vainly en-

deavoring to make him understand, he clasped his old thin hands, and looking into Standish's friendly face beseechingly, he spoke the words, "Me worka."

The pathetic words went straight to the mine owner's heart. He pulled out a dollar and offered it to the immigrant. Ferrari shook his head, and pulling out his money pouch, he emptied its contents into his thin crab fingered hand. Standish looked down. Twenty-three cents.

"My God, was it possible," he thought, "that this poor devil, with a child to support, was absolutely alone in a strange land, and possessed of only twenty-three cents?"

Then he pulled out his wallet and taking from it a ten-dollar bill, he handed it to Ferrari. The Italian's eyes glittered, he knew that it must be quite a sum; but no, much as he needed the money, he needed a friend more. Once securing the friendship of such a man, the money would naturally follow. Thus, tho Ferrari deeply appreciated the offer of money, but better than money, his judgment of this kind man *must* be vindicated. He shook his head again, wringing his thin hands mutely, and groaning with despair that he could not make himself understood.

"Ave Maria! This is a heaven-sent friend; he must never leave me," the old Italian thought; and kneeling down on his knees in front of the astonished mine owner, he clasped his hands appealingly, uttering once more the heartrending words, "Me worka."

It was too much for Standish, and several people attracted by this strange man worship, stopped and looked at them. The tall mine owner's heart was deeply touched, and thrusting the bill back into the wallet, he lifted Ferrari to his feet. He felt sure that the old fellow was an Italian, from the peculiar dialect with which he spoke the two words; and also his unmistakable dark, swarthy complexion, and the light olive shade of the girl's. He proposed to take them up the street and find some dago fruit vender whom he could use as an interpreter, and thus he would learn the immigrant's story. His train was due to leave now. Yes, it was too late to catch it. Be-

sides, he wouldn't have taken Billy from the arms of that beautiful dancing child for a million dollars. So motioning Ferrari to follow him, the queer trio, with Fiorina carrying the monkey, went up the street.

Thru the medium of a fruit vender, Ferrari told his story, also producing Garibaldi's letter, which was read by the vender with considerable interest. Standish was quite familiar with the history of Garibaldi and his immortal legion of Red Shirts, and his heart warmed strangely toward the pair. And — and all Ferrari asked was work.

"Here is a genuine case of charity," thought the mine owner. "I will take him and the girl up to Plume, and set him at some light work in the mine." This decided, he informed the delighted Ferrari, and they sought the nearest eating place.

They caused quite a bit of amusement in the restaurant. Billy was given a place at the same table with them, sitting in a high chair beside his owner, who was forced to suppress his frantic grabbings at the food several times. Little Fiorina was in heaven. How she laughed at the antics of Billy as Standish fed him a pickle.

And how happy old Ferrari was. In his soul blossomed a great hope. "A home in America, the land of the free."

The next day the queerly-assorted party arrived in Plume. Old Micky Rourke happened to be at the depot when the train pulled in. And as he viewed the outfit coming down the platform his eyes fairly bulged with astonishment.

"Holy Mither of Moses!" he ejaculated, "shure, he's got it all but the hand-organ and the penny-box."

And as they passed, Micky called after them, "I suppose, Misther Brown, the hand-organ's comin' up on the nixt thrain?"

Standish and the onlookers laughed heartily at the Irishman's remark, and the little group of depot loungers stared in mild astonishment, as he and his new-found friends passed up the trail to the cottage.

CHAPTER II

Standish was thirty-three years old. He was of that type of individuals who mature slowly. The boy was still clinging to his form, actions, and to his soul.

He romped with Shep with all the enjoyment of a lad of twelve, and he often wondered if he would ever become a real man. If he would ever have a positive, settled, definite thought about people and events. So far in life, he had seemed always to swim in a great sea of indefinite ideas, vague uncertainties, intangible questionings. But unknown to him, his thought was in that period of gestation which invariably precedes the birth of maturity. How he longed to reach a solid rock of certainty amid the dizzy whirlpool of his ideas. Some sure place of refuge, where he could rest from the fierce buffetings of those towering billows of wild indiscriminate mental action.

In the two years which had elapsed since his father's death, he had sought the solace of books. Not books of mining, of science, or of engineering; but just plain, common books.

But what treasuries.

Rare constellations of heavenly luminaries.

Bouquets of soul flowers, handfuls of bleeding hearts, filling his soul with divine fragrance.

Roaming with Cooper among the haunts of the Mohicans. Learning to stalk the deer; to cast the fly upon the glassy bosom of the forest-fringed lake; and from this same inimitable Cooper, learning to sail out upon the great blue ocean, and to navigate the most distant storm-tossed seas.

With Irving, he made merry with the New World Dutchmen, and from the summit of the well-remembered mountain, he watched the weird play of the goblins in their thunder-reverberating game of ninepins.

From Dickens, he learned the life of the "poor in spirit," to love the lowly, to weep silently in some dark corner as gentle eyes beaming pathetically from sweet, tender faces, looked up into the face of God, and smiled their thanks for all their misery.

With Thackeray, he learned to nibble delightfully the dry crust of Humor, and to sip the sparkling glass of Satire.

With Lever, he donned scarlet jacket, white breeches, and shining boots; to dash gayly after the loud baying hounds upon the back of a great roan mount.

With Scott, he fought the infidels, and manfully battled with chivalrous armed knights from behind a great shield. He broke lances with "Ivanhoe," and dashed gallantly after wild "Rob Roy." He read rare inscriptions on tombstones with "Old Mortality," and enjoyed the queenly revel of the stately halls of "Kenilworth."

After the long leap across the Atlantic, from America to the shores of "merry England," it was but a short jump across the Channel to France. And what a jump!

From an English fair, to a French jolly making.

From the rare fragrance of English roses, to the white, yet blood-stained lillies of France.

Dumas peopled his soul with gay cavaliers. He parried rapier thrusts with D'Artagan, plotted with Aramis, ate and drank prodigiously with the lusty Athos.

Balzac introduced him to gentle "Eugénia Grandet." For days she haunted his soul, as noble a creature as ever sprang from an artist's brain. He wept at the death of "Pere Goriot," and at the tragic death of "Cousin Pons," he almost fainted.

By this time, all the strings of the great harp of fiction were in place, save the heavy bassos.

Hugo furnished these, and Standish strung them in place with "Jean Valjean," "Fantine," "Claude Frollo," "Quasimodo."

But enough! These masters have surveyed the world, cut it up into acreage, blocks, streets, and lots.

Occasionally a pretentious and widely-exploited modern novel parades the streets of contemporary literature with

all the blare and gusto of a village brass band; but when it enters the "Big Show" tent of the Past, and is stilled by the grand concert band of the masters, it stacks its crude instruments upon the green, and from the side lines gapes at the great circus with open mouth and delighted mien.

A volume of the masters!

Mere white pages printed in black type.

Yet what grief-stricken mortal having read these celestial luminaries, can ever know a sorrow which cannot be soothed, or know a heart hunger that cannot be appeased? What pessimistic man or woman, can ever gaze upward at these bright and shining stars, and solemnly affirm, that there is no joy?

Thus, Standish, overwhelmed with grief at the loss of his parent, was assuaged and soothed by the books of the masters. In the delicious and confidential company of these precious volumes he found that romance and experience which could not be found in the life about him.

Dull, ignorant, tho honest and simple miners. Their monotonous vocation was deeply reflected in the grim stolidity of their features. To tap the drill, and explode the blast in the bowels of the mountains, this was their life. Heedless alike of the wild storms outside, or the song of the laughing stream which filled the gulch, they fought the dull granite and dug the ore. In their homes they sought the silent joys of the family.

The mine where they earned their bread.

The cottage where they ate it.

This was their sole existence, unless, alas, if one mentions a peculiar weakness for drink and gaming.

Such a life has few attractions for a bright, singing, soaring soul.

Its terrible monotony, its inflexible regularity, its deadly sameness; eventually blights and slays the soul. It produces an intellectual dry rot, which is succeeded by mental dissolution.

In spite of his books, however, Standish was not entirely removed from that great sea of mental uncertainty

which so deeply agitated him. But, and he knew it not then, all the rough buffeting of these tremendous thought billows, were slowly but surely training his intellect.

In the presence of the greatest Doubt, is often born the greatest Certainty.

Standish's individuality was gradually fashioning out a craft with which he could safely navigate the great ocean of Mind.

Such a craft is built by all those individuals who seek to build. But if the individual is satisfied to merely drift, he is fated to toss aimlessly about upon the wild seas of life, completely at the mercy of the seething, raging, uncontrolled elements of Mind.

Thus a brave, mastery-seeking individual, swimming blindly at first in the vast abyss of the intellect, and completely at the mercy of the tumbling waters of the present and past ages of thought, is often discouraged.

But giving it a chance, once arousing the inclination, this same swimmer, this inner self, this heroic ego we call the individual, will gradually fashion out a thought craft, by which to navigate the boundless sea of the intellect. A board here, a rope there, and at last a sail; and in the maturer years, this swimmer, this dauntless individual, having once built his ship, paces the firm deck of his craft serenely as it plows thru billowy seas, and lands him safe at last in the secure haven of Knowledge.

But Standish did not forget his business interests in spite of his many hours of book revel. He adjusted the large estate of his father. It was a simple matter, as he was the only heir. He really could not comprehend the great extent of his riches. And while it amazed the court, it did not in the least change Standish's mode of living. He occupied the same cottage which had formerly sheltered them, Shep and Billy were his only companions therein, and he still cooked his own meals.

The mine still produced large quantities of rich ore, and new ore bodies were being constantly discovered and developed. The hoard in Denver had been greatly increased since his father's death, and at each annual set-

tlement with the Colonel, the bundle of securities and investments grew fatter and fatter.

Maintaining the splendid wage plan of his father, Standish cared for his men royally, but the only really systematic philanthropy he indulged in, was celebrating Christmas among the people of Plume. This cost him several thousand dollars every year, but oh, the joy it brought him, as well as the good people of the village. The joy of giving, the joy of receiving. Every family in Plume was remembered, not only with a generous stock of substantials for the use of the entire household, but also choice individual gifts given to the different members of the family. He employed a man for sixty days in advance of the holiday in compiling a list of prospective recipients, and purchasing the supplies and gifts from wholesale houses in the city. And for many days after Christmas, the gulch rang with the joyful shouts of happy children playing with their toys, and was warmed with many a smile and sigh of contentment from their elders in the possession of some long-coveted comfort.

CHAPTER III

The Lorenzos lived in a tiny cottage in Plume, which was located only a few feet from the creek. Fortune had treated them kindly since they arrived. Standish employed Ferrari at odds and ends about the mine, and in the course of time, he became the general utility man, being allowed his own time and convenience for the work; for in consideration of the Italian's advanced years, Standish gave him all the privileges possible.

Ferrari did not abuse this confidence, proving himself a capable and conscientious workman. He soon began to pick up quite a smattering of Anglo-Saxon, not only thru his daily contact with his employer and the men, but also from the precocious Fiorina, who attended the village school, and who, altho rapidly acquiring the language of the States, could never quite shake off her peculiar Italian accent.

"She is very bright and lady-like," the teacher said one day, in answer to an inquiry from Standish.

Fiorina kept the cottage as neat as wax, for Ferrari was a strict, tho gentle parent. Standish maintained a deep and affectionate interest in his proteges. He gave many little gifts to both Ferrari and Fiorina, and Fiorina often visited him at his cottage to keep up her acquaintance with Billy. Standish invariably giving her an apple, an orange, or some sweetmeat to take home with her. Her childish prattle was a great treat to him, and during her vacations she spent many hours in his company.

She was a beautiful child, with dark-brown, curly hair, and light, olive complexion. Her plump cheeks were tinged with bright carmine, and she possessed an exquisite form, and one that was developing and maturing very rapidly, as is usual with the women of the southern races. Her languishing brown eyes were the perfection of optical expression. When they spoke, the long curling lashes

leaped eagerly to kiss them, and, in fact, her whole dainty body, constantly *qui vive,* seemed to dilate instantly and spontaneously to express the rare thought playing within her diaphanous soul.

If she was merry, her eyes danced, her lips parted in a lovely smile, her arms and hands were gracefully extended, her body lightly poised; and every line and muscle of her perfect anatomy seemed to move to the rhythm of her laughing soul.

When she was sad, which was seldom, her figure instantly drooped with the swiftness of a passion flower, her eyes filled with tears, her hands would go to her eyes, and her whole body would instinctivly shrink from the object which made her weep, or the thought which made her sad. She was, indeed, a true Latin.

Ah, Italy! Fair Italy!

Dear fatherland of passionate music, exquisite art, flawless beauty.

Nelson and Rourke, observing the apparent "pull" which Ferrari had with their employer, were somewhat inclined to be jealous. Standish observing it in them, invited all three of them into his cottage one evening. Seating them by the fire, he opened up a history of Italy, which he had recently purchased, and he read aloud to them a graphic description of the battle of Mentana. Ferrari could not make much of it, but he comprehended enough to know that the subject was that of his beloved Italy and Garibaldi.

After finishing the account, Standish explained to the two foremen Ferrari's part in the battle; of how he had lost a son upon that bloody field, and of how the scar on Ferrari's temple had been made by a bullet from a Frenchman's chassepot. Then he asked Ferrari for Garibaldi's letter, and showing the men the great Italian's signature, and explaining to them the contents of the epistle, as it had been translated to him by the fruit vender in Denver, he looked up at them in mild reproach.

The two men looked silently into the dark, sorrowful eyes of the white-haired old hero, and being only human,

they could not fail to render tribute to hoary heroic manhood. Red arose and silently extending his hand to Ferrari, gripped it until the old veteran fairly winced. Nelson did the same, and from that time on there was a perfect understanding between them. Brave men appreciating another brave man. And Ferrari thereafter held a place among the men of the 40 Rounds, that was in a niche by itself. It was almost a shrine.

Ferrari liked his life in Plume for the very reason that the widow Rogan had disliked it. She wanted to be near a priest. Ferrari did not, he hated them. He wanted to be as far removed from them as possible.

Ah! Humanity, humanity! How art thou likened unto the ever changing cloud, which, from the valley shines resplendent in the sun, a thing of glory; while on the mountain-side, that same beautiful cloud has assumed a terrible aspect to the traveler whom it is pitilessly drenching to the skin. Mrs. Rogan had seen only the great glory of Rome in a free, enlightened land, the snowy fleece of the cloud, as it were; while Ferrari had seen only the great misery of it in a land of bigotry and superstition, the pitiless rain of it as it had beat down upon him on the mountain-side of his bitter experience.

One evening, as Standish stood in the doorway of his cottage watching the sunset, Ferrari, who was on his way home, stopped in front of him. Seizing his employer's hand, and kneeling down, he looked earnestly upward into the face of the tall mine owner, whose soul shone forth to him as a beacon across stormy seas.

"Ave Maria," he said fervently, "I finda ze one place, no king, no dama priest. Ah, Stando, ze sweet land of liberty!" and kissing his employer's hand affectionately, he disappeared down the trail.

CHAPTER IV

In 1893, came the CRASH!

The Baring failure started it. A few months later, the mints of India discontinued the coinage of silver. The congress of the United States met in special session, seeking the enactment of relief measures. Stagnation in the East, became a panic in the West. By the repeal of the "Sherman Act," silver received what seemed a death blow. At one stroke, its values fell *one-half*.

In July, many banks went under thruout the State. The bottom seemed to drop out of everything. Even the owners of Government bonds could not realize on them, such was the extreme trepidation of banking circles in Denver. Nothing talked but cold cash. With it you defended your holdings. Without it, you went to the wall.

The first actual touch of the panic felt in Plume, was the sudden shut-down of the great Pay Rock mine. Only the engineers and firemen were retained in order to keep the giant pumps moving. All the miners, muckers, ore sorters, timekeepers, etc., were laid off indefinitely, and with but two exceptions, the other mines in the district followed suit.

True to his conservative instinct, Thomas Bayard, president of the Sampson-Smith corporation, did not make a complete shut-down of the producing forces of that property, but reduced his force to about one-third the usual number. He intended to keep things moving a little, for perhaps things were not as bad as they seemed. He had weathered some severe financial storms before, and with the property producing a little, it wouldn't be so hard to start up when the storm blew over. Even-tempered, cool, conservative, Thomas Bayard was a power in Denver. Naturally, a modest, silent man, he spoke only

upon rare occasions, but when he did speak, his peers listened attentively.

The ores mined in the Pay Rock district were composed almost entirely of silver and lead, gold and copper values being more limited. With silver a drug on the market, at one-half its former value, it became a serious question with many of the mines, whose ores were almost exclusively of the white metal, as to whether a ton of ore could possibly be made to pay the expense of mining, milling, transportation, and smelter charges.

Where a generous profit had been made from the ores produced from the district previous to the panic of 1893, it then became gravely doubtful as to whether the ore would even pay the expense of mining.

Things had started on the downward grade swiftly. No one dared predict to what level values and credits might eventually sink, the confidence of years was swept away in a single day. The terrible phenomenon of the panic, that of absolute financial terrorism; whirling, maddened, frenzied, unreasoning, blind stampede, seemed implanted in every soul. Betraying and exhibiting the same identical symptoms and actions, as the same phenomenon does upon the field of battle, among the flying herds, during a great earthquake, or in a dreadful conflagration.

The merchants of Plume soon began to feel the strain. How could they extend credit to men, who were not only idle, but who were actually without the slightest prospect of future employment? Mining was the sole industry of the gulch, ore the sole product, and with the shut-down of the mines, production ceased.

Little groups of miners talked over the situation upon the street corners of the village, and they soon became utterly discouraged with the dark outlook. The papers from Denver were optimistic and hopeful — and whoever read a local paper that wasn't — but still they kept grimly on recording fresh disasters, bank failures, foreclosures, murders, suicides, robberies, and various other casualties on every side.

When these same miners went home in the evening, gloomy and despondent, their wives gradually became infected, and the children gazing into the despairing eyes of the parents, also took on the same gaunt worry. Thus the little town was soon in almost as deplorable a condition as if stricken by a plague.

By the middle of August industry was completely paralyzed, with the exception of the 40 Rounds and the Sampson-Smith, the force of the latter being reduced to a mere skeleton of its former proportions.

"When would Brown shut down?" was the topic of the whole gulch population.

Recently he had been known to hold several long conversations with Mr. Howard, of Howard & Co., the largest general dealers in the gulch. Howard in turn had been known to hold several clandestine meetings with the other dealers of the village.

Colonel Rose came up from Denver, looking deeply dejected and care-worn, and had returned to the city on the next train after a long consultation with Standish.

It was soon rumored that the C. C. & U. Ry. would abandon its afternoon service to Denver, and a few days later the rumor was confirmed when the service was reduced to one mixed train a day, each way.

Still the 40 Rounds held out. The force of men working in the property were interviewed daily by their more unfortunate brethren.

"What is Mr. Brown going to do? When is he going to shut down?"

The men of the 40 Rounds could not answer. They, too, were living from day to day in a state of great anxiety. They had expected their discharge every Saturday when they were paid off. But still the event was postponed for some mysterious reason.

On the first day of September, the following printed notice was posted in the various stores and public places of the village:

MASS MEETING TONIGHT! ! !

All citizens of Plume are requested to attend a meeting at the town hall tonight; to discuss ways and means for the relief of our citizens during the present hard times.

Signed,

HOWARD & CO.
H. LOBENSTEIN.
KAUFMAN BROS.
NELSON & JOHNSON.
S. LOREE.
MILLER & SON.

At this meeting, Standish made the first public speech of his career. He read it from manuscript, and in substance as follows:

"Fellow Citizens of Plume:

You are perhaps painfully aware of the terrible blow which has befallen our great and only industry. This meeting has been called so that we might discuss the matter seriously and seek some solution of the problems which confront us. The merchants who signed the notice posted today in our village, have reached their limit in extending credit. In fact, they have gone beyond their depth already, as some of them are in a precarious condition.

At a meeting held some few days ago by these same gentlemen, it was decided, that before they would allow each other to meet financial disaster, one by one, thus visiting a calamity upon their customers as well as upon themselves, they would combine their interests as far as possible, and endeavor to avert a disaster which would surely depopulate our little community.

Knowing that I have always labored to contribute toward the welfare of Plume and its good citizens, these gentlemen visited me and solicited my assistance.

In answer to their solicitations, I am pleased to tender, not only to these worthy merchants of ours, but to you, each and every citizen of Plume, the following offer, in connection with which I will make several suggestions, which, if acted upon, I

believe will prove highly conducive to our mutual welfare and the village of Plume.

To begin with, I wish to state that I have absolute faith in the good people of Plume. I have also unshaken faith in the continued production and permanency of silver. I intend not only to keep the 40 Rounds going, but in a few days I will start a sufficient force of men, to bring the product of the 40 Rounds up to that of the largest producer of Colorado. This good mine has already piled up a great sum in the way of earnings, and I am willing to spend every dollar of it, if necessary, for the welfare of the people of this community."

At this juncture in his remarks, the crowd of idle, despairing men, set up a great hand-clapping, which reached a cheer, and then burst into a mighty roar. Such words playing upon heavy hearts were truly golden.

Standish awkwardly bowed his appreciation of the demonstration. It was the proudest moment of his life. He had at last reached a degree of positiveness, of decision, of action. He had actually thought, and better still, he had acted promptly on that thought. Thus at one bound he had sprung from the hesitating, stumbling, uncertain boy, to the thinking, seeing, and instantly acting man. In after years he sought the boy again. All men do. Sometimes they find it. A certain rare, concealed exuberance of the boy within their mature souls. Some folks call it, "green old age."

Continuing after the applause ceased, he said:

"I have already furnished your merchants with sufficient funds to tide them over the present crisis, and they in return, will endeavor to assist you.

I suggest that you organize a permanent committee representing every wage earner in Plume, and try and get in immediate communication with the mine operators who have employed you in the past. If you can not persuade them to renew operations, endeavor to get leaseholds from them, and in the event you are successful, it will afford you steady employment, for I will see to it that you get the necessary supplies, and will guarantee you the sale of every dollar's worth of ore you can produce.

Incidentally I shall want, on Monday next, fifty men to begin the proposed greater development of the 40 Rounds, and I suggest that you decide among yourselves, upon those men who should have the first chance at this work. Act together, my friends, for the best interest of all, and believe me, your merchant friends and I, will endeavor to assist every one of you to tide over the hard times."

As he ceased speaking, a great buzz of excitement sprang up, the men immediately effecting a permanent organization. In a few moments they had elected a committee, and their spokesman announced, that in a few days the committee would wait upon Mr. Brown and the merchants of Plume with further details, and also that by Monday morning, the fifty men would be chosen to begin the proposed work in the 40 Rounds.

Standish went to bed very happy that night. He felt that he had really accomplished something, actually feeling of use in the world. He also became seriously conscious for the first time in his life of that magic element known as—POWER.

He mused long over the chain of thought which had led him to the relief of his fellow men.

Yes, he had really thought.

Even better, he had displayed decision and courage. For the Colonel had stoutly demurred at the bold line of action as proposed by his principal. This bold line of relief was started solely upon Standish's own original ideas. His thought had at last culminated, had decided, had insisted, he was a man of action at last.

And from that day, Standish Brown not only became a force, an important factor, a man to be reckoned with, in his own community, but in the whole State of Colorado, as well.

CHAPTER V

Early in the summer of 1898, Standish sat one evening in the doorway of his cottage, with Billy in his lap, picking peanuts out of his pockets. Breaking them, the animal would eat the meats, and drop the shells mischievously into Shep's face, who laid at his master's feet.

The breeze blew warm and balmy thru the gulch, coming from Utah, laden with the scent of the resinous conifers. The new moon was rising, young and slender, its dainty crescent seeming to rock cradle-like on the crest of the foothills, as it first peeped into the gulch.

The lights of Plume were twinkling far down at Standish's feet. Devoted hamlet, child of his brave protection these past few years, and whose citizens were once more fully employed and prospering. Its merchants had freed themselves from their financial obligations. The mines had nearly all started up again, and he was freed from the heavy obligations of the hard-times period which marked the decline of silver.

He had lost thousands of dollars. Yet he had made them all back again. Scores of ingrates had stung his honest heart, but hundreds of the truly appreciative acts of others had healed those stings. The balance of efforts and results had been struck at last, the great panic of '93 was a thing of the past; and he had emerged from those long years of care and toil, hopefully and thankfully, with the Future, unknown, mystical, swinging wide its gates into the untold years.

Standish had ever maintained the serious conscientiousness of his youth. He invariably subordinated Self to the Idea. Imbued with the Cause, he cleaved his way to the desired Effect.

A high thought, once given birth in his soul, sprang bravely into action. To a promise he was sure to render an exact fulfilment.

As he sat there thus, enjoying the rare beauty of the summer night, he constantly turned his gaze toward a light far down the trail, shining thru the window of a tiny cottage across the creek, whose rushing waters reflected its cheery beam.

Fiorina lived there. That dainty little wanderer from distant Italy, that rare, sweet bird of passage, who had gradually crept into his hungry heart thru the long lonely years. Her bright sunshine and childish gayety had often been the light that had kept him at his work.

But alas! A great change was taking place within him as to his relations with the beautiful Italian maid.

Formerly, he had viewed her as the laughing child. They had chatted, laughed, sang, embraced, and ran over the hills together, free happy children of joy and innocence.

Innocence, caressing innocence. Purity, embracing purity.

But of late, there was a peculiar something crowding out the innocent one. He could no longer look into her ingenuous eyes, and smile back the answering beam of innocence. His once honest eyes had become desiring, and his thought, once so pure and noble in her presence, had become lustfully calculative. Some terrible inhabitant of his soul was seeking to gorge itself upon her rare charms. A fearful shadow was slowly falling upon his once white soul.

He had felt it first on that fatal day he had suddenly discovered that the laughing child, Fiorina, had become a woman. It was a great shock to him, likewise a great revelation. Fiorina had apparently not realized it herself. She still came to him with all the innocent joyousness of maidenhood. She still leaped into his lap, kissed his face, and skipped away delighted with the sweetmeat, the book, or the magazine which he invariably gave. But Standish could not distinguish her as clearly as of yore.

Something—SOMETHING, was coming between them, intangible, unexplainable, terrible.

He could not as yet distinguish its outline, its shape,

its form. But it was certainly an evil object, terrifying, forbidding.

Yes, there it was leering into his soul even now as his eyes looked down the gulch at the light shining from Fiorina's window.

But no, it did not leer.

It was not a form, it was only a shadow.

Yes; *only* a shadow.

Only a mere vapory, harmless fleck of shade.

A SHADOW!

What is a shadow?

It is that shade or darkness formed by a body which intercepts rays of light.

DARKNESS!—BODY!—LIGHT!!

Feeling the gloom, coming into the shade and entering the shadow, we naturally look about to see this *body,* this form, this object which casts us in this shroud of gloom.

We rest in the shade of the stately oak. We recline beneath the shadow of the leafy elm. We experience the cool shadow of a cloud, which passes between us and the hot, scorching sun of August.

All these are shadows.

Bodies getting between us and the light, and putting us in the shade. We fall under and feel these cool shadows.

All the above are pleasant shadows. They soothe, protect, caress, and we are grateful.

Then we have the terrifying, the death shadows.

The plague, ravaging Asia, casting its awful shadow over trembling Europe.

The fearful shadow of War, cast by a cannon shot booming across the Rhine, the fatal forerunner of bloody battles and seiges.

The appalling shadow of Famine in India, caused by long seasons of drought, foretelling the death of hundreds of thousands, who will die by slow starvation.

These fearful shadows menace nations, species, whole races and peoples, with death and annihilation.

Then we have the shadows which menace the peace of the Individual only.

Soul shadows.

Thought monsters, casting long black shadows upon white souls.

The shadow of Drink, forecasting the drunkard, perhaps the suicide and murderer. The shadow of Jealousy, hiding in its green folds of venom, slander and destruction. The shadow of Mammon, instilling Avarice, the miser.

These are the dark shadows of our souls, which sometimes cast in deep and melancholy gloom, the brightest and happiest individuals. They are caused by monsters who stand between us and the light. When once we fall under the shadow of either Drink, Jealousy, Mammon, Lust, Avarice, or any other of the hideous denizens of our souls, our only hope is giving battle.

We must fight, clinch, scratch, bite, chew, roll desperately in the dust, deliver and receive tremendous blows, and struggle on undaunted with fervent prayers to God and the angels upon our lips; to overcome in every way the hideous shape which has cast us in the gloom and shut out the light of Purity and Peace. Only by overcoming these monsters in desperate mortal combat, can we hope to emerge once more into the glad light of day, into the realms of the pure unsullied Conscience; under the celestial effulgent beams of Divinity.

Only when we stand triumphant over the bloody corpse of the monster that has threatened us, can we look into the eyes of God and smile heavenward the sign of peace.

When you have removed the form, the body of the monster, you have removed the cause of the shadow. It is no longer there. You have emerged into the full light. The light falls upon you unbroken. You again inhale the sweet, fragrant breath of Innocence.

Standish was in the darkness of a great shadow. It would remain until he removed the cause. It would remain until he had slain the monster. If the monster conquered, his soul was doomed.

Rising to his feet with a deep sigh, he entered the cottage and lighted the lamp. Billy and Shep followed him. The faithful animals each sought their quarters, and their master undressed and went to bed.

Almost immediately after he fell asleep, he woke with a start. A horrible shape had reached out to seize him as he lay there.

A cold sweat dampened his fevered brow.

"Good God! What was it?"

"Bah! It was only a shadow."

Yes, ONLY A SHADOW!

CHAPTER VI

Down by the creek, Fiorina was sitting upon a huge boulder watching the reflection of the moonlight in the tumbling waters of the stream.

She was nearly eighteen years old, and had become a woman.

More, she was a most beautiful woman.

Beauty, perfect beauty?

How often among the thousands of women we meet, do we find a woman whom Nature proclaims physically perfect? There is only one perhaps, among thousands of fair women, who obtains the certificate of perfect beauty. One may have a perfect face, another a perfect hand; others, a graceful neck, a divinely arched instep, a languishing eye, a superbly moulded bust, a model waist, or exquisitely curved hips; but only one, among thousands of fair women, possesses all or most of these requisites of feminine beauty.

Fiorina was almost perfect.

She was possessed of an exquisite standard and type of beauty, and could easily qualify, with the single exception of height. She was rather diminutive, short in stature. In all other respects however, Nature had apparently stamped her perfect.

If she had suddenly been changed from living pulsating flesh, into marble; and exhibited in some temple of art, connoisseurs would have raved.

If Phidias had beheld her, he would have passionately sighed for a block of ivory, to carve in imperishable outline her ravishing form and beautiful face. To place her exquisitely rounded figure superbly poised as a nymph, in the mouth of a vast pink throated shell.

And illuminating this budded physique, was a most dainty soul, containing a shining winged spirit. A heaven fed lamp.

Not mind. Not intellect. Nor calculation. Nor reason. Naught, but just pure unadulterated spirit, beaming forth spontaneously, as a golden sun thru passing clouds; rising and falling, dipping and soaring, like a swift flying bird fluttering joyously in the summer sky, filling the azure with beatific song.

And this innocent creature of effervescent spirit and rare physical charms, possessed but one supreme passion.

One, that was all. It was life, death; laughter and tears; man—almost God.

It was her love for Standish Brown.

The seven years of her acquaintance with him, had developed a mighty passion in the heart of this flower of Naples. But it was a wholly innocent, trusting, divine passion. A thirsting Madonna passion, which charges every atom of a maiden's personality with the fever of woman's desire and love.

This man was a part of her girlhood. He had given her the first joy she had ever known in this great America. He had been kind to her darling grandfather, and had given him work and employment. Her conception of God almost rested in him. Did not a divine light beam from his eyes, when he told her wondrous stories? Had she not felt safe from all harm when she had snuggled up to his great protecting breast in the days of her childhood? There where the bleak winter wind howled dismally outside the cottage, where she had waited for her grandfather to come out of the mine to take him home to supper and rest. Yes, Ave Maria, this tall, noble mountaineer was everything to her. He was her all. The ONE.

There are two things in the world, which are acknowledged by all, as being absolutely perfect. That is, perfect in every action; under every condition, absolutely flawless at all times and in all places.

CLOUDS and DREAMS.

Can anyone imagine an imperfect cloud? If so, by what standard? By whose authority? Where is found registered the standard of cloud bulk? Its form classified? Its movement regulated? Its color decreed?

As it lies there glorious in the west, Queen of Caprice and Fancy, with the beams of the setting sun dyeing its snowy fleece with a thousand changing colors; its beautiful form contracting, expanding, spreading, towering, it absolutely defies criticism. Its own sweet pleasure, decreed by eternal Nature, exultingly proclaims its perfection; and it triumphantly rides the skies, a thing of peerless perfect beauty.

And so with DREAMS.

They flash their phenomena upon our enchanted unresisting vision. They horrify us, they delight us. From some we shrink in wildest terror; others we reach out to madly embrace, and wish in that divine intoxication, that we might never waken. And thus, as with the passing cloud, the form, the movement, the emotion, the color of a dream, defies the register of man's most delicate instrument. They defy e'en his subtlest senses. They laugh in his face. They terrify him, they charm. They declare themselves perfect, and they—*are*.

And so Fiorina dreamed as she sat there in the moonlight, and they were happy dreams. Sweet votaries waiting upon innocent, expectant maidenhood. Sometime and somewhere, *he* would speak to her. He would tell her of his love for her. She would enter into his broad ocean of life as a sparkling brook. She would live with him, and Billy, and Shep, and grandfather Ferrari, in a fine new cottage on the hill, and they would all be so happy together.

The young moon rose higher in the sky as she sat there, the stars were swinging high up in the milky way, and last and best of all, HIS light, shining from the cottage window, shone far up to where the trail was lost in the mighty shadow of the Everlasting Hills.

CHAPTER VII

Flesh is sweet.

It has warmth and juices.

It has the rich scent and odor of sex.

It is the living, quivering, desiring, cushioned fibre of the sensual world.

Feed a thought with flesh, and you create a carnal PASSION.

When you admit a carnal Passion to your soul, you menace Love.

Then, BEWARE!

Love is the guardian of Purity. Passion is the shadow of the Beast. Love and Passion can not exist in peace within the soul. One or the other will triumph in a deadly contest. If Passion triumphs, beware. Passion is the shadow of the Beast.

The eternal BEAST?

The awful dog which fills the Theatre of the Soul with hideous bayings and dreadful leaps.

Was there ever a true complete man who has not felt like a low, whipped cur, in the leash and company of this hideous dog of the soul?

When we turn to the fountain heads of experience and history we feel that such is the truth.

Turn to the recital of the glorious race that produced the matchless art of Phidias.

Behold the glory of the Greeks.

The mighty Spartans, the proud Athenians, the graceful Cretans. That fair Greece, immortal realm, in which man believed himself akin to the gods.

Their poets, from the venerable Homer to the charming Sappho, reveal the handsome structure of their soul theatre and its glorious players; yet between the lines and behind the scenes, we observe the Beast, lustful, desiring, unholy, obtaining his fill.

Adonis, ravished upon the burning breast of Venus. Helen, struggling vainly in the fevered clasp of Paris. Sappho, wrapped in the amorous arms of Phaon.

In the imperial theatre of the Romans, the Beast attains gigantic and frightful proportions. The whole world is sacked to feed its maw.

Caligua, Antonita, the monstrous consort of Belisarius. And over the naked throng of Bronzebeard and the shrieking virgins, drop red roses, one by one, smothering the despairing voice and shrinking form of Chastity, with the crimson gore of Sensuality. It is with horror we behold the outermost confines of the western world explored in the desiring reach of Roman lust. Quivering and shrinking innocence plucked and ravished from Britain's misty isle to the voluptuous bowers of Persia. All, all, to feed the maw of human lust.

As we turn to the later Romans, the noble Italians who gave us the peerless art of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Correggio. Here again, is the magnificent playhouse of the soul, filled with the lecherous stalkings of the untamed Beast. Vast orgies, debauches, held in palaces of incomparable art, and ending only with utter satiation.

Advancing to England, to the reign of the Tudors, we behold the infamous Henry VIII, reeking in a foul and colossal bed of unholy amours.

In France, we see the corrupted effeminate court of Louis LeGrand. Great monarchs and princes, wallowing in the arms of painted, decaying Pompadours. Oh, this vile Beast, lapping up the vitals of kings.

Turning even to the Puritan, that abstemious, persecuted, indomitable religious fanatic, who swept thru England like a wall of flame; we find the Beast even in him, in the prim severe theatre of his soul, hiding covertly behind the curtain of Prudery, with its deep insistent bayings, wild scratching of claws, and the fierce straining of its leash, as it boldly endeavors to leap upon the stage.

The grim visages of the early New Englanders pretended to scorn the Beast, and they tried to hide it, to conceal and deny it; but in vain, their ministers confessing their liaisons in the public square, and the scarlet

letter being sewn upon the white bosoms of their consorts.

Thus thru all history the Beast is fed.

The hideous Beast.

LUST!

Standish passed a terrible night.

Of late, as Fiorina had embraced him, or thrust her scarlet lips up to him to be kissed, he felt an unholy intoxication as he pressed her form or felt the warm breath of her kisses. He felt his bright soul crossed by a mighty shadow, a dreadful shade, casting a terrifying chill over his conscience. But this shade, this wild passion to which he was slowly succumbing, was merely the dread shadow cast by the form of the great Beast itself.

He was no longer his old manly self. Gradually, thru the terrible blackness of his passion, he could feel a hot breath, dimly discern a monstrous claw suddenly thrust thru the shadow, and hear a horible distant bellowing.

He became terrified. He shook as with the ague. Summoning his religious forces he tried to pray it away, but in vain. His better nature had been completely suffocated by his unholy desires.

Suddenly the dense, black gloom of the Shadow disappeared, swallowed up in a roaring mass of lurid crackling flames which lighted up the theatre of his soul with the flaming terrors of a great conflagration. Cowering in the red blistering glow, he looked about him as a wounded gladiator in an amphitheatre, fairly screaming with terror at the awful spectacle which confronted him.

He was facing the Beast at last.

Then began a mortal combat with one of the most terrible creatures of the soul, and one which up to the last few weeks, he had never dreamed as existing therein.

But there was no time for thought, for with a hideous bellow the monster sprang upon him. And there in the red light of sensuality he fought one of the most desperate battles of his life. He clawed its face, dug at its eyes, smote it with mighty blows upon its crab-like beak, but all without avail, the monster was slowly crushing him.

Of late, at each visit of Fiorina, it had grown more rapacious, more implacable. It leaped exultantly as Standish touched the warm pulsating hands or sweet red lips of the innocent maid. But with all her chaste innocence, Fiorina appeared within his soul that night as a terrible temptress. In the past few weeks, as she had come to him with her merry eyes and trusting smile, he had almost succumbed to the strength of the Beast and licked up the fair innocent creature with his unholy lust. But somehow, and in some manner, he had been spared the awful crime. But how long could he resist her charms, with this devouring monster tearing at his vitals, weakening him more and more?

Thus hour after hour of the long night ebbed slowly away. At the first cock crow he was still awake, with his great blue eyes staring glassily from the torment in his soul. Then the first gray tints of the morning came dimly thru the windows, but still the battle raged. He confessed himself too weak to again meet Fiorina under the usual conditions. He must, under no circumstances, allow her to kiss or embrace him. No, she must stay away, and let him slay this hideous monster which had enveloped him in its deadly toils.

Soon the sunbeams danced thru the window, and Shep and Billy were whining to get out doors. He raised himself up in bed and peered out. Yes, it was the morning of a glorious day. He would go into the hills, among the solitary defiles of the mountains; and there, alone, he would stifle this terrible Beast, and throw its fearful smothering form, crashing over the loftiest precipice of his soul. Then he would be gloriously free, and Love, gentle divine Love, would shine in his soul once more, and under its guiding star he would return and woo and wed the beautiful Fiorina, chaste and ennobled with Purity.

As he laid there in his bed, exhausted, his form trembling from the effects of his all-night battle with the Beast, he heard a light footstep outside the cottage door.

It was Fiorina.

She had come tripping up the trail, radiant in the

morning sunlight, escorting her grandfather to his work. As they passed the cottage, she looked shyly at the door which was closed. They went up to the mouth of the tunnel, and kissing the old man good-bye, she retraced her footsteps to the cottage.

No one visible. Strange! Standish should have been up long ago. Surely there must be some sign of life about the place. Billy, Shep, where were they?

She would knock.

Clenching her beautiful dimpled hand, she rapped sharply upon the door with the air and confidence of a privileged person. No answer, however, save a sharp bark from Shep, and a joyful chatter from Billy. She understood then. Standish had undoubtedly gone out, either to the mine or to town, and had forgotten to release his pets.

Thus assured, she opened the door and stepped inside, the two animals dancing with delight at the sight of her, and stooping down she caressed them. Shep was so rough in his play, that he almost broke the pretty gold chain which hung over her scarlet bodice.

My! The brilliant colors of this mountain maid's costume this fair morning.

A short brown skirt, scarlet bodice, black velvet jacket, a dainty broad white linen collar, black stockings, and neat high heeled boots.

Oh, vanity, vanity, little Fiorina; altho if you are seeking a certain man's heart, who could blame you?

With her luxuriant brown hair, which shone like satin when the sun fell upon it, her pearly white teeth and scarlet lips, and her soft olive complexion tinged gorgeously with bright carmine, she was certainly the embodiment of beautiful healthful womanhood.

Hearing a creaking sound, she looked up, and to her great amazement she saw Standish lying in bed. She had not dreamed that he would be in bed at this late hour. And greatly embarrassed, she stood there confused and blushing furiously at her mistake in entering thus. What *would* he think of her?

Standish half raised himself on his pillow. The ex-

pression upon his face was ghastly. He looked like a madman.

Pointing with his finger at the trembling girl, he screamed out in fearful tones, "You! You! You foul temptress! Go! Leave!"

Retiring toward the door, the distracted woman was completely overwhelmed with doubt and shame, and she stood there shaking and trembling with horror.

"Go! Go, I say, you foul fiend! Leave me! Go!" he shrieked again.

After standing transfixed upon the threshold for one awful moment, Fiorina uttered a cry of horror, and rushing down the trail wringing her hands in the most excruciating agony, she was nearly home before she began to realize the dreadful calamity which had befallen her.

"Sweet Jesu," she moaned, kneeling before a tiny porcelain image of the Saviour, "What it all mean? Oh! Sweet Jesu! My Stando is mad, mad!"

Slowly the strangeness and the horror of it grew upon her, and going to the door she locked it, as if to shut out the sight of her maddened lover, her eyes streaming with tears as she did so, and then flinging herself upon her little bed she laid for hours sobbing upon the pillow.

CHAPTER VIII

Standish had always loved solitude. The many years which his father and he had occupied their cottage remote from other habitations had fixed upon him many habits of a solitary. In the winter time, with the howling blizzards outside fiercely shaking the cottage windows, he would sit before the fire and meditate for hours. Lying upon his bed he would look into the infinite and dream. In the summer, walking in the moonlight under the green arches of the pines among the dark defiles of the mountains, he would look up at the stars, and his thought would soar toward the uttermost realms of the universe.

Solitude is the shore-line of the Infinite.

The Infinite is that boundless ocean of Mind which beats within the soul.

Solitude does not necessarily mean that an individual must dwell alone upon some deserted isle of the sea, some secluded nook among the mountains, or some spot entirely removed from humanity. It simply demands but one great essential condition, viz., *to be alone with thought.*

Victor Hugo was almost as great a solitary in gay Paris in the midst of a teeming population and a host of admiring friends as he was in his lonely eyrie on the heights of Guernsey, surrounded only by a tumbling ocean lashed to fury by the howling gales of the North Sea. In either spot, monarch of mind, he could forget the world, and be alone with thought.

It was thus with the zodiacal, heaven-searching George Eliot. "For I am still a solitary, tho near a city. But we have the Universe to talk with, infinity in which to stretch the gaze of Hope, and an all-bountiful, all-wise Creator in whom to confide."

But by far the greater number of the devotees of Solitude, lack this masterful navigation of Mind. They are forced to seek the quiet retreat of lonely and unfrequented spots, they require absolute quiet and stillness. Then only can they project their frail thought crafts upon the vast seas of the Infinite. Only when their supersensitive physiques are freed from the toils of their kind, can their airy thought wing its way into the distant realms of the mind.

Thus outside the walls of Frankfort, the erratic Goethe sought to curb his restless spirit in the quiet solitudes of the wind-kissed groves.

Into the leafy solitudes of the deep New England forest, the heaven-visioned Emerson was invited by that inspiring old aunt of his, writing from her home upon the storm-swept coast of Maine.

Alone, upon the lonely moors of Scotland, the rugged Carlyle prayed in solitude for strength and patience to penetrate and illume the thick skull of stout John Bull with new thoughts and progressive ideas.

In the navigation of this boundless sea of the infinite Mind, Life, is the ship, the craft.

Inspiration is the wind which fills the sails.

Thoughts are the crew.

Genius, the intrepid navigator.

And the Individual—*consciousness,* the passenger.

You are afloat upon an unknown sea. The pressure of the human crowd, yet still your brothers, is far removed. You float buoyantly upon the bosom of a mighty deep.

The progress of the human race has always been measured by man's exploration of the infinite Mind.

Embarking from the shore-line of Solitude out upon the boundless abysmal ocean of the Infinite, Genius has ever bravely voyaged; and as often returned with rich cargoes of imperishable wealth, to swell the treasuries of human knowledge.

The infinite Mind, that boundless ocean which beats within the soul.

From out these vasty seas came Galileo, hiding within his bosom the discovery of the rotundity of the earth. And even as he denied the possession of his treasure to the fathers of the church, it sprang from out his vitals, and leaped naked and exultant into the world, shouting its glad cry from the mountain tops.

From hence emerged the laborious Newton, after a voyage of fearful peril. Yea! Even to the verge of insanity did he heroically toil and drift over unknown seas; but at last he came, bearing in his arms an appalling and wonderful monster of the Infinite. All dripping and gasping, snared from its deep ocean lair in this mighty sea of the Infinite—THE LAW OF GRAVITATION! Men bowed down before the genius of Newton. They will lay wreaths upon the grave of this great Englishman, as long as his island bears roses upon its bosom.

Darting across the surface of this mysterious ocean of Mind, danced the immortal Shelley, scattering wondrous soul flowers, gathered up as Mercury wings, from distant tropics of the Infinite. Generously he tossed the fragrant blossoms into the eager hands outstretched to grasp them. Those wondrous gems of poesy will bloom forever in the gardens of Art. And just as lightly as this divine child tossed his rare flowers to the delighted throng, he danced out again upon the wild salt waves of Mystery, and was lost forever more.

From the skies which overhang this wondrous ocean, leaped Rabelais, clothed in the fire of heaven, leaping athwart the world of letters, as lightning darts its livid tongue from the black and inky cloud. Terrible rolled he, amid the clash and roar of battling elements, spouting satire and eloquence for a brief moment, and then was lost to view speeding down the dizzy slopes of all swallowing Eternity.

From the midst of this tumbling ocean thundered Hugo. Riding far out upon the bosom of the deep, clinging to the white mane of its high reared billows, he rode

the storm and sounded his hoarse bass trumpet of Humanity. Deep and awe inspiring it sounded, distinct and thunder-toned above the roar of the shrieking tempest. King of the storm! Master of the elements! He sounded the slogan of Universalism, to reverberate forever and ever in the souls of men, and with the last triumphant blast, he too sank beneath the foam-flecked waves.

Hush!

"A sail! A sail!" cries the watchman.

From out the bosom of the rolling Infinite, comes Jesus of Nazareth. Holy. Immaculate. Divine. Rebuking the fierce hissing tongues of the angry wave demons, he smiles in the face of the tempest; walking serenely, beaming celestial light, conquering the darkness. Lifting a hand, he parts the clouds. The heavens open, and from the Realms of Light, springs forth a glorious dove, white as the soul of God. Darting down from Paradise, it drops a wondrous flower among the waiting throng and vanishes.

A cross then emerges from this wondrous Infinite, bearing upon it the blessed form of the Holy One. Then the great Master is swallowed up in the folds of eternal night; but the cross still remains, fixed forever on Calvary.

Men of Earth, standing spellbound upon the shores of the Infinite, rub their eyes, dazed and confounded by the spectacle.

Do they dream?

No!

Here is the flower dropped by the dove. It is a real, imperishable, sacred token.

Here is the blood-stained cross, the supreme witness.

The flower is Faith.

The cross, bears witness to the Martyr.

It is the covenant of Christian Israel with the Father, the supreme sacrifice of the Son, the token of the Holy Ghost, washed in the blood of the Lamb.

And again in the ages to come, some intrepid traveler of the Infinite will some day actually reach the Throne of Grace, where sits the Father, and upon His right hand, the immaculate Son. And as a great swan, a conquering Lohengrin, this brave and thrice blessed naviga-

tor will return to the waiting races, giving his glorious message to mankind, and that revelation too, will further illume the world, close heralding an eternal day.

Ah, Genius!

Brave intrepid navigator of infinite seas. Speed! Oh, speed, in thy search for the Holy Grail. For God. For Jehovah and the Angels. For him of whom Judah's prophet sang:

"Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee."

CHAPTER IX

The evening of the day that Fiorina was driven from the cottage of Standish Brown, the figure of a man could be seen climbing and descending the mountains in the dim ghostly light of the moon. As he emerged from one group of pines to another, traversing the open stretches of the solitudes, his face shone in the moonlight, and in spite of the unnatural agonized look upon the features, the countenance of Standish Brown could be recognized.

All day he had traveled thus, miles upon miles, fiercely climbing the mountains and impetuously rushing down their slopes, with the tireless and superhuman strength of a mad man. If observed closely, it could be seen that his eyes were expressionless. His teeth tightly set. His jaws rigid. And he walked without turning to the right or left. Evidently he was entirely blind to the dangers, the distance, the terrible labors of the journey. He did not avoid rocks or streams, but rushed over or thru them. His hat was gone. His clothes were wet, soiled, and torn. And completely oblivious of the outer world, it was evident that his vision was turned inward upon himself. He was lost to the material world, the world of men; and was held spellbound, in the play of an absorbing drama which filled his soul.

A *Soul.*

What?

A SOUL!

That infinite quantity, over which all the vast eons of man's most supreme thoughts, have pondered, and sighed, and died.

A Soul?

Yes.

A Universe wrapped up in a skull.

Yea!

That infinitesimal latent atom of a human egg, itself no

bigger than a pin point, which, hatched within the womb of woman, becomes the torch of a great man's intellect.

The gateway to the Most High.

The most sublime theatre of all the world.

The wonderful playhouse of thoughts.

The stage where glittering Genius treads the mill of human life.

THE THEATRE TERRIBLE!

Yea! Supremely appallingly terrible, in its vast array of thought monsters; with Jealousy, Avarice, Incest, Murder, Lust, Hypocrisy, and countless other demons of smothering darkness, howling and gnawing in the black caves of Sin.

And most supernally, dazzlingly terrible, too, in the sublimity of its lustrous, divine, ethereal, God-like beings; Love, Purity, Virtue, Martyrdom, Innocence, Justice, Sacrifice, and all the other unnumbered winged beings of celestial attributes.

Here dwells the thought of Maternity, Motherhood.

The child, happy and frolicing. In long baby dresses, in kilts, in real boy's clothes. Aye, the full stature of the man, walking more real than flesh, upon the stage of the mother's soul; while the babe itself, as yet unborn to the world, still sleeps within her womb.

Here dwells Ambition, the god of the statesman, the magnate, the priest.

As the dreaming boy walks beside the stream and looks up at the stars, a wonderful thought drama sweeps resistless thru his soul in the flight of one mere hour, the outward rendition of which, requiring an entire lifetime of rich triumphant years.

Chauncey Depew, as a boy looked into his soul, and beheld himself a member of the United States Senate. Afterward, it took many years of continuous preparation, for him to actually materialize that thought.

John D. Rockefeller, when a mere child, dreamed of owning railroads, steamship lines. Today, after a lifetime of effort, he has moulded that dream into a material fact.

THE THEATRE TERRIBLE!

Ye gods of the sublime ancients! What other to compare with it for regal magnificence?

The student of history, snuggled up in a cozy corner by the fire, reads in his morning paper of an event. Say, for instance, the revival of the tragedy of "Julius Cæsar," by the great actor, Richard Mansfield, during the notable theatrical season of 1902-3.

In a second's flash, the student beholds the great Cæsar, the grim conqueror of Gaul, the flushed victor of Pharsalia, the undisputed monarch of the western world.

At the same moment the student also comprehends the sublime words of Shakespeare, the entire matchless flow of this great classic of the drama.

And simultaneous with the above, he seees the worthy Mansfield himself, recalling the struggle of his earlier career, his magnificent production of "Cyrano De Bergerac," revivial of "Lear," etc. etc.

Also, he instantly remembers the actor's worthy manager, Lyman Glover, incidentally recalling splendid criticisms written by Mr. Glover, in his former capacity as dramatic editor of the Record-Herald.

In fact, the mere catching of the student's eyes, of a newspaper paragraph consisting of perhaps a dozen lines —often a mere word suffices—furnishes in less time than one stroke of the hour, a soul drama so vast that many men writing for many years, could not begin to describe.

Yea!

Stop! Comprehend, dear reader.

But summon in your own wondrous soul, the home of your childhood.

Ah! Here it comes on the instant.

Repress the surging thoughts. Don't hurry. Let this drama of yours come upon the Sublime Stage slowly.

We will set the scenery first.

The Old Home, where you were born.

The interior of the old farmhouse, complete, from cellar to garret. Mother's room. Your own little bed tucked way up in that wonderful old attic, where you used to hear the raindrops patter upon the roof, and be so glad that you were snug inside.

Here are the pictures on the wall, the huge family Bible, grandfather's clock, the old sea chest brought to America by your mother's great-grandfather. All this scenery and furnishings you now behold upon the stage. Yea, even to the shining pots and kettles hanging upon the wall by the big kitchen stove.

Quick!

With one swift stroke, fill this wonderful stage with the life which filled it in that long ago, when you were a tiny child.

Ah, here it is instantly.

Your dear old father in his big chair by the grate, peacefully smoking his long Holland pipe, and resting from his day's toil in the fields. Here is your sweet faced mother washing the supper dishes and your sisters helping her. Here is your big brother, and perhaps the guest. Here is the dog, the cat, even the canary bird in its cage in the south window, with its head tucked under its dainty wing to dream the night, hidden among the potted plants and ferns which your mother treasured so carefully.

Now step outside.

Behold! The old farm stretches about you in the light of that same mellow moon which shone down so warmly and softly in the face of your first girl, as in that rosy long ago, she blushingly raised her face and you imprinted upon her red lips that first magic kiss, which thrilled both your young hearts to bounding ecstasy.

Come, walk down to that sequestered nook by the pond, where you told her of your love. Down there where the frogs croaked hoarsely among the bullrushes, and the owls hooted lonesomely in the nearby oaks. Here in the soft summer moonlight where the fireflies danced among the alders by the roadside, and where the locust spun out his lazy drone far into the amorous summer night. Where the katydid chirped her harvest song in the willow hedge beside the fields of corn; those glorious fields of corn, stretching far down the gentle reaches of the valley, their silken tassels and leaves of dusky green, softly rustling in the embrace of the soft night wind.

Yes, here by the pond, you told her your love story, *yours,* of all the world. Here, where the whip-poor-will uttered his lonesome cry from the orchard, and the dark winged bats darted hither and thither in the ghostly beams of the moon. Here, where the tiny wavelets of the pond murmuringly lapped the pebbly beach, and rocked the white and gold water lillies to the soft rhythm of the breeze.

Yea! Here it is.

All! All upon this wonderful stage of your soul.

How Memory, the gentle player, scatters her tender caresses as we sweetly dream.

But let us change the scene from night to day.

Be regal! Wave the magic wand, generous Prospero. Command!

Up sun!

Here it is—morning! The sun's up. That same burning, smoking, yellow ball, which beat down upon you so fiercely the day you stumbled into the bumble-bee's nest out in the smothering, stifling hay field.

Here's the horses to water, the cows to milk, the chickens to feed.

Here's the great Sunday dinner of the harvest time. The huge plate of delicious bread, the big steaming bowl of milk gravy. The baked potatoes, bursting their satiny skins in the intense heat of the oven, their white mealy hearts showing thru the rich brown cracks. Then the brown basted, plump, yellow legged chickens, their breasts almost bursting with stuffing of bread crumbs and nuts, and seasoned with sprigs of appetizing sage. And the fat pumpkin pies, an inch and a half thick, all bound up with a delicate crust that fairly melted in your mouth. And the great pot of delicious steaming coffee, with the big pitcher of thick, yellow cream, to fill the coffee cup one-third full if you wanted to.

Away back in the old home.

Yes, it's all here upon the Sublime Stage.

Here's the first big round dollar you ever earned. See it shining in your hand? Let's see, you earned it saw-

ing wood for widow Jones; and you spent it? Where else, save on the Fourth of July in Big Hollow.

Here's the pretty schoolma'am who taught the country school. So red-cheeked and cherry-lipped, and whose charming indulgent smile, made you wish you were a great big man and could make love to her.

Here's the big, freckled-faced, red-headed boy who gave you such a walloping the first day of school. See him, darn 'im, rubbing his great hard knuckles into your soft tender cheek. And don't you remember, when you went home that night after school with your bloody nose and your torn clothes, of how you vowed that when you got big enough, you would hunt him up, wherever he was, Big Hollow, Poseyville, or New York, and give him a good licking. Yes, and when you did meet him long years afterward, just as big and ornery as ever as he still towered far above you, that instead of taking off your coat and wading into him, you just gave him the glad hand and looked into his good-natured face and smiled, and sought the nearest "rookery" for a cold bottle for old times' sake.

Then your courtship. Your marriage. The first baby. Mother's death. Father's funeral. Sister's sudden taking away. Here they pass, all crossing the Sublime Stage, flitting behind the scenes, only to spring up and smile at your slightest bidding.

And all this is just one mere portion of the individual's sweet tender past, as it is often similiarly played upon the Sublime Stage of the Soul.

Now let us bring up a few scenes of the future.

How easy it is.

Every scene perfect, every actor real, just as tho they were all materialized, and the thing done outwardly.

Here's that old wad of money you have slaved all your life for, and now you're going to spend it on the kids.

Robert is to go to Ann Arbor.

Katherine to Vassar.

You see them go. You see the routine and joy and labor of college days. You see them return.

Katherine just escaped getting married before her second year in college, and now she really is a bride.

You are giving the bride away.

Your pretty Katherine, dressed all in white, and smiling joyously up at you, as you give her your parental blessing, and press her innocent red lips.

Here's Robert. You see him hanging out his law shingle. He goes to Congress. He becomes famous. A worthy son of his old care-worn dad.

Thus the play swings on and on, with its wondrous show to the very last. To that time, dear reader, when the final curtain drops for you. When the footlights go out, the foyer and the dress-circle empties, and the dark plumed hearse hauls you out to the graveyard on the hill, and your poor tired bones are laid to rest at last, beneath the green and blooming sod which gathers us all.

Is not this true?

Gloriously, superbly true?

Let us turn from our own soul theatre, to those of the great masters. The Titans of Art.

Genesis!

The glorious "Old Testament" of conquering Israel.

The unknown writers of these noble dramas of antiquity.

To Plato, who establishing his great theoretical Republic, divided himself into innumerable suffragists, in order that his State might have real form and life; and such it has indeed had for the students of all subsequent times. Plato's "Republic." A grand democracy, teeming within the six by six inch skull of the great Greek philosopher.

Socrates was content with the discourse and companionship of a single daemon or spirit, but that sublime discourse peopled the Grecian national soul with hundreds of noble thoughts; and to this very day, those immortal thoughts of his flit to and fro, enlivening the wit of modern society.

Phidias, looking upon the gorgeous stage of his soul, beheld Athene, the colossal virgin, her arms outstretched in irresistible appeal, begging to be materialized in ivory

and gold. Behold, the Parthenon, the jewel casket. Behold inside, Athene Parthenos, the immortal goddess with her matchless robes, her sapphire eyes, her peerless form, placed by the inspired sculptor from the mighty workshop of his soul, upon the marble pedestal of the Acropolis of Athens.

The unlettered Mohammed, establishing his religion. This vision-bound Arab reaching out with his fierce wild genius, into the infinite reaches of his soul, bringing to his idolatrous countrymen a religion of the sword-hand, which even to this very day tightly grips holy Jerusalem, the most sacred material shrine of Jew, Christian, and Moslem.

Studious Dante, too, stocked both an Inferno and a Paradise with the wondrous creatures of his morbid imagery.

Audacious Francis Bacon, beheld a boundless universe within his soul, and sighed and wept, that he could not completely catalogue this domain for the information of his fellowmen. With an intellect which absorbed every department of human knowledge, he wished to display it all; but overwhelmed by the vastness of his outlook, he could only fondly sigh, write a few pages, and feebly die.

Upon this mighty soul stage, first walked many of the noblest characters of Shakespeare. The sublime poet, pen in hand, merely sketched them out on paper to delight a waiting world as they had delighted him. They simply passed from the stage of his soul, out upon the boards of the Elizabethan playhouse.

Under the majestic roof of the noble theatre of Mind, the woman-denied Spinoza spent his fervid years, and later, described his wonderful comrades of Thought to an eager world of philosophers.

Here the blind Milton, rolling sightless eyes in nerveless sockets, beheld with his real eyes, his *soul* eyes, a drama so vast, as to bridge the boundless abyss of Chaos, from the red land of Hell to the pearly heights of Heaven.

Reader, think of this for a moment.

A man who was blind, who could not behold the ma-

terial world, beheld within the world of Thought, the most stupendous drama ever conceived in the soul of a mere man.

Was not his, indeed, a THEATRE TERRIBLE?

From out the world of thought, the inimitable Balzac, plucked many soul characters, some who actually live when summoned in the reading, fairly bursting the covers of their books in the leap of their wonderful realness. Critics are prone to limit him as a natural realist; "Seraphita" declares him a realist of the soul as well.

Here the gentle Harriet Beecher Stowe first beheld the epoch making "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The emotions of the writing of the death scene of "Little Eva" caused her a three day's sickness, and to this day, this strictly soul created child of heart strings and pathos holds Young America to the last sweet word.

Also in these latter days, comes the great singer, Walt Whitman. Unclassified, exuberant, fearless sexed as a stallion; a most mighty trumpet blower, sounding the hymn of the Universal. Waving his batôn in stirring appeal, endeavoring to choir the nations of the earth in one resounding diapason of peace and harmony. Ever striving to catch the wonderful elfin band of his soul, to exhibit them to a wondering and admiring world.

From this glorious stage, spoke the Raven into the listening ear of the weird Poe.

Here Columbus beheld the vision of the New World. By his faith in that vision, he manned his ships, he plowed the ocean; and in the dim morning of a triumphal day, he saw rising above the wilderness of misty waters, a glorious blue ridge, which forged his surpassing vision into the most wonderful material reality. Land! An island. The first stepping stone to a new world.

John Brown saw the vision of the freed slave within the portals of his Mind. True to that vision, he sacrificed his life upon the scaffold.

Here, too, the immortal Lincoln beheld the mighty figure of Columbia, grasping in her hands those lustrous stars of the Union, which Secession was trying to wring from her grasp. But Father Abraham placed Columbia's

figure imperishable, upon the pedestal of the Nation. That pedestal was swept with blood, and furrowed with iron, but it stood. And in the sweet days of peace that followed, Columbia no longer grasped her jewels to protect them from theft, but placed them in a glittering crown upon her brow, to light the world with the glory of a nation of free, enlightened, and united states.

Here the mad and misguided Booth succumbed to the seductions of Fanaticism. And here the baited Czolgoz, falling under the fatal spell of Anarchy, struck a blow at his God, believing him to be Satan.

Here the dauntless Marconi first beheld the vision of tall masts flashing fiery language across vast watery leagues of threshing oceans.

To this wondrous stage turns the immigrant, and sees once more the castled heights of the German Rhine, the sparkling blue of the Hungarian Danube.

Here are the white cliffs of old England.

The green meadows of Hibernia.

The bleak fjords of Scandinavia.

The long clay pipes and wooden shoes of dear Holland.

Yea! Here, upon the stage of the Theatre Terrible, are flashed all the well-known scenes of the "old countree."

But enough, sweet, patient reader.

You realize, you comprehend, you *know*.

A universe dwells within your soul.

It contains all that is known to man, and likewise, *all that is still unknown to him.*

The Finite, the Known, has been garnered from its flowering fields; but the Infinite, the Unknown, lies before him to be discovered, to be brought into light, inviting his further explorations.

The inventors, artists, and the philosophers of all the mighty Past have brought him its matchless products, and laid them at his feet. Likewise the intrepid soul explorers of the Future, will bring new wonders from out its shining depths to illume and delight a waiting world.

In comparison with the wonders of this sublime spiritual edifice, the material wonders of the world are as naught. The Grand Cañon of the Colorado is a mere

scratch, Niagara, a falling raindrop, the highest mountain a mere pebble, the combined bulk of all the oceans, as a glass of water; and the vast, careening world itself, a mere tumble-weed, blown across the brown prairies by the merry winds.

A soul?

Yea!

The greatest playhouse in existence, believing that the universe of God's, like man's, is wrapped within its wondrous folds.

The soul!

The Sublime Stage!

THE THEATRE TERRIBLE!

CHAPTER X

After driving Fiorina from the cottage, Standish had hurriedly dressed himself and started up the mountain. He ate no breakfast. He put no food in his pockets, and he had taken no notice of his hungry pets. He simply rushed from the house and sprang up the slopes of the Emerald. When a man is giving and taking blows with Satan, all minor offices are ignored. The unhappy man was entering the mountain solitudes to triumph or die. If he triumphed he would return to Plume and resume his accustomed duties; if he lost, the wolves would pick his bones.

Shep followed him, dancing and barking, anticipating nothing less than a jaunt with his beloved master. He didn't care for breakfast either, with that pleasure in front of him.

But suddenly his joy changed to sorrow. His master was throwing stones at him. At first, he thought it was in sport, and he barked all the louder, and playfully bit at the passing missles. Then the mad man shouted threateningly, and a sharp stone finally hit the faithful animal, causing him to yelp with pain. It was the first blow that he had ever received from the hand of his master. Then another stone struck his leg and made him limp. But even then he did not understand. The wild voice of his master rang again.

"Get! Get out of here. YOU! Go, go," was the angry command. But altho the poor animal was really suffering from his hurts, yet completely bewildered with it all, he crawled up to his master, low upon his belly, with his dark eyes turned up beseechingly and his tail beating the ground. He was received with a shower of blows with a club of charred pine the remains of some forest fire, rained savagely upon him by the hand that had always petted him. The dog yelped pitifully, and

was fairly beaten to the ground by the fierce onslaught, but even then he did not flinch, or try to get away. Suddenly the blows ceased, and he was brutally kicked by his master's foot, shod, as it was, in a heavy hob-nailed brogan. And this was too much for the poor animal. The infamy of it. He, the proud, magnificent collie, kicked thus like a common cur.

As his master's heavy brogan struck him squarely, pitilessly, with terrific force in the side, Shep gave a howl of mingled pain and despairing bewilderment, and ran back toward the cottage, limping and moaning; and while the man started on unconcerned the faithful animal after retreating a short distance, cowered down in the bushes, licking his hurts and moaning pitifully.

All day the man strode on. Once he passed a waterfall. The wild rush and roar of the waters seeming to madden him. Turning, he rushed back into it and stood a moment, the icy flood drenching him to the skin. He shrieked out. Perhaps it was the scream of the Beast, as it felt the cold chill of the torrent.

Then night came on, with its ghostly shadows. The moon rose and looked into the dim glades, and still the crazed man maintained the same unbroken pace.

As the day broke, he fell, completely exhausted, beside a tiny brook, and thrusting his head down like a wounded deer, he lapped up a few draughts from the cool fountain. Then turning upon his back, with his distorted features turned up, he looked blankly at the blue sky.

As he laid there thus, an animal sprang into view, moving rapidly with its nose close to the ground. It was evidently upon the wild man's trail. But instantly, as it discovered the form lying still and silent beside the stream, it shrank back into the bushes, raising its head and snuffing the air as if to determine whether the prostrate form were living or dead. It seemed satisfied that the form had life, for it did not venture nearer, but crept still further back into the thicket, peering furtively out from time to time. At other times it painfully licked different parts of its body.

It was Shep. Undaunted by his master's cruel blows

and curses, and quite unmindful of his desperately bruised side, he had recovered from his bewilderment and taken up Standish's trail, following it thru the pathless solitudes, to live or die, faithful to the memory of his beloved master. Within the dumb brute's brain was that instinct of blind faith, which the horse and the dog have ever evinced so nobly. Blind, undaunted faith, yea, constant e'en unto death.

But to return to the man.

Standish was making the soul-battle of his life.

Severe, think you, dear reader?

Let us turn to the chronicle of another sorely-tempted individual.

Christ, the Son of Man, fasted forty days in the wilderness, that he might triumph in the cause of righteousness. For forty days and nights, His soul was filled with the demons of Satan, in dreadful deadly conflict with the elect of Heaven. The most stupendous drama ever enacted in the annals of the Theatre Terrible, or recorded in the chronicles of man.

At last despairing, Satan fell back into the black pit of hell, while the glad seraphic songs of rejoicing triumphant angels filled the soul of the Saviour. The Heavens opened, and He saw God. He hungered, and angels ministered unto Him. Returning to Jerusalem, He performed His divine mission; and expiring upon Calvary, the World was washed in the blood of the Lamb.

And thus, into the wilderness went Standish Brown, to fast, to starve, to subdue the lustful body, to feed the weak spirit with righteous thoughts. Soul-food, divine elixir, quaffed from the breast of Solitude.

For seven days Standish plunged on into the wilderness. Scenting the smoke of a prospector's fire, he would turn in the opposite direction. Seeing a settler's cabin, he would run away from it. In his mad flight he would gather wild berries, and eat them as he fled. Once he caught a trout with his bare hands thrust suddenly into a pool of water left by the floods, and eating it raw, he threw its head and spine into the bushes, where Shep, starved to the thinness of a wolf, but still clinging tenaci-

ously to his master's trail, found them and crunched them down ravenously. As the sun rose brightly on the morning of the eighth day of the unhappy man's wanderings, he was evidently almost too weak to rise from where he had fallen in the dry bed of a late spring watercourse. After lying there for sometime, completely helpless, he finally endeavored to rise. He struggled to his knees. His clothes were in rags, and his torn flesh showed thru the rents in the tattered garments.

But he did not mind the bleeding flesh, the wounds were the sweet thorn pricks of his temptation. What was mere flesh to a soul at peace? Ah! Sweet, glorious peace of God at last! And kneeling there in the deep sand-ripples in the soft breeze of the morning, with tears of joy rolling down his emaciated cheeks, he prayed long and fervently.

His soul was free at last. Gloriously free.

He had passed from under the Shadow. He had fought the terrible Beast which had cast that shadow, and over its dead form he beheld once more the pure light of God.

Lust was slain.

Yes, there it laid, a corpse. A slain monster of iniquity.

"How art thou fallen, O Lucifer!"

Assured of its death, a celestial joy filled the soul of the exhausted man, and then, lying back upon the stones, he fainted.

When he awoke, the morning star was glittering brilliantly in the East, just above the first gray streaks of dawn. He had slept nearly twenty-four hours.

A heavy dew had wet his face. He was very cold, and he shook like a leaf. But rolling over he closed his eyes again. Soon the sun came rolling up and warmed him, and as it fully lighted up the ravine, he grew wide awake again, and sitting up, he looked about him.

A few yards away an object was squatted, which he thought at first was a wolf. But soon he recognized it as his faithful dog, Shep.

"Shep," he called, "Good dog, Shep," he said coaxingly.

Slowly the poor, wounded, half-starved animal crawled

forward on his belly. He did not know whether he was to receive another cruel blow, or be greeted with a caress. His dark eyes were moist. His tail beating nervously upon the ground as he slowly crept forward. Finally reaching his master's hand, he licked it eagerly with his feverish tongue. Then assured, and snuffing his unspeakable joy thru his delicate nostrils, he poked his brown nose into his master's lap; and as Standish looked down at him with his streaming eyes, the poor brute looked up into his face, and expressed his great joy in prolonged howls.

Standish hugged him fondly and wept over the animal's cruel bruises. Weak as he was, he had discovered them. Then he wondered how they came there. Some terrible fall he supposed. But the dog knew, and as he snuggled his nose with confidence into his master's lap, he forgot them all in his great joy. His good master was himself again.

Slowly Standish began to realize his desperate condition, dimly recollecting portions of his wild wanderings. That which he could not recall, the tattered clothes, the bloody scratches and cuts, the starving condition of the dog and himself, told only too plainly. But again his spirit was revived by the illumination of a soul bathed in the divine light of Purity. The day of trial was past. The great victory was won. A great joy would surely lead him to food and shelter.

By dint of half crawling, half walking, with the aid of a stick, he moved towards a point where he had observed a heavy smoke. The smoke rising at a point just ahead of him from over the crest of a low ridge.

He stopped and rested at least a dozen times in the steep ascent, Shep crawling up ahead of him. When the dog reached the summit, he wagged his tail assuringly, which filled his master with hope.

Finally, reaching the brow of the ridge by a last exhaustive effort, he recognized the smoke as that coming from a locomotive which must have just passed. Lying there for a long time, he rested. Soon another train rolled thru the valley. It was the second section of Denver & Rio Grande, No. 4, eastward bound for Denver. But he

did not know this at the time. He only knew that it was a train, running upon a track at the foot of the ridge which he had so laboriously ascended. Fortunately, he could make better time down grade. The faithful dog went ahead as before. Pausing occasionally, he would wait until his master came up, and after licking his thin, trembling hand, he would again lead the way.

Standish finally reached the track late that afternoon, and digging a hole between the ties, he inserted his stick. To this he tied his handkerchief. Then laying down beside the track, almost fainting from his exertions and the pangs of extreme hunger, he waited for help.

As the sun was dropping far down into the West, he heard the low rumble of a hand-car coming down the track, loaded with a section crew returning from their day's work. The men on board saw the signal, and slowed up. Stopping the car, they leaped off and greeted Standish, and observing his pitible condition the foreman pulled out a bottle of brandy and forced him to take a generous swallow. Standish protested weakly but without avail. It was the first taste of liquor he had ever drank. Still the stern uncompromising Puritan.

Placing Standish and the dog upon the floor of the car, among the tools and dinner buckets, the men started on, and reaching the lonely station of Beaver Creek, they turned the exhausted, half-starved creatures over to the station agent, who was also the day operator. Standish pulled a dollar out of his pocket, and handing it to the agent, said faintly,

"I want to send a telegram to Colonel Charles Rose at Denver. Please write it out for me." The agent nodding his readiness, Standish dictated the following:

"I am all O. K. Will see you tomorrow or next day. Wire Rourke of the mine."

"Please sign it, Standish Brown," he added.

"Standish Brown!" exclaimed the operator, in astonishment. "Good God, man, they have offered a reward of $10,000.00 for your whereabouts, dead or alive. It's been in the papers for a week."

"Is that so?" said Standish, "I never thought I was worth ten thousand to anyone; it may be dead, tho, if I don't get a bite of something to eat before long."

The agent rattled off the message like one possessed, then running to the kitchen, where his wife was getting supper, he informed her of the incident, and returning with her, they helped Standish to a chair at the table. He ate ravenously, reaching down great chunks of bread and meat to the starving dog. The agent soon became alarmed. He too, began to think it would indeed be "dead," if he didn't check this fierce onslaught of his guest. And he was actually forced to stop the thin, gaunt man from further indulgence, for fear that he might kill himself from overeating. Then getting him upstairs to bed, and giving Shep a rug on the floor, the agent closed the door, whereupon, Shep immediately crawled up on the bed, and slept in his accustomed place at his master's feet.

The next morning at ten o'clock, when the agent looked in on them, Standish was snoring heavily. But Shep looked up, and thrusting his head between his paws again, blinked sleepily. At five o'clock that afternoon the agent visited them again.

Standish opened his eyes.

"What time it is, neighbor?" he asked. "When does the next train leave for Denver? Say, where the deuce is this place, anyway?" he continued, with reviving powers.

And as the good-natured agent made answer to his strange guest's hurried questions, Standish laid back on the bed and sighed. It was at least fifty miles in an air-line from Plume. God only knew what the distance was as he had traveled it. Over hill and dale, up and down great mountains, including the Continental Divide, and a turning away from everything that resembled a human habitation.

"Call me at supper time, please," he said, after a moment, "and say, make it a bully one, and you'll never regret it."

And for the first time the agent laughed at his guest.

"All right, Mr. Brown," he replied, "wife will fill you up this time sure, for I declare you seem to need it."

Standish left a lot of happy fellows behind him at the lonely station of Beaver Creek. To each of the section men he gave a generous-sized check, and afterward from Denver he sent presents to the married men's children and wives. They talk about it to this day on the Rio Grande. And the station agent and his good wife, who have moved several times since then, invariably receive handsome presents every Christmas, in the memory of two meals served to a man and a dog in the little red station-house of Beaver Creek.

Standish arrived in Denver the night of the day following his wire to the Colonel, the Colonel meeting him at the depot with his carriage at a late hour. The next morning after breakfast, as they sat in the Colonel's cozy den, the following conversation took place.

Shep was there, too, lying contentedly beside the fireplace, with his brown paws resting upon the delicate pink tiling, and his nose thrust between them. While the Colonel, puffing a fragrant cigar, and blowing the smoke toward the fire, looked up at Standish curiously and said,

"Standish, now on the dead, what caused you to give us a scare like this?"

Standish looked dreamily into the fire for a moment without replying, his face twitching awkwardly, and his long legs shifting uneasily. Finally he said:

"Colonel, did you ever do anything in your life that you never told anyone about? A sort of a closed-book incident, you know. You — you know I never have had a chance to sow my wild oats yet, Colonel. Perhaps that accounts for it in a man of my age."

The Colonel looked at Standish with his face half saddened, half smiling, at the very *vivid* recollection of several interesting "closed-book" incidents occurring in his own long and eventful career, especially of the wild oats' period.

"Yes, I reckon I have, my boy," he finally drawled out, with deep significance.

"Well, Colonel," continued Standish, "this was just

one of those occurrences that a self-respecting man locks up in his own soul. One of those secrets in which only God and the individual are concerned. I'm sorry I kicked over the traces, and caused you all this vexation and worry, old friend; but darn it, Colonel, it's hard to trot the road steady all the time, and now that I'm myself again, I'll try and make amends. Too long in the one same rut and grind, old friend, will bring down the strongest."

The Colonel read between the lines, and he marveled at the man, who, motherless, fatherless, without wife, child, or sweetheart — for all he knew — and possessed of enough wealth to tempt him to the most supreme material pleasures, could enter into the wilderness of nature and sweep from his lonely heart even the thought of indulgence.

Standish received a perfect ovation when he arrived at Plume. And Billy, who had been taken in charge by the faithful Rourke, was almost overcome by the great joy of again resuming the company of his former friends. Many searching parties had been organized and sent out, after Ferrari had imparted the knowledge which Fiorina had so tearfully given him.

She was the last person known to have seen Standish, and Rourke and Nelson felt positive that their employer had become temporarily deranged — a not infrequent occurence among those living in the Great Hills. Physicians generally attribute such lapses to the long, dull monotony of mountain life and the high altitude.

Standish earnestly thanked his friends for their tireless efforts in his behalf, explaining matters as best he could. He offered money to several members of the searching parties, which was almost indignantly refused, in spite of the fact that the Colonel had offered a reward of $10,000.00 for the person of his principal.

Standish soon resumed his accustomed duties at the mine, altho it took weeks of careful dieting to nourish him back to his former vigor.

CHAPTER XI

The few days which Standish spent in the wilderness, Fiorina passed in tears and intense anxiety. Poor Ferrari was at his wits end, not only in controlling his personal anxiety for the absence, and possible death, of his employer, but also in quieting the fears of his granddaughter. One evening as they sat at the supper table, Fiorina had suddenly broken into tears as Ferrari sorrowfully told her of the non-success of the searching parties. The old man looked at her pityingly, as he read her secret, saying:

"Leetle one, me knowa, me savy, you lova zee beeg man, all same sweetheart, like wife."

Fiorina did not reply, but continued her passionate sobbing, concealing her face with her handkerchief. Ferrari arose, and taking off a cover of the stove he placed a live coal in the bowl of his pipe. After pacing back and forth in the little room for a few moments, nervously blowing great clouds of smoke, with his dark eyes gleaming fiercely from under their snowy brows, he suddenly exclaimed:

"Saccaree! Love is dam! Zee hella feel, my leetle babee, my sweet leetle Fiorina. She lova zee beeg man. She worse than die 'bout him. Ah! Jeeza Krista! Love is dam. What for is hurtem heart," he mused, as if questioning some unseen philosopher.

Later, when he brought her the good news of Standish's safe return, he was again greeted with tears, but they were tears of joy this time, and he thought that at this outburst his home would again be gladdened by the sound of his little one's voice, singing gaily as she served him with the hot supper and coffee. But not so, she did not brighten. Days, weeks, months passed, but the glad voice was heard no more.

Fiorina had experienced since her first transports of joy at the news of Standish's return, a gradual sinking in her heart.

DOUBT had crept into her soul. The ingenuous faith of her girlhood had suddenly been replaced by a great uncertainty. It was the effect of her newly-arrived womanhood. The happy, artless girl has no doubts, but the sensitive, experiencing woman has.

Doubt is the quaking aspen of the soul. Its roots strike deep into the fertile soil of thought, and its timorous leaves tremble in the never ceasing draught of impressions.

The impress of the terrible words with which Standish had addressed her the day of his departure had never left her. True, they were only the fierce raving words of a deranged man, yet they rang in her sensitive ears fearfully. They caused her to doubt. When doubt enters the soul, Faith weakens, Love droops and despairs.

Standish's mad words, followed by his prolonged absence, had suddenly confronted the intuitive, light-hearted, unreasoning maid, with perplexities, worries, calculations. She was placed in an atmosphere that was unnatural to her. She could not reason. Calculation numbed her. Her soul being of that spontaneous, refined nature, which laughs in the sun, droops beneath the clouds, chills in the storm. A light-seeking nature, which thrives only in an atmosphere of sunshine and smiles, whose subtile elements, when agitated with weightier substances, thicken, become congealed, and refuse to flow.

Thus Fiorina mused and wept continuously. Perhaps Standish did not love her as a woman. Perhaps he only loved her as a child. Perhaps — perhaps he did not love her at all, with that supreme passion which a strong man should display toward that woman whom he desires to make his wife, and which a true woman herself demands. All these questions filled the despairing soul of the Italian maid.

Fiorina had never thought like this before. The womanhood which Standish had discovered in her, and which had tempted him almost beyond his strength, was now unfolded to herself. The morbid, blind, questioning thoughts of the full-sexed woman began to torment her.

As with the face of that great statue of Morning, which

Michael Angelo's art created to adorn the tomb of Lorenzo de Medici; that muscular, forceful, virgin figure, whose face expresses, in lieu of the bright smile of a celestial-dawn maiden, the wearied, serious, slowly awakening visage of a mature, pain-conscious woman. That cold marble face which seems to conceal a soul filled with the vague dim consciousness, that life, the real, ripe life of the full mature years, contains the ashy cup of sorrows, labors, aches, and pains; as well as the golden sunshine of happiness and joy; and further, was it worth the while for the creature, and whose the responsibility of placing wormwood in the cup of pleasure?

Thus Fiorina was dimly beginning to know life. Nature, in maturing her to womanhood, had presented her a glittering dagger with which to wound her flesh. A torch to light her soul. A veil to hide her tears. Thus doubt gnawed at her heartstrings. Her cheeks lost their bloom. Her plump form thinned. Her natural gaiety of spirits sank to the depths of silent grief, and her dark eyes crept far back into their sockets, their lids seemingly ever brimming with tears.

As she stood one morning looking out of the south window of their cottage upon the first snows of winter, all glistening white and pure in the rays of the rising sun, she seemed to be a thing of almost transparent waxen beauty. Going to the east window, where her canary bird was perched in its cage and protected from the cold draught by a heavy shade, she raised the shade, and the warbler bathed soft and mellow in the bright sunshine, bobbed its tiny head from side to side, as if but half awake. Fiorina looked wistfully at the yellow thing and sighed deeply. All the longings of her sad heart went out to the pretty artless creature.

"Nicca, Nicca, sing to me," she said appealingly, putting up her hand between the bars of the cage for the bird to kiss, the tapering fingers showing rosy in the rays of the sun as the rich blood coursed thru them. The songster pecked daintly at its mistress' fingers for a moment, and then darted away.

"Nicca, Nicca, sing to me," she repeated imploringly, her dark eyes moistening. Returning to its perch the yellow beauty spread its wings in the warm sunshine, first one and then the other, darting its slender head under each wing and thrusting its tiny beak into the soft down, as if enjoying the dainty charms and delicate odor of its tender flesh.

"Chirp, chirp," it peeped, looking out of the window as its tiny soul began to awaken. Presently, as the sun mounted higher and higher, it began a timorous, plaintive song. Then, as the sunbeams gradually warmed, its song grew louder and louder, and, finally, as all the gladness of the morning filled its piping soul, it burst forth in full-throated, beatific, spontaneous melody.

Fiorina stood there with her hands clasped in exquisite ecstasy, the passionate effulgent vibrations of the glad song thrilling her soul with a divine meaning; and falling upon her knees before the porcelain image of her Saviour, she was filled with the full, glad sweetness of womanly joy.

CHAPTER XII

Grim winter had come again, binding up the village with its icy bleakness, and loosening the snowy folds of that white winding sheet which for eight months of the year shrouds the giant forms of the Eternal Hills.

For days the storm had raged, wildly tossing the white legions of the snow-king upon the fierce shrieking winds.

Winter never entirely leaves the mountains. Among the high peaks and the Continental Divide, it has built its eternal lair. In the summer time it withdraws, cowering far back into the cañons, crevices, caves, and gulches of the north slopes, but at the very first moment of its carnival season, it leaps shrieking and exulting into the depths of the shivering valleys and gulches, and rushing from the mountain fastnesses out upon the wide-spreading plains, scourges to action its terror-spreading, frost-biting, storm-frenzied legions of ice.

The wild Tartar winds are the mad bellowing steeds of the snow and ice legions. Skimming the air with their white riders and frosty manes, they drive the terror-struck birds to the far southland. They flay bruin to his lair and shut him up in his cave for his long winter's nap. They seal the hole of the squirrel, the chipmunk, and the gopher. They lock up the trout streams, and cast the sun-laughing lakes and pools into vast mirrors of glittering ice. Upon the Great Plains they freeze the brown tufted buffalo grass fast to the poverty-stricken soil, and smother the drought-defying cacti in pillows of fleece.

Hoary, vicious, cruel old Winter.

Monarch of Bites.

King of Stings.

Great Prince of Nips.

Lash your steeds. Split the air with your wild, exultant laughter. Chain up the waters with your frosts. Scourge

flesh to its red fires; and bind up the great sun in your conquering strands of ice.

For days the elements had raged thus in the gulch. Occasionally the sun would shine palely thru the rifts in the clouds, but the storm-king would as quickly rally his white legions and again storm the battlements of light with his folds of shining white. It was the great Winter of 1898-99. Known in the Rocky Mountain region and grimly recorded in the annals of mountain railroading, as the most terrible winter ever experienced on the Great Divide. The unusually heavy profits made by the mountain roads the previous summer, were not only wholly wiped out, but a heavy deficit was entailed, in penetrating and battling among the white ramparts of the snow-king. The C. C. & U. was blocked from Denver to Plume. A train which had arrived in Plume several days previous to the storm we are recording, was lying under light steam at the depot completely snowed in. Most of the mines were shut down owing to lack of fuel, and also to the difficulty which the miners experienced in going to and from their work.

Ferrari was at home this particular day, Standish having informed his men that they could stay home on full time until the storm abated. The men had gratefully accepted the generous favor and remained in the bosom of their families. The wives and children were happy in the secure home possession of husband and father, and hugely enjoyed themselves in their warm, snug cottages; while outside the storm-king raged incessantly and the slopes of the Great Hills smoked, misted, and scudded in the fierce onslaught of his fury.

Altho Ferrari remained close in his cottage that day, Rourke and Nelson, forever wrapped up in the life of the mine, had managed to plow their way thru the deep drifts to Standish's cottage and report to their chief. They did not attempt to enter the mine, however, and after warning Standish of the vast masses and combs of snow which hung menacingly over the crest of the Emerald, and which were especially noticeable from the village, and also pointing out the great treacherous snow-

fields lying many feet deep upon the nearer slopes of the same mountain, they returned to their homes.

During a mountain blizzard the snow generally lies in great unbroken drifts in the lower levels of the gulches, but upon the upper slopes it tumbles and rolls in the fury of the wind like the billows of a white ocean; while upon the more lofty, distant cliffs and crags, it lies massed and crouched as a lion of threatening white, in enormous overhanging folds, combs, and cornices.

In the Rocky Mountain region the snow is looked upon and called the White Death.

The White Wolf.

During several months of winter it is a constant, ever close hovering, hideous death shape to the anxious mind of the miner's wife, holding close and fast within its sinuous folds of shining fleece all the terrors of the death-dealing snow-slide. A death which snuffs out human lives as noiselessly, remorselessly, and completely, as a draught of air snuffs out the flame of a candle.

The miner's wife kisses her husband good-bye on a bright winter's morning. He plows his way thru the deep snow on his way to the mine. When suddenly, perhaps when he is only half way, he sees a white cloud bearing down upon him from the upper slopes of the mountain. He leaps and tries to escape, but it avails little in the deep, overpowering drifts, and usually the course of the dreadful death shape is so uncertain that many have saved their lives by calmly waiting and standing still, in the hope that it may turn from its course and pass harmlessly by. In any event, it's a mere gamble, standing still or running, for the slide moves with the velocity of a hurricane. Striking its victim, it sweeps him away in a smother of silence, and a few days later they bring him home in a box, after a score or more of men have exhausted themselves in digging his remains from under the débris of the remorseless slide. Sometimes they do not find his body until the snow melts in the spring, and thus the unhappy wife and family live thru the long, dreary months haunted day and night by a prospective funeral. And sometimes, too, the husband

never returns, but is buried under tons and tons of rock, which the slide has gathered in its fall.

A quartz miner's life is always a very hazardous one, and altho he is prone to laugh at its dangers, yet his poor wife feels the ever crouching terror of it; and ever dreading its appalling uncertainty, she generally lives to bury her dead one by one. The husband, the sons, perhaps the grandsons; crushed with rock, swallowed up in the snow-slide, or torn and rent by the premature blast, or the missed shot. Thus hideous death, met in several terrifying forms, ever abides with her, as her men folk burrow for gold in the bowels of the Great Hills.

In its remarkable gyrations, a snow-slide is almost as freakish as a Kansas cyclone.

A snow-slide has been known to cut a bunk-house in two with the keenness of a cheese knife, engulfing the sleeping inmates in one end and precipitating them into the depths of the gulch below, and piling upon their prostrate forms the bulk of a tumbling crag; only to leave the men in the opposite end of the house, if they escaped suffocation from the vacuum caused by the terrific onrush of the slide, entirely unharmed, almost unshaken in their bunks, with their erstwhile snug quarters open to the sky.

A slide has been known to spare a fragile pine, and yet smash to kindling wood a massive shaft house, carrying it down to yawning depths, with all its heavy machinery.

As the sides of a mountain often resemble a steep pitched roof, one can, to a certain extent, imagine the phenomenon of a snow-slide on a small scale, by starting a marble from the peak of a steep-roofed house. Starting slowly, it perhaps bounces several times as it hits the different tiers of shingles or tiles, then reaching the eaves it leaps off with a bound, perhaps falling to the roof of a shed beneath, and with constantly accelerated speed, finally plunging into the street or yard, and quite likely rolling many feet upon the level until it bumps into a fence or other obstruction, and stops.

Now, instead of a mere marble rolling thus over a few

paltry feet of roof, imagine a ball of snow, as large as the bulk weight and diameter of a twenty-story building. Say, for instance, a ball the size of the Masonic Temple of Chicago, flying like a diminutive world or moon, with all the terrific, gathered up, hurtling force of a full mile or more of almost perpendicular fall.

A gigantic ball of snow, ice, rock, and fallen trees, of a mass three or four hundred feet thick, plunging thus thru one or two miles of sheer yawning space.

To attempt to realize it, just fancy a mile set up on edge, and see if you would care to stand upon the high-reared end and jump off.

Imagine, then, just such a colossal ball, and they are often many times larger, and of different shapes and forms, rolling and plunging, flying and leaping, over a gigantic snow and slippery ice-coated roof, which, stretching and sloping precipitously down a full mile or more, ends abruptly in the depths of a narrow gulch. Thus trees, boulders, crags, shaft-houses, whole mine dumps, and sometimes even villages, are swept away in the terrible leap of these monstrous death balls. Swept away as ruthlessly as the heavy wooden ball of the bowler, rushing down the polished slopes of the alley, drives the helpless ten-pins into the sack.

It is rare for anyone to know the exact starting of a slide. But the usual cause is merely the addition of snowflakes.

Atoms of frost, falling one by one.

One and one makes two. Two and two makes four, and so on, *ad infinitum.*

Tiny particles of ice, dropping—dropping, falling—falling, adding—adding, multiplying into great fleecy piles, swelling into huge drifts, and rolling up into great unbroken snowfields.

Vast mats of wet, moist snow, freezing as it falls, and blowing over the crests of the mountains like shifting sand; reaching out and forming monster combs and cornices, clinging precariously with the weight of tons and tons, to the smooth granite crags and crevices of the jagged crests of the Terrible Hills, and the more regular

formation of the towering walled heights of the Continental Divide, much as one sees them on a small scale form and project over the eaves of a building.

Sometimes these great treacherous combs form from twenty to forty feet thick over a mountain crest a half a mile long. Tons upon tons of snow, thus hovering over, projecting, and clinging to the dizzy eaves of a mountain, formed by the eternal sweep of the continental winds blowing miles above the plains, and only awaiting the moment which a mounting spring sun or a warm chinook wind offers, to plunge in screaming exultation into the doomed valley below; which all peaceful and smiling, is seen as a tiny vale of green and white thru the mists and vapors of towering Titans of granite and marble, thrust dizzily upward in the world of clouds, the earth companions of stars, moons, and nebulae.

THE ADDITION OF SNOWFLAKES!

This is the true and latent force of the snow-slide.

But the thing that starts it, is often only recorded in the voiceless silent bosom of a solitude so profound, that even virgin Luna veils her face in terror as she swiftly glides across its ghostly strand.

It is an appalling chronicle of Nature, to the true history of which only Nature herself can certify.

Mere atoms dropping from a cloud, light as air, falling one by one upon a pine bough. Filling up the crevices far above timber-line among the high poised and hair balanced talus. Perhaps one of these crevices becomes entirely filled with a mass of the beautiful. The temperature suddenly rises and the snow falls wet and heavy. Then a cold draught sweeps from the Northwest and a heavy crust is formed. Then a great death comb begins to extend its dreadful tentacles over the edge of the cliff. Soon a gusty wind rises, and tugs fiercely at this ghastly finger of death as it lies dizzily overlapping. The heedless, eternally teasing wind continues to sport and play with this dread finger. Finally it breaks, and falling, starts other pieces of crust and masses of loose snow.

Or perhaps, so innocent is Nature afield and at play, a snow bird alighting upon a timber-line pine clinging

to the face of a cliff, and whose boughs are heavily laden with snow, precipitates a tiny mass of the beautiful down to a slightly lower level of the precipice which is overlapped with a thin crust of ice projecting perilously out over the edge of the cliff. This sudden fall breaks off a piece of it. They fall together, a few feet below breaking off an icicle hanging on a steep ledge.

The entire mass then falls upon the edge of another ledge, upon which is a small, loose rock or stick. This adds weight to the mass, and in the fall of a few feet the infant has both weight and momentum. It rapidly picks up and starts larger rocks, sticks, and masses of snow and ice, also quantities of loose snow begin to be sucked into the vacuum caused by the fall, and which follow the mass closely and with ever increasing volume.

Striking a frozen cascade or watercourse, the mass glides swiftly across the smooth frozen surface, to plunge downward with a fierce glut of spill and roar, upon a huge snow field, which, lying at an angle of eighty degrees and barely clinging to the face of the mountain, is just ready for something to start it; a vast pillow of fine, granulated, dry snow, weighing hundreds of tons, and as full of remorseless smother, crush, and stifle, as thousands of bushels of grain bursting the walls of a tide-water elevator and sweeping into the sea.

Away then, goes the whole mass, plunging, plowing, leaping, rolling, twisting, grinding, and smothering; gathering force, bulk, and velocity with every foot of fall.

In half a mile, or twenty-six hundred and forty feet, of almost perpendicular fall, it attains a resistless force, whose impact is certain death and destruction to the object it meets; and whose path is the steep slopes of the mountain stretching dizzily down a full mile or more below in the clouds and mists, smoothed, perhaps, by glacial action, to the polish of a toboggan slide, and over which the White Wolf plunges with frightful velocity, screaming its death song to the helpless landscape below.

Sometimes a giant crag itself, cracked and split asunder long ago by the dynamic forces of frost and sun, poises just ready to fall; and as the slide leaps down the moun-

tain and strikes it with terrific impact, the enormous mass of rock groaning like a wounded giant, slowly starts, and finally tottering, falls with the appalling welter of a shattered mountain in the wake of the swifter slide. And long after the slide itself has swept into the depths with a fierce expiring roar, the enormous bulk and gigantic splinters of the shattered crag, crunch, batter, grind and pulverize the landscape as they hurl themselves downward with fearful screams and bellowings, to bury themselves with deafening thuds and batterings into the howling and groaning muck and ruin of the lower landscape.

Sometimes these falling crags choke up and block whole streams, forming large dams which cause the waters to rise and back up to form tiny lakes and pools. While occasionally a stream is turned completely from its course and is forced into a new and more tortutous channel.

Such are the ways and circumstances of a snow-slide in the central Rocky Mountain region, but more often the snow-slide is started by the vast combs and cornices clinging to the edges of the topmost cliffs and precipices of the Continental Divide and its parallel ranges, and formed by a steady sweeping northwest wind which blows almost constantly from September until April. Either in midwinter, early or late spring, from the effects of slight or heavy thaws, an unusually heavy wind, or from their sheer weight—this latter item largely dependent upon the extent of the snowfall of the season which usually attains a depth of from ten to fifteen feet—these combs, weighing hundreds of tons, fall, letting loose horrid elements of death and destruction. In many places among the Great Hills, these slides fall or "run"—as the miners say—regularly, and the inhabitants of the region, knowing their habits, are prepared for them accordingly.

This then, is the phenomenon of a snow-slide in the Rocky Mountains. Started by the sheer weight of tiny accumulated snowflakes, it may engulf a whole village. It is the most dreaded, and one of the most common forms of death on the Great Divide.

The awful Render of beetling crags.

The ghostly Shroud of the unhappy miner.

The grim Devastator of the Great Hills.
The White Wolf of the Great Divide.

Fiorina went to the west window and gave a last glance at the dying winter day. The storm was undoubtedly breaking. The snow had ceased falling, but the wind was rising and flecking light whiffs of snow from the pine boughs and the slightly crusted drifts, and blowing the loose snow in a wide seething sea. Ugh! How it moaned its dismal dirge in the chimney. A faint flush was in the distant west. The first bit of sky color thruout the long winter day. A ribbon of pink flung by the setting sun upon the white tip of the Peak, as the golden ball rolled on its swift way toward Chinaland.

She looked up at the towering white crags fearfully. A thin curl of smoke was rising from the chimney of Standish's cottage, far up the side of the Emerald. The cottage itself, almost buried in the deep snow banks, being further identified by the eaves partially visible above the smother of white. Fiorina wondered if a slide could possibly come down upon it. The once great forest of conifers above it had become greatly thinned out during the past few years, the various mines in the vicinity, including the 40 Rounds, having used large quantities of them for timbering. There was still a thin fringe a short distance above the cottage, the valiant spruces tossing their branches about in the wild wind seemed utterly defiant of slides and weather. To the timid fear-struck woman, however, they appeared like mere pipestems. It did not seem to her that they could offer much resistance to a heavy slide. And after darting a last prayerful glance in the direction of the cottage, she pulled down the shade, and, lighting the lamp, she began the supper.

CHAPTER XIII

At midnight Fiorina awoke with a start. She fancied that she had heard a great roar and crash, and a cold sweat suffused her brow. Instantly the master thought came to her—Standish.

Throwing back the heavy coverings of her bed she stepped into her soft warm comforts, and going to the west window raised the shade. The stars were shining brightly. The wind had died down, and the vast solitudes were wrapped in absolute silence save for the rush of the stream over its rocky bed. She looked eagerly toward her lover's cottage.

"Merci Jesu!" she exclaimed, reeling back as tho struck with a blow. Recovering herself, she rubbed her eyes and looked again, pressing her cheek closely against the pane in a vain endeavor to distinguish the roof or chimney of the cottage.

But no, *the cottage was positively not there.*

As she started back in wild dismay, the frost on the pane almost tore the skin from her cheek. Nearly expiring in a paroxysm of fear, with a tumult of agonizing thoughts agitating her, she rushed to wake her grandfather in the next room. Reaching his bedside, she hesitated, stopped, and returned to the window; where, straining her vision until her dark eyes fairly started from her head, she endeavored to assure herself that she was not dreaming and the cottage was there.

But no, there was no mistake, the house had completely disappeared.

Returning to the center of the room, the stars lighting it dimly, she strove to gather her senses, a great horror filling her soul. Then dressing herself rapidly, shaking in an ague of fear, she flung a heavy shawl over her shoulders and pulled on a pair of mittens. After unlocking the door, she returned for a moment, and taking from

its place in the front room her image of the Saviour, she placed it in her bosom; and returning to the front door she stepped softly out in the bitter cold of the ghostly mountain night, leaving her grandfather to his dreams.

Fiorina never could tell how she reached the site of the Brown cottage. It is a mystery to her as well as to others even to this day. Fairly wallowing waist high in the deep snow drifts as she climbed foot after foot of the steep trail, she often fell at full length. Once she was completely lost to view, swallowed up in a large drift of light snow which had blown into a depression of the trail. Almost overcome by her exertions, she laid half smothered in the suffocating fleece, but finally managed to emerge in safety. By this time a cloud of steam arose from under her shawl, and she was perspiring as freely as tho she was taking a Turkish bath. But thru it all, her eyes were never once taken from the spot where Standish's cottage might by some miracle appear.

It was fearfully cold. The stillness of the ghostly winter night was appalling. Across the creek a snow-slide came rushing down the slopes of the Castle, falling with a heavy smothered thud into the stream and followed by a long streamer of light snow. A huge rock followed in its wake, filling the gulch with the boom of its resounding blows. "Crash-crash, crack-crack, boom-boom!" it leaped and rolled, finally smashing into the creek with a last shattering roar. Smaller slides were coming down all about her as she struggled forward. But she had no thought of the terrors of the dread slide or of the arctic chill of the winter night. Only the agonizing thought of her lover's fate filled her distracted soul.

Finally she reached the site of the cottage, but not a board or a splinter; not even a brick of the chimney was left to tell the tale. A great naked gash cut deep in the side of the mountain was the mute evidence of the fatal slide. The former fringe of conifers above the site of the cottage was completely swept away, and only an inch or so of light snow and frost covered the path of the slide where she now stood in silent despair gazing into the depths. Sweep-

ing it away with her hands she vainly searched for some fragment of the foundation.

Long she labored there with despairing moans, until holes were worn through her thick mittens and her hands were covered with blood. Above, the great stars gleamed coldly down upon her from the vast vault of heaven, and all about her lay the ghostly fields of newly fallen snow.

Suddenly she arose from her knees and looked intently downward at the creek where it flowed some five hundred feet below. A great mound of débris was piled up where the slide had fallen into it, and the wild waters were surging and gurgling around and over the enormous mass which had so suddenly choked its channel.

"Merci Jesu! He be dead—dead!" she shrieked in despair, taking from her bosom the image. "Yes! It would mark both their graves," she thought, and pressing it to her lips, she prepared to plunge downward toward the cold waters beneath, to die upon the grave of her lover. A calmness came over her as she kissed the image and prayed there in the wilderness of white. Peace—sweet peace, had come to her at last. She would be his bride in dëath, if not in life.

Advancing unhesitatingly to take the leap, and standing half poised for a moment on the brink, she was startled by something cold being suddenly thrust into her half opened hand. Uttering a little shriek of fear and shrinking back, she discovered it to be the cold muzzle of a dog.

It was Shep, who immediately leaped up into her lap licking her bruised hands eagerly as she stooped down to embrace him, the beloved pet of her adored. Then, as she crouched there with the faithful animal, she thought. "Had he been carried down in the wreck, and somehow escaped from the ruins?" Suddenly she heard a sound, that proved to be the door of the tunnel banging dismally against the side of the mountain.

"Could—could it be possible that some one was in the mine?" If so, together they might find the ruins of the cottage, and perhaps rescue her lover if he were still alive. Surely if Shep had escaped, there might be some hope

for Standish. And as Shep had started for the mouth of the tunnel, wallowing heavily in the deep drifts, she followed him, a vague hope lighting up her haggard features. Reaching the tunnel door she peered intently into the long black hole.

Yes!—No!

Yes, it was gloriously true! A light was visible, showing dimly in the far end of the tunnel. It must be the fireman. She felt of the steam pipes which furnished the power to run the hoisting plant in the interior of the mine. They were quite warm, almost too hot for her hand. Yes, it must be the fireman or engineer. But why were they not in the boiler house close by? She would see.

The boiler house was built, in fact anchored with heavy cables to the mountain, close up under an overhanging ledge to the right of the tunnel entrance, its stack running up alongside the sheer wall of the mountain. Going to the door Fiorina timidly opened it and looked in. No one in sight. Entering, she called, but no one answered, tho the fire showed signs of having been banked early in the evening, not later than midnight. Again she entered the tunnel, undoubtedly the engineer or fireman was in the hoisting chamber.

Speeding down the wet, slimy floor, splashing showers of thin mud on the gray granite walls and on the steam pipes, she reached the huge chamber which had been blasted out of the solid granite at the end of the tunnel for the hoisting machinery which old Peter had promised to instal in the mine just before his death. Looking cautiously around the corner, she espied a light burning near the great drum around which was wound the steel cable of the hoist. She could see no one, but could hear Shep sniffing and snifling about the steam coil.

Remaining in the shadow of the drum, she carefully advanced and peeped around it. And there—calmly reading by the light of a candle, with his back close to the warm steam coil, and Billy curled up in a ball at his feet, was her adored, Standish Brown.

Casting all reserve to the winds, the exhausted, joy

crazed maiden rushed toward him, and falling upon her knees, buried her head in his lap, passionately kissing his hands between her sobs of joy.

"Oh, Meester Brown," she cried breathlessly, as soon as she could speak, "Your house all gone. Slide come down. Down in creek now. I think you gone dead. Climb trail to see. I go down to creek to see you, but Shep he come, lead me here. Ah, Meester Brown, I so happy to see you 'gain. I be so lonesome without you. Why you not come to see me?"

For answer, the man gathered her up in his arms and pressed her to his breast. Between her sobs she continued brokenly, giving an occasional fierce little shake of her head.

"You naughty man. You leaf me. Drive me away. Me, your leetle Fiorina. You come back to Plume. You stay 'way from me forever then. Ah, I cry my eyes out 'bout you, Meester Brown. I hafe much pride too, Meester Brown. I run not after zee man, he must come see me. You, hear?" she added with mock seriousness. Then nestling down into his arms like a tired child, she grew silent.

After a time she looked up into his silent, serious face which showed dimly in the light of the flickering candle. Their eyes met. His shining in a great glory, hers melting in blissful joy. Within his heart was a vast unexpressible love for this child of Italy. Lifting up her head she pressed her red lips with melting passion upon his mouth, and exclaimed softly:

"Ah, Meester Brown, I lofe you so. 'Deed I nearly die 'bout you. Leetle Fiorina nearly jump into creek and go dead," then her head dropped back upon his arm.

If there was any lingering doubt in her heart, it was dispelled the next moment, for speaking at last, he voiced earnestly and tenderly the deep serious language of his heart.

"Little one. My own sweet little one, Fiorina. I will never leave you again. I will stay with you always. You shall be my own little wife. You and Ferarri shall live with me in a nice new cottage down in Plume, away from

these terrible slides. You shall have Billy. Shep will live with us. And nothing shall ever part us, little one, save death itself." As he finished, he lowered his head to the joyous eyes and melting lips of the happy maid. Their lips met once more, and their starving love hungering hearts sucked up the sweet juices of flesh.

For a long time they sat until the candle began to flicker ominously low in the socket. Fiorina was half asleep. Standish rose, and laid her on the bunk by the side of the warm steam coil. Over her he threw a great bear skin, a present from the Colonel. With the cottage swept away, it was the sole remaining article of his household. Fiorina opened her eyes as he placed the robe over her.

"Go to sleep now, little one," he said, "I will leave Billy and Shep here with you, and go down and tell Ferrari. You have nothing to fear, little one, I will be back soon," and kissing her dark eyes to sleep, he tucked her in under the great warm robe.

He looked at his watch, three o'clock. Then passing thru the tunnel he stepped forth under the stars.

Yes, the cottage was gone. The dear old home was swept away. His foreman's timely advice and his own judgment had saved both him and his pets from a terrible fate. Just before dark he had swept the slopes and crest of the Emerald with his field glasses, also noting the very questionable protection of the thin fringe of spruces above the cottage; he was convinced that the interior of the mine was good enough for him that night, especially as the fireman and engineer were snow bound, and it devolved upon him to keep up the fire under the boiler to prevent the pipes from freezing.

With the cottage had gone his library and the books of the mine. His heart fairly smote him as he thought of his father's violin swept away. But he had that last precious letter of his tucked safely in his inside pocket next to his heart. And too, the Colonel down in Denver had a piece of granite tipped with the first ore struck in the tunnel. "The Foot of Granite" as it were. He had given it to the Colonel to use as a paper weight. Now that his own specimen was destroyed, he would ask the Col-

onel for his. It seemed to him that these articles were his most precious treasures, outside of his darling Fiorina. Poor material things to be sure, but did they not represent sentiment, the truest and noblest wealth of life?

Most of the ore chute which extended down from the mouth of the tunnel to the railroad siding was gone, and two cars of the C. C. & U. had also been swept away, together with a considerable stretch of siding. And to this day, showing upon the books of the railroad company in the car accountant's office in Denver, is the following entry:

"Narrow gage ore cars, Nos. 871 and 492, were swept away by a snow and rock slide from the company's siding at the 40 Rounds mine at Plume. Loss, total."

Not a scrap of the ore chute, the cars, and the cottage, were ever recovered from under the tons upon tons of débris piled up in the bed of the creek.

As Standish struggled down the trail to Ferrari's, he wondered how in the name of heaven the frail and delicate Fiorina had ever managed to reach the mine. It was almost a miracle in his eyes.

"Yes," he thought, "a miracle wrought only by love. God bless her, I have at last come into my own."

Arriving at Ferrari's, he rapped loudly upon the door. The aged Italian rose quickly, something important must have happened for anyone to rouse him at this untimely hour.

"Who there?" he asked huskily, opening a crack of the door and shivering in his shirt, with his old purply veined legs half trembling in the cold draught.

"It's me, Standish Brown," replied the tall miner, and adding good-humoredly as Ferrari admitted him; "You lazy old Dago, to keep me out in the cold so long."

Without replying save with a relieved grunt, Ferrari looked hastily in the direction of Fiorina's room, the door of which was ajar. Advancing to shut it, he was amazed to find that her bed was empty, and with instantly clearing mind, he remembered that he had also found the outside door unlocked. Standish instantly noted the blanched face of the old man and spoke up quickly.

"Do not fear, good Ferrari, she is safe." The aged foreigner heaved a sigh of relief and started to fix the fire. Then as he got into his clothes, Standish told him the whole story, all save the love part of it. Then nerving himself, he also told that. The old man listened very attentively. Occasionally his eyes would moisten, but he kept nodding his head approvingly, which greatly assured and comforted the speaker.

"Ferrari," he said at last. "I love your little one. I want her for my wife. What do you say?"

For reply, Ferrari went into the front room, and Standish could hear him prowling about among Fiorina's trinkets on the parlor shelf. Presently he returned, softly closing the door. In his hands were two daguerreotypes, set in old-fashioned elaborately carved wooden frames lined with polished copper and old gold plush. Gravely handing one to Standish, he said:

"Stando, this my wife. I love her dam good. She good, pure, sweet. All same like Virgin Mary. Work like hell for me." Then handing him the second picture, he said, with the same deep and expressive dignity:

"This my daughter, leetle Fiorina's mother. She good, angel. Both good. Both live in heaven. Way up with Mary. All live together with Jeeza Krista. My leetle Fiorina, she good, too. Dam good. She lova you like hell. All good. By godda, Stando, all good. Good, good. Yes, you taka my leetle babee, Fiorina. I—I stay with you?" he added questioningly.

Standish nodded affrmatively.

"Good, dam good. When you get married?"

Standish looked at his watch.

"If the roads are passable, at four o'clock this afternoon," he answered.

The old Italian burst into a roar of laughter, saying:

"Ah, saccaree, zip; Italia man, him hot, like fire—but Merican man, Jeeza Krista, him devil, all same like hell."

Then looking at Standish more seriously he added reflectively:

"Good tho, bully good. Ah, Stando, when zee lova comes, marry queek, scoot, then you no get thin. Geta

zee fat on zee rib. Be happy all time. I go get breakfast now. You go get my leetle babee. We all eata here."

When Standish left Ferrari's it was five o'clock. Slowly he toiled up the trail, Fiorina's, and his own tracks made coming down, helping him considerably. After replenishing the fire under the boiler, he lighted a candle at the tunnel's mouth and re-entered the mine. Shep greeted him as he entered the hoist chamber by wagging his tail, and Billy blinked his eyes lazily from his warm nest near the steam coil.

Fiorina was fast asleep. Standish peered down at her beautiful childlike face. It was quite thin now. He had a dim remorseful consciousness, that her precious little heart could have told why the face was thin. He felt ashamed that he had abused the frail beauty by staying away so long. But after he had slain his unholy lust for her, he had felt, even then, too polluted to again seek her pure company. And she had proved herself noble and true to her sex by not seeking him after his return. Thru it all, however, he had felt that in some manner, in some way, the day would come when he could declare his honest, pure love for her. He had ever prayed that it might be so, and now his prayers were gloriously answered—the day had come.

As he looked down at her he trembled in the excess of his emotions. He knelt beside the bunk where the beautiful woman slept. Yes, he had passed through the Shadow, he had slain the Beast, and a great, pure, and holy love shone from his eyes. He was gloriously absolved.

At that moment he became conscious of the near presence of a newcomer, and turning, he beheld a face and form strangely familiar to him, which smiled and pointed at the walls of the rocky chamber. Happy is he, who can smile as Standish did at this stranger's appearance. It was Fate, recalling to his mind, that after her cruel denial of him nearly twenty years ago in this same gray vault of the mountain, and cruely tearing from him the hand of Mollie Rogan, she had now brought him a beautiful bride, the fairest of the fair. He smiled his thanks at her, and the dream form vanished.

Suddenly Fiorina stirred, the long lashes trembled and the dark eyes opened like sun-kissed violets. And there in the soft candle light they looked into the blue depths of her lover's. Reaching up her soft hands she held his face between them and pulling down his head she pressed her lips to his.

"Mine, all mine. Zee beautiful good man, all mine," she murmured, toying with his chin and pinching his nose as if she were holding some great doll and admiring its waxen beauty. Perfectly, divinely happy, she again pulled down his head, this time, to her bosom. In the embrace she felt the porcelain image of the Saviour pressing against her. Bringing it forth, she pressed her lips to it and mutely handed it to the wondering man. Who, noting for the first time the poor wounded fingers of her dainty hands, which had dug so vainly in the snow for a trace of him, not only pressed his lips to the image but also covered her hands with caresses.

"Sweet Jesu," she murmured softly, returning the image to her bosom, "Him—Him sava you. Me, too," she added, as she thought of her narrow escape from taking the death leap over the ledge.

"You, you lofe me?" she continued, pressing her face to his. Standish released himself from her tight embrace and bending over her, said:

"Ah, they say that love is sweet, Fiorina, but I say that it is heaven, sweet, sweet heaven."

Her face lighted up at these ardent words. Once more she pulled down his head, and whispering, said:

"When we get married?"

"Today, this very afternoon, if we can get to Joetown," was his whispered reply.

Fiorina seemed to fairly vibrate with the glad words, and releasing him, she said reproachfully, as tho she would long remember his neglect of her:

"You—you naughty, naughty man. You stay 'way so long."

Then she arose, and they talked and chatted as of yore in the dim candle light until seven o'clock, when they walked down the long tunnel and out of doors.

Rourke was just coming up the trail. As he reached the site of the cottage he was evidently in a state of great excitement and concern, for having noted the change in the landscape from the village, he was in great doubt as to whether Standish had taken his advice and was safe in the mine or not. But Standish was waving and calling to him from the mouth of the tunnel, and thus assured he came toward them displaying every symptom of astonishment at the sight of Fiorina, altho he had noticed the broken trail up the mountain, supposing that it might be Ferrari or some other party investigating the disappearance of the cottage.

"Red," said Standish, drawing himself up proudly, "You won't have to keep house for me any more. Allow me the honor of introducing to you the future Mrs. Standish Brown."

Invariably during Standish's absence from Plume down to Denver or elsewhere, Rourke had looked after his cottage and household pets, to which circumstance Standish was referring when he alluded to Rourke's keeping house for him.

Smiling respectfully to Fiorina, the burly miner doffed his cap, and bowing, said:

"'Twas well ye took me warnin', Mr. Brown, fer I see the worst has happened," pointing to the great gash in the side of the Emerald.

"Yes, Red," replied Standish, "with the cottage swept away, you see I have a second reason for dispensing with your services as my housekeeper. Indeed, I think I got a pretty strong hint from the powers that be, to get a wife and a new cottage, and live like a white man in town."

As Rourke looked up he felt very happy for his employer. Fiorina under the excitement and pleasure of the past few hours was very beautiful, and a marvel of blushing color. And as Standish stood there towering beside her, looking down the gulch at the glowing east all crimson with the sunrise, he resembled a great lion, who, standing majestically upon some high raised rock of the

desert with heavy mane tossing in the breeze, proudly defies all the world to deprive him of his tawny mate who crouches at his side.

Early that afternoon, Standish took Ferrari and Fiorina down to Joetown, the county seat, in a cutter drawn by four powerful mountain horses. They had quite a souse thru the deep snow, but arrived smiling and happy. Procuring a marriage license, Standish escorted his bride to the parlors of the leading hotel, and they were married by a justice of the peace at four o'clock, the appointed hour.

PART THREE

THE FIRST PLAYER IN THE RÔLE WHICH GLORIFIES AN ILLUSTRIOUS NATION

BOOK ONE

THE POT THAT BOILS A MOUNTAIN

CHAPTER I

WHEN Standish Brown went to Denver the first of the year to balance accounts with Colonel Rose, he met with a great surprise.

"Standish," said the Colonel in a solemn tone which was rather unusual for him, "this will be the last time that I will have the pleasure of settling accounts with you, as today I retire from all active business. Rather guess it's about time—don't you think? Sixty years of active life had ought to be enough to satisfy most any one, especially when one is the father of competent sons to carry on the business."

"Well, well, Colonel," replied Standish, almost overcome at this sudden announcement, "I most certainly congratulate you upon your determination to rest upon your well won honors—but to be selfish, old boy, what in the deuce am I going to do with all this stuff on my hands?" he added, pointing to the huge bundle of papers lying upon the table which represented his various investments.

The Colonel smiled good-humoredly over his glasses at his apparently greatly perturbed and bewildered principal;

"Oh, that's easy enough," he replied, "fortunately I am able to recommend a capable party to you, especially as he is my own son, and who will always be in a position to command the old man's help whenever he gets stuck. Oh, John—John, please come here a moment," he called, addressing an individual who was apparently busily engaged at a desk on the opposite side of the room.

John Charles Rose was two years older than Standish,

a graduate of an Eastern college, becoming a member of the Colorado bar in 1880. He was a very different nature from that of his father, entirely lacking the frank genial atmosphere of his sire, having inherited the more reserved and haughty disposition of his mother who came of an aristocratic Kentucky family. Standish had never liked John Charles, altho he had known him since 1883. The presence of the young attorney invariably irritated him whenever he encountered it. He always felt chilled, as if he were intruding himself upon a person who felt himself in every way his superior. Upon rare occasions when they had met, which was almost always in the Colonel's office, they had conversed upon books and current events. But whatever the topic, John Charles displayed a narrow estheticism which completely chilled and silenced the warm tho roughly expressed sentiments of Standish. The lawyer, naturally very precise and methodical, was highly insistent and critical upon pronunciation and derivation. Language was first with him, thought and idea, no matter how original and interesting, was invariably second.

Standish, forgetting in the warm ardor of his enthusiasm the presence of a self appointed critic, would start to express some interesting thought or sentiment, perhaps of Emerson or Thoreau, both favorites of his, when the ever exacting and insistent John Charles, would check him in the middle of a sentence with a correction on pronunciation, or give vent to a cutting remark upon the poor grammar displayed by the conversationalist.

John Charles himself, was almost void of intuition, a bigoted disciple of that antiquated school of mental science which refuses to acknowledge intuition as the clearest and most instantaneous reasoning faculty of the mind. A school that can only think by striking its flabby hands upon its thick skull, and thus beating with heavy blows, accepted dogmas into its scanty intellect. Reason, according to John Charles, was a heavy ear splitting convulsion of the brain. If the language was correct in his estimation, the idea would convulse the brain with a fierce churning motion and end in a dull shattering thud somewhere in the vast ponderosity of his gray matter with its

consequent delivery to and upon the seat of consciousness. But if on the other hand, the language struck him as imperfect, his mental faculties refused to operate. He absolutely would not try to comprehend the idea, however beautiful or interesting, unless it was couched in a phrasing which pleased his self decreed sense of language. To him the current and often apt and popular American slang was an abomination and a sacrilege.

Upon one occasion John Charles had asked Standish from what college or institution he had graduated, for in spite of the young miner's crude speech, John Charles detected an honest and interesting flow of thought, and graduation from a school of some sort would be a kind of twopenny educational salvation for the delinquent in the young attorney's estimation. But when Standish had unblushingly declared that he had only attended a common village school for a couple of terms, the young miner's case was declared hopeless; and John Charles, as a systematic and scientific lawyer, made the following note in a book in which he kept a record of prospective clients, for he was even then preparing for his father to step down and out, and had long had his eyes upon the goodly estate of the Browns:

"Standish Brown, rough, uneducated, and overgrown miner. Has some knowledge of civil engineering and assaying. Evidently honest, but too effusive and confiding to ever make a success of life."

Immediately beneath this notation was another of more recent date, probably added in the knowledge that his father's near retirement would undoubtedly result in Standish accepting the services of John Charles Rose. The additional notation was as follows:

"Must learn to tolerate his ignorance, and affect good fellowship in his presence."

Now it might be interesting to the reader to know that this same John Charles had kept a similar notebook when he was courting his wife. For in keeping with his in-

variable practice, he had reduced love-making as well as law to an exact science.

In one instance however, his natural feelings had so far violated his sacred "Code d'Amour," that he had actually embraced his lady a fraction of a squeeze tighter than the date allowed. As it was only the sixty-fifth day of his courting, he had committed the awful breach of administering to her the tightness of embrace which was not permitted until the sixty-ninth day as determined by the code. Indeed, so embarrassed was he upon this occasion, that he did not notice the extreme joy of the young lady at the unexpected fervor of his embrace, but rather, he bitterly reproached himself in the thought that he had violated one of the most sacred tenets of that elaborate code which he had so laboriously compiled from various editions of, "How to Court a Woman," "When to say Yes," "The Revised Edition of Scientific Love Making," and, "Caught in Cupid's Snare."

However, he did succeed in marrying the poor creature, and many times since in the inner history of their married life, the fearful oppression of the exact, systematic, just so, John Charles, has nearly driven his good wife to the insane asylum and the rigors of a straight-jacket.

As the Colonel called his son, a look of mingled doubt and annoyance passed over Standish's face, which in the Colonel's presence he tried desperately to conceal.

"Standish," said the Colonel, as John Charles stood before them, "I believe that I can heartily recommend my son John to your services in lieu of mine, for he has in fact taken a great deal of the detail of your business off my hands during the past five years and is thoroly familiar with it."

And as Standish looked up at the Colonel's kindly face, he felt that in spite of his deep reluctance to accept the services of John Charles, he should earnestly consider the recommendation of this faithful friend of both his father and himself.

"I guess I can stand this cold-blooded cuss for a year," he thought, "but by the eternal, nothing but the love I

bear for his dear old father would make me tolerate him for an instant."

"Yes, Mr. Brown," said John Charles, taking off his glasses and wiping them importantly as he spoke," I would certainly do my best to serve your interests, in case you should honor me with the custody of your affairs as you have done with my father."

It was difficult for Standish to speak with his accustomed cordiality, but he managed to reply.

"Very well, John, I will be pleased to accept your services for the ensuing year, and unless you and the Colonel have any objections, upon the same terms which have applied for the past five years."

Standish could see that the Colonel was greatly pleased, and he himself was comforted by the thought, that altho the old gentleman had proclaimed his retirement, he would nevertheless be a sort of silent guarantee as to the reliability of the son's actions.

That John Charles was certainly disposed to gain the good graces of his new principal, was plainly evident by a display of the deepest affectation and the blandest of smiles. The prospect of handling a large estate greatly delighted him. It meant income, position, power. It meant close and intimate intercourse with Denver's most substantial citizens, lawyers, press representatives, bankers, corporation directors, etc. And in the pursuit of his long fostered political ambitions, he proposed to follow every thread of acquaintance which the management of this large estate would afford him; and bind its influence and power to aid him—Ah! sweet thought, perhaps to congress itself.

Thus from the very beginning, John Charles carried out to the letter, the base hypocrisy of the latest paragraph in his notebook concerning Standish Brown,

"Must learn to tolerate his ignorance and affect good fellowship in his presence."

How it delighted him to work out the perfect scheme of his system. If he had suddenly been deprived of this notebook with its elaborate compilations, he would have been as hopelessly lost as a fish a mile from water. Every

case in law had its file, every action its number, which was well and customary with every up to date disciple of Blackstone; but in his case, the same iron bound system permeated every action of his life. Yea, even the kiss which he gave his wife so monotonously methodical just before breakfast, was kiss number so and so on the card index; representing to him a precious unit of force laboriously acquired, and spent thus lavishly, with often the added expenditure of a deep regretful sigh at the thought of it.

He could not bear the thought that his wife might become a mother and bear him a child. It would add too much to the already great complexity of his system. Indeed, he was not prepared with his ever increasing business to compile a code by which to rear a child. The very thought of it terrified him. Think of it! The compilation of a "Code d'Rearing Of Ye Child, The Secret Of Whose Sex Ye Stork Has Not Informed Ye Prospective Parent." Horrors! The terrible event would require a double code. For altho he had reduced almost everything else to a system, he could not as yet forecast nature, and determine whether the stork would deliver a boy or a girl, or perhaps both.

So as John Charles bowed, smiled, and played his part with excellent skill as he talked over a few items with his new principal, the sensitive doubting soul of Standish shrank from the affectation and hypocrisy of the creature, and he prepared himself for that inevitable denoument which he felt was merely a matter of time.

CHAPTER II

A few hundred feet from the banks of the South Platte river, and within the boundaries of the city of Denver, rises an enormous smokestack.

It is one of the tallest chimneys in the world.

It is the sulphur-fumed, poison-spouting mouth of a mile or more of brick and steel flues, so large that a coach and four with the driver seated on top, could be driven the entire length, and then be lifted up bodily thru the huge diameter of the chimney itself.

Within the cavernous soot-reeking recesses of these gigantic flues and this towering stack, a process of money making is going on that is astounding; for by straining, sifting, dampening, and manipulating the smoke and vapor which passes thru this bewildering maze of flue and pipe, *gold*—precious gold is extracted, and prevented from passing out at the mouth of the huge stack in the form of smoke and vapor.

Years of patient tests and experiment have taught the smelterman, that many thousands of dollars worth of precious gold passes away from the smelting furnaces in the form of vapor, unless preventive steps are taken. Hence this wilderness—almost miles of smoke straining, gold extracting pipe and flue, culminating in this lofty sky-scraping smokestack.

This colossal chimney is three hundred and fifty-five feet high, and with the single exception of the State Capitol building, is the most prominent point in Denver. Formerly this stack was the pride and wonder object of the Missouri and Colorado Smelting Co., which corporation having later been fed into the maw of the Smelter Trust, was now extinct; and its former plant was now known merely as "Plant B," of that giant smelter corporation which owns and operates dozens of smelting plants,

all of greater or less capacity than the one thus situated on the banks of the peaceful Platte.

A Smelter.*

A thing which feasts upon the rich ore of the Great Hills. A vast fiery throat, to feed which the miner is pulling down the mountains.

What will man not attempt under the spell of a mighty passion, and that passion—GOLD!

The Mountains!

The Pillars of the World!

Yet the brawny miner pulls them down remorselessly, to crowd and glut the smoking jaws of that fiery dragon—the SMELTER!

The miner digs the crude raw ores from the mountains.

The smelterman extracts the various metals and by-products from those ores.

Thus their work is entirely different.

One drills, blasts, and burrows in a damp dark hole.

The other, steams and sweats as he plies and thrusts long rods and shovels into a vast fiery pot.

A smelter is, A POT THAT BOILS A MOUNTAIN!

During the long years that followed his departure from Plume, Theodore Dodge had gradually ceased to be a miner. Immediately following their first success in mining in the properties of the Sampson-Smith, Thomas Bayard and his young associate had given that precarious business a very careful investigation, in order that they might become masters of the handling and marketing of

*NOTE.—Jerome C. Smiley, who wrote an elaborate history of Denver, has this to say regarding the difficulty of describing a smelter: "The present advanced stage of this advancing art of arts is the result of years of scientific study and experiment, therefore, the writer confesses that an undertaking on his part to convey to other laymen an intelligible description or outline of the varied processes, would be too much like the blind trying to lead the blind for the attempt to find justification."

Altho Mr. Smiley has in the above statement placed a severe handicap upon the possibility of a lay writer successfully conveying to his reader an anywhere near comprehensible idea of a smelter, yet the smelting business, next to mining, is so prominently and distinctly Colorado's most wonderful industry; and is indeed, as Mr. Smiley well implies, one of the most wonderful of arts, that the author trusts that if he has made a failure of conveying at least a general idea of a smelter to his reader, he has failed in a good cause, and one worthy the hand of a master.

the precious white and yellow products of the Great Hills.

They soon arrived at one hard indisputable fact, viz.,

That the smelterman is the one party who actually controls the ore products of the Great Hills.

To be merely a miner, even a mine owner, is to be more or less the slave of the smelterman.

Comparatively speaking, to be a smelter magnate, is to be a Prince.

And to be the head of a Smelter Trust or combination, is to be an absolute CZAR.

The smelterman is to the mining industry, what the refiner is to the oil business.

In him rests absolute supremacy.

He is the great X. X. X.

The royal IT!

The secret of this is, that the smelterman is the only party who offers the miner a market for his ore, therefore the miner must necessarily submit to his terms. If the smelterman chooses to drive a hard bargain, what can the miner do? Nothing, but accept the terms however onerous they may be. Of course there are exceptions to this rule, but to the great majority, the small hand-to-mouth producers, it is absolutely true.

It costs a large amount of money to build and equip a smelter. Considerable more than the combined value of several good mines. Then in addition to the large capital invested, it requires genius and knowledge of many valuable trade secrets to operate it successfully.

In fact it is one vast labyrinthal laboratory, in which almost every process is more or less an experiment, even the most regular requiring eternal vigilance.

Perhaps one particular ore has been subjected to hundreds of tests in order to overcome its refractoriness. Smelting processes often represent the combined efforts and patient tests and experiments of generations of chemists.

Then after the art has been mastered and the product brought forth, there is the great question of market, for gold is perhaps the only metal of the many metals, minerals, and by-products produced from the ores, which

by reason of its unit of value, can command a steady market and thus be in demand at all times. To dispose of the balance of the product, which is many times in excess of the gold produced, requires a world-wide organization. So in the face of all these obstacles and endless details, the miner is at the mercy, to a great extent, of the smelterman.

One day Thomas Bayard said to Theodore Dodge,

"You learn the smelting business, Theo, and I'll raise the capital to build and operate a first-class plant."

Dodge agreed, and both men kept their word, but it was not until after several years of ceaseless toil and experiment that their united efforts resulted in the construction and operation of "Plant B."

Let us go thru this plant.

First, to the assay office, for it is the key to the entire plant, and for the following reasons:

At the various mining centers and camps of Colorado the smelters employ purchasers of ore.

For instance, a mine operator has turned out a shipment of ore and wants to sell. Both the smelter's representative and the mine operator take a sample of the ore and have it assayed. If they agree upon the assay value, the ore is then purchased by the smelter at this value less the transportation charges on the shipment from the mine to the smelting plant, and also nominal charges for the treatment of the ore by the smelter.

If they cannot agree upon the value of the ore from their own assays, they select a third party, or referee, who also makes an assay; and generally both parties abide by his decision if it does not differ too much from their own figures.

After the ore—say a carload—is purchased in this manner, it eventually reaches the smelter, and, together with scores of other cars of ore and material it is switched upon one of the plant's many yard tracks.

Samples of the ore in this car are then taken to the smelter's local assay office and assayed, the result being carefully compared with the original assays made at the time of purchase. This final assay is also so conducted

that it not only checks the correctness of the purchase price, but also determines the character of the ore, and in what manner it is to be treated in order to economically and successfully extract the precious metals and minerals which it contains.

This assay test consists of pulverizing a small sample of the ore to a powder somewhat finer than fine sand. This dust is then placed in a small earthen pot or crucible, which is put in a furnace and the temperature raised to a high degree. The metals contained in the dust melt and form a small button in the bottom of the crucible, the refuse and ashes, being lighter than the metals, rise to the surface. The crucible is then removed from the furnace, the refuse is knocked off, leaving the metal button intact.

This button, which contains all of the metals of the ore alloyed together, is then treated in various ways in order to determine exactly how much gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, etc., is contained in the sample.

The assaying process and test is almost perfect, is, in fact, *an exact science.* And upon its decree thousands of tons and hundreds and hundreds of carloads of ore are purchased and smelted with absolute confidence. Tho it is comparatively easy to determine the values in the ore, *yet to determine the best manner of treating the ore in the smelter itself,* is often the subject of an interminable number of tests and experiments; for ore not only differs according to the mining district in general in which it is mined, but it often varies in each individual mine of the same district, and also in different localities of the same mine.

Thus, one lot of ore may require a certain roasting process in order to eliminate the sulphur with which it is heavily impregnated, and which must be removed from the ore before it can safely be put in the blast furnace; while another lot may require melting by itself and a certain refractoriness removed before it is of the required consistency and texture to be handled by the blast. Still another lot may require crushing to the fineness of sand or gravel in order to be properly prepared for the blast, or

another may be treated in tanks of chemicals for some object unknown to the layman. Thus in many ways the various ores are treated in order to prepare them for final reduction, and every process is the result of the rigid experiments of the assay office.

Having investigated the supreme function of the assayer, the next step is to the great furnace room of the smelter itself. From observing the ore treated as mere handfuls of dust in a tiny crucible the size of a small teacup, now its treatment is in quantities of hundreds of tons as it is fed into the blast furnaces.

See, here are huge stacks of the rich ore of the Great Hills, of which some, perhaps, has run red with the life-blood of the miner. Here in this mound, blasted from the bowels of the earth, are ores from old Mexico, Arizona, Chili, Peru, Nevada, Utah, British Columbia, Idaho, Alaska, New Mexico, Wyoming, and from dozens of the nearby mining districts of Colorado; each and every one of them different from the other to a greater or less degree, and every one the mute witness of the appalling metamorphosis of the smoking mountains of prehistoric ages.

Eventually, finally, all these various ores, gathered from perhaps a hundred different sources, find their way to the great mixing floor of the furnace room, the floor itself taking up the entire ground area of a large edifice of brick, stone and steel; and is placed upon a level with the mouths of several huge blast furnaces, which roar and scream like so many maddened dragons in the terrible play of Vulcan's flaming fires.

As the dark forms of the sweating workmen, with the aid of a system of massive iron weights, swing open the huge steel doors of the furnaces, and empty the contents of many wheelbarrows into the sulphurous depths below, the imprisoned hell fires leap out and coil up, like vast writhing reptiles whose bodies are black smoke and whose tongues red flame.

FLUX!

This is the great cry of the smelterman.

Flux — eternally flux!

By this term is meant the substance or mixture used to promote and insure the fusion of the metals and minerals wholly free from the slag or waste matter.

It must be so perfect as to gather and run every particle of the precious metals and minerals into one perfect molten mass separate from and wholly unmixed with the slag. While in addition to this, it must be so constituted as to keep the furnaces clean and unclogged; and so perfect has this process become, that furnaces are kept burning for years at a time without once allowing their fires to go out.

Thus every faculty and best endeavor of the smelterman is concentrated upon the proper mixing of the fluxing substance and the balance of the contents of these blast furnaces, which united effort is summed up in that magic word—*flux!*

As conclusive evidence of this master effort of the smelterman, note the mathematical exactness with which one of these flaming monsters is fed.

At one end of the furnace room is a huge pile of ore. It contains perhaps a hundred carloads of different kinds, carefully deposited in layers, one upon the other like a huge layer cake, done by dozens of men wheeling them in barrows from the railroad cars outside. And at this opportune time, the different layers of ore, show the marvel of Nature's wonderful pigments and dyes. Here a few inches of salmon pink, there a foot of deep yellow chrome. Here a streak of raven black, there a splash of dull brown. Here several inches of bright scarlet, there a pinch of indigo. Next a wide ribbon of steel gray edged with deep purple, and so on up to the full height of eight or ten feet, one notes layer after layer of glorious soft pastel colors, the rich and varicolored offal of the Great Hills.

Here comes a barrow man for a load. As he shovels the ore into the barrow, the different layers fall down, mixing with automatic perfection. Yet this is only a mere part of the elaborate mixing process necessary to a successful flux.

After filling the barrow, the laborer then wheels his

load to the edge of the furnace floor, resting it for a moment upon the platform of a set of scales placed in and upon a level with the floor. If the scale needle points to the required weight as set by the foreman under the direction of the assayer, he goes on to the furnace and dumps his load upon a steel platform. If not, he thrusts a shovel into the contents of the barrow and throws off enough to make the correct weight, or adds from a nearby pile if his load is too light.

He is followed by another man with a barrow of limestone, then another follows with a load of ore that has been previously roasted or otherwise specially treated, and still others follow, *ad infinitum,* with barrows of various other ingredients necessary to make up the required charge. And all of these different barrow loads having being carefully weighed, are dumped upon the same steel platform at a level with the mouth of the furnace.

At one side of the furnace door is an iron track over which are constantly moving small steel cars filled with coke, and which dump their contents upon the same platform with unvarying regularity.

Suddenly a dark form opens the door of one of the furnaces, and amid the angry roar of the blast and the lurid glare of the flames, the dark figure which is now shadowed as a giant upon the ceiling by the leaping red flames, shovels in the ore, the coke, the limestone, and the balance of the charge in exact proportions.

In this manner these huge furnaces are fed at the top every few moments with full charges, while within them is directed a fierce blast of air driven by a powerful plant of machinery. This terrific draught of air, driven furiously upon the flaming masses of coke, limestone, etc., subjects the ores to a heat so terrible, that they are soon compelled to release their precious hoards, which discharge themselves in a molten mass in a deep receptacle at the bottom of the furnace fifteen or twenty feet below.

At this point are other figures sweating in the flames—which have now taken on deep yellow and electric green

hues from the different chemicals in the roasting ores—and who are drawing from the lower or bottom end of the furnaces, the molten product which has been fed to the flames far above in the form of apparently cold and lifeless matter.

This sweating, steaming brood of Vulcan is engaged in running fiery liquids into various pots and moulds. The waste matter or slag running out of one vent, and the precious metals themselves, bubbling up at another vent beneath, for the metal being heavier than the slag, sinks below it, and is extracted from time to time at a vent in the side of the furnace and poured into moulds.

The men who feed the furnaces above do not see their brothers who handle the slag and molten metal below, being separated from them by the thick floor of the furnace room, and they ply their labors entirely oblivious of each other.

A long flight of stairs descends to this lower region, and lands upon the wide pavement of the slag and matte area, "matte" being the term applied to the metal as it runs molten from the furnaces and is poured into the moulds and cooled. The floor of the furnace room above forms the ceiling of this lower region for a few feet directly over the furnaces, the balance of the area being wholly open to the sky, and the whole area devoted to the handling of the fiery product of the furnaces.

At regular intervals the wad of clay which closes the slag vent is dexterously removed by the point of a long rod wielded by the foreman, and instantly a scarlet, angrily hissing, sulphurous flame leaps forth, followed by a fiery, spark-emitting flood of slag, which flows with a sharp rattling hiss into a large steel pot trunioned upon a low two-wheeled iron truck. When this pot is nearly filled, the foreman stops the slag vent with a fresh wad of wet clay placed upon the end of another but differently shaped rod. While he is engaged in tamping the vent to his satisfaction, his assistant wheels away the pot of boiling slag, and tips it into an enormous vat called the "settler." This vat is sunk deep into a metal pit in the pavement, bringing

the mouth of the settler upon a level with the floor. Other men wheeling other slag pots come to the edge of this vat, and likewise empty their burden of this flaming molten juice of the mountains into the gaping maw of the settler.

Presently when the great vat is filled, a huge traveling crane lifts it high in the air, suspending it upright over a slightly smaller vat, which is fastened upon a car resting upon a small track. Then a workman wielding a long rod suddenly knocks off the lump of clay which closes a hole in the side of the settler, and thru which vent the greater portion of its fiery contents are drained into the pot upon the car, which was cast to hold exactly that amount.

The car is then hauled away by a diminutive locomotive and soon its contents are dumped over the slag pile at the end of the track, where the fiery flood goes roaring and hissing down into the valley of the Platte, rolling up a great sheet of smoke and flame.

One day at this same Plant B, a high wind drove the sulphurous fumes of the molten rock suddenly upward into the face of the engine driver, who, overcome by the poisonous gases, pitched forward into the fearful flood of fire to a terrible death. The only trace that was ever found of him after the slag cooled sufficiently to permit an examination, was a charred trunk, a few metal buttons, a bunch of keys, and the steel blades of his pocket knife.

Now the huge vat or settler which was drained of the main portion of its contents, still contains quite a quantity in its sulphurous depths; and is again carried on by the crane to be suspended over a smaller pot also placed on wheels. It is then tapped of the remainder of its contents at another vent considerably lower than where it was tapped before.

This time however, the molten matter emits a greenish yellowish flame instead of the intense scarlet gleam of the former tap. This is because there is a small quantity of the precious metal itself contained in this tap, and which also explains why it is thus drawn off, and

also why the huge suspended vat from which it is drawn is called the "settler." For the small amount of metal which has come from the furnace mixed with the slag, and which is much heavier than the slag, has *settled* to the bottom of the vat, and is thus drawn off and saved.

The object of the smelterman is, not to lose the smallest fraction of the precious metal if it can by any means be avoided. Having exercised such scrupulous care thruout the balance of the smelting process he does not propose to lose a single cent in this last act of drawing off the slag. The pot which was filled with its valuable charge from the bottom of the settler, is next wheeled out upon a platform for its contents to cool, after which it is dumped, the charge broken up by sledge-hammers, and then carted or trammed up to the furnace room to again go thru the blast.

After the settler has been emptied of its contents, it is carried still further on by the crane and turned upside down, while workmen insert rods and break up the shallow crust which has formed on the inside next the sides; when it is thus cleaned, it is then carried back to its receptacle to receive another fiery charge, its twin mate having been filled in the meantime to undergo the same operation.

The metal itself, a white silvery fluid, almost entirely free from the slag, is dipped by an attendant with a ladle, from a vent in the side of the furnace and poured into a series of steel moulds set upon a low bench, and which are about the size of a five-pound brick of cheese.

To the rear of the furnace, next to the wall of one of the great flues, is a tiny track upon which travels a low wheeled car pushed by a stout workman, who, stopping the car at the furnace, knocks the bars smoking hot out of the moulds and loads them upon the platform of the car.

From furnace to furnace the car is filled with the bars, and finally pushed to a low frame barn of a structure built farther out upon the slag area and over a gigantic kettle. This kettle is partially filled with the bars, which being remelted here, form the same kind of molten metal

as was previously ladled from the furnaces, and the bars are all remelted here in this monster kettle, in order to remove the impurities and slag which have slightly mixed with the metal in its original passage thru the blast furnace.

A few feet below a workman is shoveling coal upon a fierce fire burning beneath the kettle. Closing the fire door he ascends a short flight of stairs, and both he and the workman who gathered the bars at the furnaces, remove the bars from the car and slide them one at a time over the edge and into the kettle. Such is the dense specific gravity of the molten sea, that the bars do not drop with a splash, but slide slowly down the side of the kettle and disappear beneath the surface of the cyclopean stew with a dull metallic chug.

Oh, that it were possible to adequately describe the magnificent display of color showing in the scum and crust of this vast soup bowl of melted mountains.

Above, in the furnace room, the layers of crude ores possessed the soft pastel colors. But in the scum and surface of this great kettle, are the most wondrous daubs and streaks of every imaginable color under the sun, and all of which are now flowed in as with rich heavy oils.

Glittering and shimmering upon the surface of this fearful pottage of the Great Hills, is the color essence of countless sunsets, of eons of matchless sunrises; and the celestial hues of every cloud since the dawn of creation, are here reproduced in every conceivable shade and combination.

As the attendant dips his huge steel skimming ladle into this steaming brew, one can almost believe, as the gorgeous scum ripples in its stiff metallic flow, that all the colors of the sun, moon, and stars; and the cloud color play and revel of the world, yea, of the universe itself, have been absorbed by these wonderful ores, and here coaxed out again in molten nakedness by the sooty brood of Vulcan, to delight the eye of man.

Ah! Nature!

Thou matchless, incomparable color-monger.

Here thou showest the pale azure draperies of rosy dawn. The deep scarlet waistcoat of the setting sun. The purple robes of evening.

If an artist should behold this wonderful sight unwarned, he would faint in a convulsion of delight.

At the sight of this unspeakable combination of color, a man throws himself prostrate at the feet of God; a woman with an artist's eye for color trembles as at the birth of a son. The entranced vision seems to stretch as a flash of light from the virgin world emerging misty and bridal-veiled from Chaos, to the last Judgment; with the world and its sins bursting into flames at the command of an avenging and destroying God.

For one moment you are poised on the brink of heaven, scanning the secrets of creation as an open book; the next, you are shutting out the forbidden spectacle with sweat-dripping fingers shielding blinded folly-cursed eyes, and moaning in the despairing agony of mere mortal flesh. From a spirit you have become a clod.

But to return. Gradually as the great kettle is filled with the bars from the constant stream of cars which keep coming with undiminished supply, its huge belly, which holds hundreds of the bars, threatens to spill over the sides; at which spectacle the attendant sounds a whistle of warning, and several workmen come running to assist him. Seizing several large iron ladles, or skimmers, which are perforated with holes half an inch in diameter, they proceed to skim off the heavy scum much as one skims cream from a pan of milk, and load it into a waiting cart to be carried up to the furnace room to again go thru the blast. This item being but another evidence of the wonderful economy of the smelterman. In course of time, this very building, yea, the very floor beneath the workmen's feet, will be put into the blast furnace, to deliver into the smelter magnate's coffers the precious soots and grains of gold and silver which have been absorbed and sifted into its cracks and pores.

The scum is very heavy. The workmen steam and sweat prodigiously from their exertions. Even the tiniest piece

of this metallic crust falls with a heavy thud, indicating its enormous weight and density.

Presently, with the gorgeous scum removed, a perfectly lustrous beautiful pool of shining silver is revealed, which, absolutely flawless, shines as a burnished silvery moon, without a speck upon its dazzling surface to mar the superb effect.

A steel syphon is then inserted in the silver flood, the heavy metal pipe of which floating as lightly upon the heavier liquid metal as a piece of cork upon a pond. The molten brew is then run off thru the syphon into small steel moulds. The bars cool in a few moments sufficient to permit handling with thick gloves, and are then loaded by the workmen as so many common brick, into the railroad freight cars standing upon a nearby siding.

From two to four of these cars are shipped daily from Plant B to a point on the Missouri river, at which point is located one of the great refining plants of the American Smelter Co.

Here the bars go thru an elaborate refining and separating process, whereby the lead, copper, gold, silver, zinc, and all the other numerous metals, minerals, and by-products which are contained in them, are separated into their individual quantities and units; after which final process of the great art of metallurgy, the various products are placed upon the markets of the world thru the different selling agencies of the corporation, which branch of the business alone employs a large army of experts, and which calls for the closest study of the whole world's markets, and the ability and capital to manipulate and meet the market from China to England, involving the mints and metal markets of every nation on the globe.

Day and night, month after month, year after year, the huge furnaces of Plant B are kept fed and burning, for this devouring battery of mountain melters has never yet quit its fires.

The fiery juice of the Great Hills never ceases its flow, and the red slag goes unceasingly over the dump, devastating and crusting over large tracts of land pur-

chased for that purpose by the smelting management; to later, perhaps many years from now, swell the coffers of the Trust by being sold as ballast and road material to the different railroads and municipalities at a generous figure per car, while the land which it covers will command a greatly increased figure as valuable real estate.

This slag crust is from ten to twenty feet deep, and at the present time extends over a few acres of what was once a beautiful orchard. As the great dump pot discharges its hell fires over the dump, and they surge horribly downward, they engulf the beautiful orchard trees one by one, their poor helpless trunks bursting the thin bark in blistering agony as the fire gradually creeps toward them, and when the slag finally reaches them, they burst into flames and are consumed where they stand. Beholding this tragedy of the trees, one almost screams as tho witnessing the destruction of human life.

Hundreds of workmen are employed at Plant B. The work being divided into two shifts of twelve hours each, the day and the night. Twelve hours of incessant back-breaking labor amid the deadly fumes of the furnaces, causing, it is said, numerous ailments among the workmen, among which the absorption of arsenic and other poisons into the system thru the pores of the skin from the fumes of the melting, roasting ores, is said to be ultimately fatal.

The stolid, expressionless faces of these men reveal the ever-grinding monotony of their lives, but apparently they, as well as many others of the vast rank and file of labor, must be content for the time in the knowledge that their arduous toil at least provides food and shelter for themselves and families.

Surrounding the great plant on all sides are the tiny cottages of the workmen, the long hours making a nearby residence almost imperative. Nearby, too, is a large, public school, and these toiling smeltermen can almost hear the laughter and prattle of their children as they romp in the school yard at recess. Perhaps as these sons of toil sweat and steam in the hot breath of the furnaces, they are possessed of the hope that their children shouting so joy-

ously at play, may learn to emancipate themselves from the long hours of the unhealthy, poorly paid work which sets so heavily upon their afflicted fathers.*

In addition to the hundreds of laborers employed in the actual operation of Plant B, and as a further instance of the enormous ramifications of the Smelter Trust, it is well to note that the management employs hundreds of miners in the coal mines; scores of quarrymen quarrying limestone among the foothills of the Rockies; whole colonies of workmen feeding scores of coke ovens; and dozens of train crews operating the many trains necessary for the transportation of this material.

Truly Plant B is a great employer of labor.

Yet it is only one of the many similar holdings of the American Smelter Co. And even this great plant is rapidly deteriorating, such is the rapid advance of new methods and machinery.†

Verily, as we witness the daily production of these hundreds of bars of precious metal, we have before us the absolute living proof of the fabulous wealth of the Great Hills.

All hail! Colorado!

All hail! The Golden West!

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*NOTE.—Since the above was written, in 1903, the author understands, that several months previous to the election of 1906, the Republican party, whose nominees for the state legislature were said to be pledged to Simon Guggenheim, a smelting magnate at that time, for his election to the Senate of the United States, succeeded in influencing the smelter interests of the state to place their employees upon an eight hour basis. Thus the smelter employee has, at least as far as hours are concerned, come into his own, at which change the author greatly rejoices.

†NOTE.—In confirmation of this statement, it was but two years after the above was written, that during a great strike of the workmen employed in Plant B, they deliberately abandoned the furnaces, causing them, as it is termed in smelting parlance, to "freeze"; which means that the furnaces no longer being fed, the blast ceasing with the cessation of the machinery, and the slag and molten metal no longer being removed, the entire contents of the furnaces cooled and solidified. Which circumstance caused the entire loss of the furnaces, as they would have to be completely wrecked in order to remove the tons and tons of solid slag and metal solidified or "froze" within them. As the smelter management had under construction elsewhere one or more modern smelters at this time, they refused to rebuild or modernize Plant B. And today this once teeming hive of industry is gradually falling to decay under the stress of wind and weather, and its great smokestack now stands mute and vaporless o'er the crumbling ruins.

Sound ear-splitting salvos in honor of the great immeasurable, incomparable Rockies.

Brother plainsmen, salute the white towers of the Great Divide, for they bring the people gold and silver to buy your wheat and produce.

Brother seamen, waft homage to the white wings of snow, that furnish commerce for the white wings of sail.

Fellow countrymen, vociferously applaud the snow-covered roof of our American continent, for it is the roof of a world's Liberty Hall.

And you, worshippers of God and His handmaiden—Nature, every where, reverently bow down to the eternal, soul inspiring, heaven-kissed, Rocky Mountains.

CHAPTER III

In 1898, Thomas Bayard, in his capacity as president of the Missouri and Colorado Smelting Co., began to experience innumerable difficulties in disposing of smelter products. Also in the purchase and delivery of supplies he began to touch mysterious elements of annoyance and resistance that he had never encountered before.

Finally, as a climax to his increasing perplexities, he was confronted with an alarming increase in transportation charges of various railroads, which caused him to interview the managers of the several national railroads which had their general offices in Denver.

These managers had no difficulty in suavely pointing out several reasons as to why their respective companies were justified in thus surreptitiously increasing their tariffs; but afterwards, when Bayard dwelt in detail upon the substance of his conversations with them, he felt that he had again come in contact with that same strange and mysterious element of resistance, of whose petty annoyances he had of late become alarmingly conscious, for in spite of the reasons advanced by the blandly smiling managers, they seemed shallow and evasive.

In hopes of relief, however, he began to watch and systematically note the moves and operations of his competitors, both in Denver and thruout the State. But with the exception of several small plants, the managers of whom were always complaining more or less, he found that his competitors seemed to be running along as well as usual. They seemed to be making heavy purchases of ore, turning out a big product, and in some mysterious manner finding a ready market for their entire output; also the railroads seemed to serve them with a promptness which was very marked in comparison with the dilatory manner they served his plant. Just as he

was about to take radical measures against the conspiring roads, the mystery was suddenly cleared up.

As he sat in his office early one sunny afternoon looking over a pile of correspondence which his stenographer had just laid upon his desk, his secretary opened the door and brought him a card; "Solomon Guggenhone," it read, and recognizing the name instantly, he intuitively felt that it meant something. Turning to the waiting secretary he bowed his inclination to receive the gentleman.

Presently a dapper neatly dressed young man entered the room. He was a trifle under medium height, possessed of a pleasant, almost boyish, face, adorned with a closely trimmed jet black mustache. His youthful features were not marked by any heavy lines of character save that of great determination and a certain rare suggestion of future power and acumen, and one could readily distinguish the general unmistakable features of the Sephardic Jew.

"Mr. Bayard," he said politely, advancing to the desk and cordially extending his hand.

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Guggenhone, please be seated," replied the smelter magnate pointing to a chair, after rising to his feet and shaking hands with his visitor.

"Mr. Bayard," began the young man, "I have called upon you in the interests of a party of capitalists who desire to consolidate the smelting and refining interests of Colorado and the West in general; and if the subject is agreeable to you, I would be more than pleased to lay our plans before you, in hopes that you may find it to your interest to join us in the enterprise."

Bayard twisted uneasily in his chair as the young man stated his mission, and reaching over to his desk he touched the button for his secretary, who appearing, Bayard handed him the stack of unfinished correspondence, saying, "Please take care of this, Harry, if there is anything of particular importance, hold it over for me."

Turning again to his visitor, he excused the interruption, and added with great significance, looking his visitor squarely in the eye, his glance being returned with a quietly attentive stare.

"Mr. Guggenhone, I believe the time *has come,* when we can talk consolidation. Please understand me as most heartily interested in the plan you have just referred to."

The young Jew's eyes sparkled pleasurably and significantly, and he proceeded to outline his proposition briefly yet fully. As he finished Bayard remarked:

"Mr. Guggenhone, I must have a little time to consult with my associates in the matter, and if convenient, I will meet you again upon the subject—say, at four tomorrow afternoon, at the Brown ordinary. Will that suit your convenience?"

"Yes—exactly, Mr. Bayard," replied his visitor rising and smiling cordially, and after shaking hands again he left the office.

As the door swung behind his short dapper figure, Bayard slapped his knees with his chubby hands, saying, "By gosh! I knew it, Tommy, old boy, *there's your nigger in the fence.* I'll see Dave Moore inside the next half hour."

CHAPTER IV

At the intersection of Seventeenth and Strong streets in the city of Denver, rises a great office building, the property of a large New York assurance society, the entire corner of the street floor of which is occupied by the National First Bank, one of the greatest financial institutions in the West.

In the very innermost nook of this hive of financial industry, is the private office of the president of National First, David Moore, easily the greatest financial power of Colorado. He had lived in Denver for nearly forty years, having arrived when he was a young man barely of age, and being actively identified with the growth and progress of the city from its earliest inception, even when Colorado was a part of the old federal Territory of Kansas. Thus he had seen the state grow up grandly about him, likewise the city.

In all the fateful and tumultuous periods of the history of Colorado and the city of Denver, David Moore was ever the cool, far-seeing, masterful genius of finance. He became wedded to Denver, Colorado, and the Golden West, as a young man weds his fair young bride. He had been known to say in a burst of confidence to Phœbe Prim, a Denver press reporter, "that when anybody hits Colorado a lick, I just jump on 'em." He was one of the truly great characters of the modern West, had been more than once referred to by admiring press representatives as, "The Duke of Denver;" and was of that sterling type of substantial manhood which has left its indelible mark on every page of the world's history, being possessed of that supreme element with which some surpassing individuals are endowed, the peculiar modest ability to quietly and thoroly—DO things!

As David sat leisurely at his desk late in the afternoon of the same day upon which Solomon Guggenhone

had called upon the president of the M. & C. S. Co., the door suddenly swung open, and in walked Thomas Bayard.

"By gosh, Dave, it takes a lot of red tape to get into your darned old den. What do you coop yourself up for like this anyhow?"

"Well, Tom, the spider must set in the middle of his web, you know. And here I am in the middle of the biggest bank in town," replied David, smiling up good-humoredly at his rather unceremonious caller, altho he might have called his attention to the fact, that it had not been so many years since a fanatic had encountered him when his desk was located in the general business office of the bank, and deliberately robbed him of a cool twenty thousand, under threat of blowing him to atoms with a flask of nitro-glycerin which he brandished under his nose.

With characteristic cordiality the banker rose and extended a chair to his visitor. Seating himself comfortably therein, Bayard related the substance of his conversation with young Guggenhone. As he finished, the banker picked up a box of cigars from his desk and quietly proffered them to the somewhat blustery magnate. After Bayard had selected a choice one, and David had leisurely helped himself, they proceeded to light them, and presently as he blew the fragrant smoke enjoyably toward the ceiling, the president of National First spoke.

"Well, Tom, it's *your* move. You've got to go into the combination, that's a cinch," he said, with deep conviction.

"But by——, Dave Moore," replied Bayard heatedly, "I ain't never goin' to be run by a lot of New York sheenies."

"Ever look up the history of the Guggenhones, Tom? Solly, there, is a graduate of my old alma mater, Harvard," said the banker, with a sort of quiet pride.

"Nope, I never needed to," blurted out Bayard.

"Well, I can tell you one thing, Tom, they're rock—hard, solid, Gunnison granite. Ever hear of the Rothschilds, Tom?" and as Bayard nodded affirmatively, the banker continued, "Well, back of these Guggenhone

sheenies of yours, is the greatest financial house on earth. Mighty good people, too, Tom. I might safely say the equal, if not the best of any people on God's green earth. I am personally acquainted with the Rothschilds of London, Paris, and Berlin. Why, man, they are the salt of the earth, and some of the very best fellows we've got right here in Denver are our Jews. Peaceable, honorable, just; and imbued where us Gentiles give them a chance, with the very highest attributes of civilization and progress. You know Jacob Wondoner—the best Chamber of Commerce president we ever had; Spiegle's another."

"Well, but lookey here, Dave, this is a New York move," said Bayard with real concern, "sure as shoutin', they'll gobble us all up. You know yourself, Dave, that a sheeney never lets loose when he once gets a hold. He always succeeds in running the whole thing in the end."

"Say, Tom, you reckon you know something about those hills over there, don't you?" replied the banker, pointing half mischievously, half meaningly in the direction of the mountains.

"Well—well, I should rather think I do!" exclaimed Bayard, in a tone which almost indicated indignation to be thus lightly questioned about the Great Hills, the resources of which he had spent the most of his life in developing.

"Well, Tom," continued David, smiling to himself delightedly as Bayard bit at his sly bantering, "You fellows have only just scratched those hills. To be sure, you've taken out a few millions, but that ain't a patchin' to what's left there waiting to be dug out. Why not let these Eastern fellows in here, and let 'em scratch all they want to. You'll get your money out of the deal all right. They offer you a handsome profit, which years of the most careful management won't bring you. These Guggenhones will keep their word to the letter. I'll put up all my stock in National First, and that's some, old boy, that any arrangement which you make with them will be carried out to the dot. Yes, let 'em come in, Tom. Let's even help 'em to open up these hills of ours. Can't you

see that every dollar that comes out of those hills adds strength to our state, our city, and our private fortunes. And for heaven's sake, Tom, whatever you do, don't discourage outside capital. We're here first. Thru long and arduous experience we're in exact touch with this great state of ours. And you can always bet, that inside men like us fellows, who are in on the ground floor of every proposition in Colorado, can take care of number one. Why, you old muddle head, there have been times, not so many years back, when you and I, and all the other Chamber of Commerce men, were actually spending thousands of dollars annually just trying to rope some of these Eastern fellows in, and nobody knows that any better than you do. And what do you want to freeze 'em out now for, when they're falling all over themselves trying to get into the band-wagon. It's time you were getting in, too, Tom. The trouble with you is that you've had a mortal cinch so long, that you can't let loose. So loosen up, patch up a deal with these Jews and help 'em to get to work. You—you can't fight 'em, Tom, they're too big; and you know as well as I do, that this fighting business costs money."

The words fell from David Moore's lips in solid earnest flow, and as Bayard felt the truth of them, he also realized that they sounded the end of his days as an active smelting man; but refusing to give way to the deep regret which tugged at his sturdy old heartstrings for the first time in his career, he reached over for another of Davy's cigars and slowly lighted it. Evidently the same sentiment was affecting the banker, and for a few moments neither spoke, then Bayard rose, saying:

"Er—good advice, Dave, thank you, I appreciate it—but—but darn them sheenies," he added doggedly, and shoving his hat crustily over his ears he pushed the door and disappeared.

David laughed heartily to himself after Bayard's departure, which mood soon gave way to one deeply sentimental, as suggested by the probable passing of his old friend's business career under the stress of the new régime. Presently he walked over to a magnificent oil paint-

ing which hung on the wall, and gazed at it long and musingly.

It represented an old-time prairie schooner pulled by several yoke of oxen slowly wending their way westward across the bleak prairies towards the setting sun sinking behind the mountains in the far distance. On the brow of a high mesa in the near foreground, was a lone Indian sitting upon a pony, his hands raised to his eyes as tho watching with breaking heart the course of the remorseless invader.

"The wild West," muttered the old banker, "Ah, how times have changed since then, when now the Jews, the great princes of finance, seek to control the products of those precious hills which only a few years ago were merely the playground of the Indian and the wolf. And I guess its almost up to me, for surely I'm the Indian now—I'm getting old," and turning from the picture he paced slowly across the room several times, and returning to his desk murmured as he sat down, "But blame me if I don't *wear* out tho, I'll never let the game rust me."

CHAPTER V

Several months after the first meeting between Solomon Guggenhone and Thomas Bayard, the same gentleman, in company with several others, including Theodore Dodge, were holding a meeting in a newly furnished suite of offices in the New England building on Seventeenth Street in Denver. This suite was the western headquarters of the newly organized Smelter Trust, the American Smelter Co.; the old M. & C. S. Co., having been merged into and absorbed by the new organization.

This giant industrial was capitalized for $55,000,000, and incredible as it may seem, it was so ingeniously devised and operated as to pay generous and *bona fide* dividends upon this enormous capitalization from the very day of its completed organization. Well might David Moore say, "that the Jews were the princes of finance."

Both Bayard and Dodge, as well as the other stockholders of the now extinct M. & C. S. Co., were well satisfied with the deal. They had received the full valuation of their property in cash, and were also the recipients of large blocks of the capital stock of the newly formed corporation. A few months later, after the new corporation was in full operation and in complete control of the central Rocky Mountain smelter situation, this stock, much of which was said to be pure water, had nearly attained the par value of one hundred cents on the dollar. In a year's time it actually commanded a premium on the various stock exchanges of the country. And all because great financiers of national repute were back of it, and regardless of the real value of the corporation's actual holdings, no matter how inflated their value might be, the concern could pay generous dividends upon its enormous capital stock.

The original holdings of the American Smelter Co., in-

cluded some twenty-three smelting plants and refineries located in various parts of the country both East and West. In Colorado it was from its inception practically supreme, with but one exception, which was of very slight importance when the insignificance of the concern was considered. But tho small, it was capable of growth, and acting upon the theory that the plant might possibly develop, under capable management backed with sufficient capital, into an active competitor, the members of the executive board of the Trust shortly after its organization, were earnestly discussing the subject of absorbing this small plant, of which the following is a brief history.

At Goldie, a large town tucked away in the foothills a few miles to the west of Denver, was located a smelter known as the "Gilpin." It was owned by a Connecticut Yankee by the name of Jonathan Strong. In some manner this genius of the "Nutmeg" state had dropped upon a few secrets of metallurgy and had built up his smelter from the patched up relics of several antiquated smelters which had been operated in the early days of Colorado, when Denver was a much smaller village than Goldie itself; but as fast as the flourishing city by the Platte had attained proportions it had gradually drawn away the trade of the foothill city, and with that trade had been drawn the fires of the oldtime smelters of Goldie.

In addition to the ingenuity displayed by Strong in the rigging up of his plant, he had also developed an ability for managing his concern that was highly unique. For it was his custom to visit at regular intervals the various camps of the Clear Creek district, and taking advantage of the different mine operators' dissatisfaction with their treatment at the hands of the various smelters of Denver, he had gradually obtained sufficient shipments of ore to keep his plant running continuously. He could not afford to employ a corps of ore buyers, but instead, would persuade the operators to consign their ores to him to be smelted at a very close margin. And in his eagerness for business he had for years insinuated to his customers, of the probable organization of a smelter trust in the near future which would crowd out not only the

small mine operator, but would also destroy that active competition which his plant afforded. When this talk, which for several years was pure humbug, did really become an actual fact, Strong continued to beguile the Clear Creek miners with his cry of Trust competition and hard-time talk, while all the time he was planning to sell his plant to the Trust at the very first opportunity, and which plan had probably been in his mind when he started in the business.

Among the active discontents of upper Clear Creek was Standish Brown, who for years had carefully noted the remarkable growth and development of the smelting industry. And his very first battle with the Denver concerns had been over the gold values which were contained to a generous degree in the ores of the 40 Rounds, and for which the Denver smelters were loath to settle, as it had been customary for many years previous to 1893, for them to settle with the operators upon a purely silver basis. Thus in those flush times before silver was demonetized, the miners made such a large profit upon that basis, that they rarely ever sought, much less got, an accounting for whatever gold values their ores might contain, and which in most cases was rather insignificant, at least in the Clear Creek camps where silver so largely predominated.

But Standish, however, thru his intimate knowledge of assaying, was perfectly informed as to the gold values contained in the ores of the 40 Rounds, and he had at an early date insisted that he be fully paid for them in addition to the larger silver values they contained. After months of quarreling and even threatening, the smelters gave in, and he began to get returns for the gold values as well as for silver. It was a great victory for him, for afterwards these same gold values were the salvation of his mine during the terrific slump of silver which coincided with the panic of 1893.

His next clash with the Denver smelters was over the discovery that the railroads were openly discriminating against the smelters of Goldie. For these railroads were controlled almost exclusively by Denverites who likewise

were heavily interested in the Denver smelters. Thus a cold-blooded plot had been concocted by these Denver capitalists, in defiance of all principles of justice and honor, to exterminate their competitors. And as an instance of this iniquity, it can be stated that the C. C. & U. Ry. actually hauled a carload of ore down Clear Creek gulch, thru Goldie, and the ten or twelve additional miles on to Denver, for considerable less than it would haul a carload from the same points to Goldie. Not only was this infamous practice maintained for years, but consignments of ore billed to Goldie were held up and delayed, quantities of ore stolen or lost in transit, and in many other ways petty indignities were perpetrated upon these shipments.

For pure self preservation Standish spent several thousand dollars in fighting this railroad iniquity thru several sessions of the state legislature, the smelting and railroad interests fighting him boldly and openly. Forced to extreme measures, however, Standish and his followers were finally able to bring bribery charges against several members of the legislature, the fight culminating in a battle that was long remembered in the minds of Denver smelting and railroad magnates. Curious enough, it was Theodore Dodge who was the backbone of the smelter opposition, for he did not hesitate to openly and actively lobby at the capitol building in the interests of the railroads and smelters.

In the end, long after the Goldie smelters had been compelled to cease operations, Standish's influence and money succeeded in restoring the rates to a more just and equitable basis, and incidentally arousing the people of the state to the necessity of establishing a competent and active railroad commission. However, the smelters of Goldie had long since perished from this and other causes, and save the lone plant which was later revived by Jonathan Strong, the industry was dead. It was at this time that Standish, for the first time in his life, began seriously to consider building a smelter himself, but just as he was about to investigate the defects and merits of Goldie as the possible site for a successful plant, Jon-

athan Strong had dawned upon the scene, and Standish had thereupon agreed to divert a generous portion of his product to the Gilpin as an experiment. And as soon as the Yankee had demonstrated his ability to successfully treat the ores of the 40 Rounds, Standish turned over his entire product to him much elated in the thought that he had won a decisive battle over the Denver concerns in the enjoyment of a close and independent market.

The shrewd Yankee constantly fostered his customer's interest in the Gilpin, among other items of course, by constantly intimating that a combination might be formed at any time to crowd his concern from the field. Therefore when the organization of the American Smelter Co. was formally announced in the state press, Jonathan Strong prepared to reap his long anticipated harvest. He would sell his cheap antiquated plant to the Trust at a big price. He had eked out a slender living for years, purposely doing business upon a narrow margin, in order to hold not only his trade but be in a position when the opportune time came, to insist and obtain long time contracts with his customers as an asset by which his plant would actually command a large price from the Trust.

That his standing with Standish Brown would give him a favorable hearing with the newly formed Trust was almost certain. The Denver smelters were still smarting from the effects of the fight which Standish had put up. They had investigated his wealth and resources, and they knew his power. With them he was a marked man. Fearing his power, they had always united their interests in fighting him, regardless of how fiercely they might battle among themselves. It was always Standish Brown against the field.

Thus at this meeting of the executive board of the Trust, the members had before them a communication from Jonathan Strong, to the effect that he was open to an offer from them, or else he would interest capital, presumably Standish Brown's, and build a great independent plant either at Goldie or Denver. Now this latter statement was considered by the board for what

it actually was—a pure bluff; but they *did* want to muzzle this enterprising Yankee and control the output of his plant. They felt that this was a comparatively easy matter to settle, but the question was, what to do with Brown? The old concerns had felt his power more than once. His fierce uncompromising fight with the old smelting interests was the talk and glory of every independent mining camp and newspaper in Colorado, and he possessed a large following of friendly and influential mine operators. The board considered him entirely capable of building a great smelting plant if he chose to do so. He had the genius and wealth, and could also obtain from his mine owner friends all the ore he wanted. It was plain that if this impertinent Yankee chose to interest him, the Trust might have a fight on its hands that would prick its bubble, and seriously affect the stock market.

It was at this juncture that Theodore Dodge again became conspicuous as Standish Brown's chief trouble maker, by concocting a brilliant scheme to tie him hand and foot. Having been mixed up with upper Clear Creek affairs more or less for years in his former management of the Sampson-Smith properties, and in his lobbying against Brown at the state capitol, he was fully informed of Brown's peculiar temperament and character, and as the direct result of this information and his own keen acumen, he made the following suggestion to the board.

That the board agree upon purchase terms with Strong, only upon the condition, *that he secure Brown's signature to a contract, binding Brown, his heirs and assigns, to deliver his entire product to the Gilpin smelter or its successors, for a period of at least four years.*

In that length of time Dodge figured that the board could probably arrange a further program to embarrass or bring to terms the obstreperous young mine owner. Dodge exhibited his usual cleverness still further, by suggesting that Brown would probably refer such a contract to John Charles Rose, his attorney, and that a representative of the corporation should call on him to recommend to his principal the closing of such a contract. In

making this suggestion, Dodge was fully aware of the political aspirations of John Charles, and he felt secure in the thought that the ambitious attorney would not scruple at feathering his own nest at the expense of his client. After considerable discussion, Dodge's plan was agreed upon, and the board adjourned.

This incident however, does not appear upon the formal minutes of the board; like hundreds of other incidents in the inner history of many of America's gigantic corporations, it was smothered in the secret recesses of the executive, or rather *executioner's* board.

CHAPTER VI

A few days after the foregoing session of the board, Standish received a call from Jonathan Strong, who for obvious reasons, made the trip from Goldie to Plume for the express purpose of closing a long term contract with his loyal and good-natured customer. Standish received him with his usual cordiality, and immediately Strong began to sound him about the contract.

"Really, Mr. Brown," said Strong, in a well feigned burst of confidence, after having previously delivered a long tirade upon the gross iniquities of the newly formed Trust, "I don't know where you and I will land in this business, and I have made you this visit solely to effect a perfect understanding between us, that I may be guaranteed the steady production of the 40 Rounds for the maintenance of my smelter."

"Well, Jonathan," replied Standish heartily, "I don't see but what you and I can agree upon terms—always found me on the square, haven't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Brown, you have indeed been a loyal friend," replied Strong with his characteristic whine, "But you can't tell what might happen, and a good solid written contract between us will protect our heirs, and assure me the product of the mine in any event. Business is business, Mr. Brown, and I don't feel justified in working on uncertainties. I have got my hands more than full in keepin' the plant a goin', and I think I ought to be free from the worry of where my ore's comin' from. The Trust is liable to spring something on me most any time, and I've got to sail under close canvas and be careful."

"All right, brother Jonathan," said Standish, smiling at his colleague's apparent concern, "draw up the sort of contract which you think is fair to both of us, and send it to my attorney in Denver, Mr. Rose. You must know his address I think, and if he approves of it, I will sign

it and mail it to you, and thus end your doubts as to the delivery of the product of the 40 Rounds. God bless the old girl, anyway, Jonathan; made another big strike in her the other day. The ore runs up to $106.65 a ton."

After this conversation Strong took the evening train for Denver, scarcely casting a glance at his plant in Goldie as the train passed thru the town. But no wonder, the main financial event of his life was at hand, and with a Yankee, such an occasion is very near the main one of his life, not excepting his marriage or the death of his father-in-law. To sell his antiquated plant for a high price and gain thereby a snug fortune to last him the rest of his days—surely, that was indeed a triumph.

The next morning he visited the offices of the Trust in the New England block, and remained closeted with its attorney for nearly an hour; finally emerging with some typewritten documents in his hand, which was the coveted contract as dictated and drawn up in duplicate to the full satisfaction of the Trust's attorney. Placing it carefully in his inside coat pocket, Strong then made his way to the office of John Charles Rose.

"Here's a paper for you to look over, Mr. Rose," he said, "Mr. Brown told me to tell you, that if it met with your O. K., to please mail it to him and he would sign it. A bad thing this Trust business is, Mr. Rose," he added with a knowing wink, which the attorney pretended to ignore, "Mr. Brown and I are about to close a contract to protect our mutual interests."

"Very well, Mr. Strong, we will look into the matter at once, and if I find it satisfactory I will mail it to Mr. Brown this evening."

There was not a trace of guile upon the cold impassive features of the attorney, and altho fully assured by the Trust's attorney that Rose was in the deal, the cunning Yankee could scarcely believe it, such was his cool suave expression and manner. But the deal was on at last, and Strong figured that he would soon know the result.

John Charles retired into his private office and carefully examined the contract. It was drawn up exactly as the Trust's attorney had intimated to him at lunch the pre-

vious day. It would irrevocably bind his client to the marketing of the ores of the 40 Rounds with the Gilpin smelter, its successors and assigns, for the period of four years; and as the attorney finished his examination he rose and slowly paced back and forth thinking over the situation.

Life was a game with him. A great chessboard, upon which one makes certain moves and obtains certain results. The bait which had been offered him by the representative of the Trust as the price of betraying his client, was patronage. It would turn over to him a certain percentage of its legal business each year, and would also support him in his political deals, which was the main thing, for the giant corporation was composed of the Guggenhones who controlled, and some of the most influential men in Colorado, as well as several of the most famous money kings of Wall Street. It was just such an alliance as the ambitious attorney had long desired.

But how about his client?

Surely Standish Brown was entitled to some consideration, at least he was paying for it.

What! That rough, arrogant, overgrown miner? Digging blindly away up there in the mountains. In what manner would such a contract affect him? He would get an honest return for every dollar's worth of ore. In fact, the contract would be of great advantage to him, for with the selling out of this irresponsible Yankee to the Trust, Brown would have a valuable binding contract with a large and responsible concern.

How foolish to scruple over a contract which was of real substantial benefit to his client, and—and of such great incalculable benefit to *him,* John Charles Rose, the rising political power of Colorado. Besides, Brown would never know of the deal, and even if he did suspect it, he would have no proof. But in any event, the long and honorable record of John Charles Rose and his father in the able management of the Brown estate, would certainly appeal to him, and defeat any rash act of retaliation which his hot indignation might contemplate if he ever

discovered the deal. Also, *was he not on the inside of all this rough miner's affairs, had his hands on all his securities, bonds, investments, etc.?* Indeed, if forced to play a strong hand he could embarrass the gentleman with many legal entanglements, and if necessary, actually force him to a settlement.

Pshaw! It was foolish to anticipate trouble in that quarter. He had decided, he would recommend the signing of the contract to his client.

In this deliberation, John Charles Rose looked within the theatre of his soul, and saw himself addressing the Senate of the United States. A power among the great men of the nation. He beheld himself secretly backed by the influence of great corporations. He saw the masses of the people supporting him as the leader of a great party, shouting and applauding their hearty approval of his spotless career as a worthy son of Colorado. He saw himself filling a chair similar to that of his favorite statesman, the great Kentuckian, Henry Clay.

A SENATOR OF THE UNITED STATES, and this—this was his *opportunity;* to effect an alliance, thru this contract of Standish Brown's, with one of the great powers which would lift him to that long coveted goal.

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which taken at the flood, leads on to Fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows, and in miseries."

For centuries, the above honeyed words of Shakespeare have caused weak men to err.

OPPORTUNITY!

Oh, who can translate thy fatal sophistry?

Vain, self loving, ambitious men, forever seeking after thee; and acting upon thy supposed infallibility, only to fall down in bitter, crushing, and ignominious defeat and ruin.

The world empire seekers—Alexander, Pompey, Napoleon.

The vainly seeking and disappointed president aspirants; Webster, Greeley, Blaine.

OPPORTUNITY!

Oh! William Shakespeare, thou mistaketh somewhat in this fascinating speech of Brutus', if thou meantest it for pure truth.

A fateful moment of "a tide in the affairs of men?"

Ah! Sweet truth, this sentiment might apply to worldly — to selfish, designing, weak men; but to true men— *never!*

There is no ebb and flow in the affairs of true men— those great unselfish souls who bear undaunted the burden of Life, and ascend the high reared summits of eternal honor.

They do not ponder, and anxiously await an opportune moment; but walk serenely on to their high appointed places, unmindful of what weak men call, opportunity.

True men, and all truly great men, are sublimely unconscious, that there ever was "a tide" or time in their simple, natural, dutiful careers, in which they could have acted in a different manner than the straight and narrow path of truth and honest conduct; or by any other route ascended to that place which it was their right and sure destiny to obtain and fill.

Bah! Feed opportunity to jingoes, ambitious men, and slot-machines; but to true men feed purity of soul and noble and steadfast purpose.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all things shall be added unto you."

Bah! This weak doctrine of Opportunity. Editors of the current magazine, "Success," remove this false doctrine from your columns.*

Teach your young readers to live the life of Truth, of Israel. To toe the mark. To study themselves and live up to that truth which they find within themselves and observe in others. Do not hold out to trusting innocence this dreadful delusion. This false god, Opportu.

*NOTE.—In the May, 1903, issue of the popular magazine, "Success," is the picture of a young man, who, evidently travel worn and weary, has lain down his pack, and is resting upon the

Some misguided readers will wait all their miserable lives to get acquainted with and snatch vainly at the fleeting draperies of Opportu. Poor cowards they, trembling with apprehension and anxiety, and weary with waiting for the passage of a phantom. Who will sink into their sad graves, sorry and unhappy failures; whereas, if they had been trained to step bravely and confidently forward upon the path of life, and climbed the road with the balance of their fellows, they would have proved themselves, if not famous and illustrious, at least worthy and competent.

Opportu at Waterloo, was much different from Opportu at Austerlitz, my dear young America.

Opportu at Waterloo was an opportunity for Napoleon, whom history shows as perhaps the greatest opportunist who ever lived, to FAIL; as well as for Wellington, who was simply doing his plain duty as the trusted general of an army, to win.

Napoleon's seeking and accepting so-called opportunities finally landed him at St. Helena, a sea girt isle, where he died ignominiously like a rat in a trap, after a sickening career of bloodshed, rapine, and dishonor.

But Abraham Lincoln lived his noble life, without ducking and twisting his head in order to see, or wildly to scamper over the country in order to follow the most false and fickle Opportu. The Proclamation of Emancipation was a matter of extreme necessity for the preservation of the sacred principle of Truth and Liberty, the announcement of which caused Lincoln's whole cabinet to stand aghast. But courteously disregarding the fears

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roadside fence; when Opportunity, pictured as a semi-nude figure with whirling draperies and feet winged as Mercury's, and propelling with the flying feet a large ball; suddenly sweeps past the startled and weary youth, and passes swiftly beyond him down the road. Thus conveying to the observer, the distinct and absolutely *false* idea, that Opportunity is something that must be grasped at once as it rolls past us, or our life is hopelessly doomed to failure and defeat. *This is not true.* For all the truly great characters of human history, are those men and women who have simply lived their lives truly, openly, and honestly, as they followed the path of truth and duty from day to day; while only the reverse can be said of those characters, familiarly known as "Opportunists," who have followed the doctrine of Opportunity, which is as false as hell, and he who promulgates it, is a base corrupter of truth and virtue.

and contrary opinions of the members of that body, the one *man,* plain, honest old Abe, gave the slave his freedom. No opportunity here, but just a plain indisputable duty placed before a God-fearing, honorable man.

No St. Helena for him.

No worship of the false god Opportu here.

He simply did *his duty,* as all other true men must do. He simply lived up to the dictates of his pure truth-loving soul; a simple unwavering integrity developed him into a glorious, famous man, and won for him a great nation's eternal thanks and a martyr's tomb. The French have also entombed Napoleon in the midst of their gay capital. Perhaps to them it is a shrine of Glory. But to all truth-lovers, however, it can never be anything but a memorial of *Error rebuked by Truth.* Lincoln's tomb, however, is a shrine of *Truth enthroned by Error.*

Our brave young Leiter, he of the redoubtable "Record-Herald" chin, thought Opportu was going to lead him to a colossal fortune in wheat; but instead, it led him to a vast failure.

Oh! This doctrine of Opportu seems to be good, *until the failure is acknowledged.*

And then what?

Why then, it surely teaches us the lesson, *to simply follow the dictates of one's own honest, God-fearing, truth-seeking soul;* and it will lead one safe and honorably to fame and fortune oblivious of the fact that modern wise men (?) write essays and poems encouraging the worship of that false god, Opportu.

Why scorn the patient, plodding pace of the tortoise—DUTY; *if it wins the race* against Opportunity?

CHAPTER VII

Standish signed the contract and mailed it to Jonathan Strong. It was to take effect beginning June 1, 1899, and remain in force four years.

One morning not long after, as Standish and his wife were eating a late breakfast, they heard a knock on the door, and Fiorina opened it.

"Good morning, Mrs. Brown; here's a message for the boss."

Fiorina recognized the speaker as the railroad agent, and she smiled a recognition. After signing for the telegram, she handed the receipt book to the agent and the message to Standish. As he opened it, she peeked over his shoulder, and this is what she read:

"Standish Brown,
"Plume, Colo.
"Strong has sold out to the Trust. ROSE."

A torrent of rage filled the angry mine owner, and he fairly choked with hot indignation, but his pretty wife put her velvety hand over his mouth and placed her soft cheek tightly against his. Then, as her lovely hair fell down upon his bare throat, he picked up a lock of it and pressed it to his lips, and Fiorina could feel his face gradually soften into a smile.

How they were enjoying their honeymoon.

As Fiorina poured out a second cup of coffee for her lord, he grew serious again, his face twitching convulsively as was his habit when disturbed.

"D——d——!" he ripped out, but seeing his wife's threatening look, he repressed his choler and gulped down the hot coffee ferociously.

"Fiorina, come here, little one," he said, shoving his chair away from the table. She went to him and got up into his lap. After a moment, in which he embraced

her as tho she were the one solace of his life, he said softly,

"My darling little Fiorina, you're the only one in all the world that I can trust. Will you promise never to go back on me?"

She nodded her head as it laid on his shoulder.

"Well—then promise," he continued playfully.

She reached up and kissed him, saying as she did so, with an almost childish devotion.

"Fiorina, nefer, nefer—go back on Meester Brown. Always lofe him—always." And this was the manner in which Standish and his child wife dismissed for the moment a stern affair of business.

The Denver papers soon confirmed the message of John Charles. The American Smelter Co., thru the purchase of the Gilpin, was now supreme in Colorado; and Standish Brown, who constituted the only known factor of active opposition, was inmeshed in its web for at least four years.

Standish never attempted to look up Jonathan Strong again. He felt that his temper might get the better of him and cause him to commit an assault which he would afterwards regret. He visited John Charles in Denver not long afterward and discussed the perfidy of the Yankee and also the possibility of evading the contract, which discussion left no doubt in the mind of John Charles as to what *he* might expect if the tall mine owner ever learned of the part that he had played in the affair.

The perfidious attorney, who had long since congratulated himself upon his dexterity in completely deceiving his trusting principal, was very careful to point out the folly of attempting to break the contract, and Standish dismissed the subject as just a deplorable incident of human weakness and a thing forever closed.

In this he was greatly mistaken, however, for a few weeks later a circumstance occurred that gave new impetus, and quite happily, too, a fuller and nobler meaning to his career.

CHAPTER VIII

Gus Johnson was a derelict. A liquor-soaked hulk. A booze fighter of the very first rank. And one day during a temporary recovery of his mental and pedal equilibrium, he stepped into the office of John Charles Rose, and asked for employment on the strength of his legal knowledge and professional ability as an all-around office man.

Rose, who had need of just such a general utility man, made a close bargain with the fellow, and Johnson, who managed to sober up for a few days, made quite an impression upon his new employer, Rose finding him possessed of quite a smattering of law and an excellent knowledge of legal forms, such as deeds, leases, mortgages, etc.; for Johnson had really been admitted to the bar somewhere down East, but drink having got the better of him, had ruined his career.

After a few weeks, however, Rose began to note the bibulous, blear-eyed condition of his protégé, and he proceeded to administer a severe reprimand to him, Johnson accepting it with that nonchalant, long-expected-thank-you demeanor so characteristic of the habitual drunkard; and who, as soon as his employer left the office to fill an engagement, sneaked to the nearest saloon to bravely bolster himself up for a spell of strict abstinence.

As he held the glass in his shaking hand, he said to his mistress, Drink:

"Dear old pal, you've got to go to sleep now. There, that's a good little girl, got her nighty on, and papa tucks her into her snug little nest."

Drink did go to sleep for a few minutes, but she soon woke up again more insistent than ever, and the drunkard was forced to feed her as before, actually managing to hold down his job for six months, to then be discharged. But that was just four months longer than he expected. In fact, he had wagered with Drink every day for the last

six weeks of his stay, that the next day would be his last. Indeed, she thought him very smooth to hang on as long as he had, and they accordingly congratulated themselves in many a brimming glass.

As Rose handed the check to Johnson, which represented the balance of salary due him, the drunkard left the office as happy as a lark.

He liked a change.

Perverted, liquor-soaked genius. A capable soul seduced by drink. He had long lived by his wits, and his little wife and family had protestingly followed his bibulous and ever-declining fortunes.

Johnson possessed that occasional flash of genius which is often encountered among certain individuals who steep themselves, not only in liquor, but likewise with morphine, absinthe, and opium. These flashes of genius are at times truly dazzling to the sober, abstemious man. But they are generally only flashes in the pan. The divine light beams out in royal splendor for a moment, and then quickly dies out in the enervating embrace of the deadly intoxicant.

As he left Rose's office, Johnson felt that he had in his pocket a bunch of papers that would secure him another will-o'-the-wisp job. And the next morning after his discharge he cashed his salary check at the bank and took a car for the Union Depot.

"How far is it to Plume?" he asked of the ticket agent.

"Fifty-nine miles. Next train at 3:30 this afternoon," was the sharp reply.

"Much obliged," said Johnson, and he took the next car for home to leave some money with his wife and to pack his valise.

At seven that evening he put up at the hotel in Plume, and the next morning visited the tunnel of the 40 Rounds. Standish did not arrive until nearly noon, and Johnson loafed at the boiler house until that time, exchanging anecdotes with the fireman between goodly nips at a bottle of "Old Crow," which Johnson had no difficulty in producing the instant he found that the fireman was susceptible.

"Is this Mr. Brown?" he said boldly, as Standish appeared and had chatted a moment with the fireman.

"Yes, sir, what can I do for you?" replied Standish.

"Mr. Brown, I would like to speak with you privately. Um—important business," said the drunkard, drawing himself up with a brave air of importance and a grand stand swagger.

"Very well, sir, step into the tunnel with me. I have a place in there that will certainly do," said the mine owner, laughing to himself as he viewed the half-hearted attempt of the booze fighter to impress him with great seriousness.

A great change had taken place in the tunnel since Standish had first driven it to the lode of the 40 Rounds. It was now extended to twice its former width, allowing the use of a double track. A complete electrical equipment had been substituted for steam power, and the tunnel was brilliantly illuminated with incandescent lamps thruout its entire length. An electric tram was in operation. Electric drills had also been substituted for the old air drills, and the great property was a model of modern mining equipment.

When they reached the old hoist chamber, which itself had been transformed into a commodious, brilliantly lighted, well ventilated office, tool depository and workshop, Standish offered Johnson a chair and seated himself in another.

"Well, what is it?" inquired the mine owner sharply.

In reply to his abrupt question, Johnson took from his inside coat pocket a bundle of tissue and typewritten letters, and silently handing them to Standish, fished out a two-for-a-nickel cigar, and lighting it, calmly smoked it while the miner perused the papers.

As Standish slowly read the papers and examined the tissues in the order they were placed, his face gradually grew stern, and finally flamed with anger. When he finished, he looked up at his visitor and said sternly,

"Who the devil are you?"

In reply, Johnson proceeded to relate his connection with the papers, and also weaving in an account of his

own falling fortunes with all the skill of a professional dead-beater; every sentence being carefully framed to produce a penniless, much-abused, God-forsaken effect, that would perhaps enable him to win a benefice from his listener. It was an old game with the drunkard, whom drink had endowed with almost superhuman cunning, even to the verge of causing him to commit blackmail upon a petty scale, in order to bolster up his fortunes.

Standish was not much deceived by his artifices, however, and easily saw thru the time-worn devices of a man who has lived on the wit-crust for many years.

But the letters and the tissues?

They surely told the tale of John Charles Rose's utter perfidy. For the papers submitted by the drunkard were in part the original and in part the tissue copies of the correspondence between the Smelter Trust's attorney and John Charles Rose, relative to those details of the Brown-Strong contract which had been overlooked in their personal interviews, Johnson having boldly pilfered them from Rose's files for the express purpose of finding, if not a new employer, at least remuneration of some sort.

Among the papers Johnson had cunningly inserted a tissue copy of the telegram by which the treacherous attorney had informed Standish of Strong's sale of the Gilpin. The sight of it was a fitting climax to the entire perfidious transaction, and Standish fairly boiled with suppressed anger.

"So you want a job, do you, Johnson?" he said after a few moments.

The drunkard nodded his head eagerly.

"Well, this piece of business is a darn poor recommend for you or anyone else. But it seems to be a straight deal, all right. Say, Johnson, I think, yes — darned if I don't feel that I am the biggest sucker in the whole state of Colorado. Nothin' but just soft, mealy, mushy mush. A downright pastepot. By all the tin gods, Johnson, I ought to change my name and begin life over again. Really I am the easiest mark in the whole U. S. A. And blame me," he added musingly, "I always have been — and expect I always will be."

The result of this interview was, that the drunkard returned to Denver the next day and loafed from that time until the first of the following year, when he was called to Plume to keep Standish's books.

On the first of each month he received a check from the mine owner, which not only supported his family with ease, but also afforded him a glorious outlay for booze. It was the greatest snap of his life. One continual jag from June until the following January. He was on a par with that happy African "who went up in January and didn't get down till June."

CHAPTER IX

Standish waited until January first of the new year of 1900 before he "called" the enterprising John Charles.

He had studied the situation very carefully. The proof of the attorney's perfidy was absolute. It could not be successfully refuted. Both the tissue copies and the letters displayed the signatures of the correspondents, and Standish recognized beyond a shadow of doubt the well known signature of his attorney.

Several weeks after Johnson's exposé, the mine owner noticed the account of a lawsuit published in the Denver papers, in which John Charles Rose's name appeared as counsel for the American Smelter Co. The evidence was complete. He had been sold, deliberately betrayed, by a man to whom he paid a handsome salary to protect his interests.

The mine owner thought long and carefully over the manner in which he should sever his connections with the traitor. If he should suddenly withdraw his business in the middle of the year, the fellow might engulf him in a mess of litigation which might last him the balance of his life. No. He would patiently wait until they made the usual settlement the first of the year. Then he would get personal possession of all his effects, obtain the attorney's receipt in full for all services rendered, which was the Colonel's old established custom, and then he would "call" him good and hard.

With scrupulous care the attorney had prepared this first annual settlement, politely ushering his principal into his private office; where, placed upon the office table, was the entire list of his principal's securities and investments neatly tied up and catalogued, making up several formidable bundles of bonds, stocks, deeds, mortgages, etc.

The attorney had also made out a receipt in full for his

services to date, and had pinned it to an unsigned check with the correct figures filled in, that would balance his account against the estate for the past year.

Standish examined every detail of the account with anxious care. He checked off and inspected the blocks of investments and securities to the minutest detail, for he felt that the omission of any of his holdings would be fatal to the full amount which the paper represented. He did not care so much about the money, but he dreaded the thought that this traitorous wretch of an attorney might rub in his treachery in some other and as yet unknown manner. But gradually as he checked up the various items, his choler rose to the bursting point, to all of which John Charles was wholly oblivious, as, seated at his desk reading his paper, he complacently smoked his cigar.

Finally, Standish succeeded in checking up everything, and picked up the receipt with the unsigned check attached. Unpinning the two papers, and signing the check, he thrust the receipt into his pocket, leaving the check upon the table. Then going quickly to the umbrella case near the door, he picked up a large leather grip which he had quietly placed there upon his entrance. Bringing it to the table, he began putting into it the various bundles and packages of securities.

Rose, who had patiently waited all this time, manifested evident alarm at this wholly unexpected and unwonted action of his principal; and, quickly rising from his chair with his features expressing the utmost astonishment and trepidation, he stepped forward protestingly.

Standish, who was only half thru stowing away his valuables, looked up. The sight of the perfidious wretch maddened him.

"John Rose," he said in a fierce, threatening manner which brooked no interference, "you stay where you are, or confound your contemptible, traitorous heart, I'll break every bone in your body."

And as the tall form of the miner stood between him and the door, the trembling attorney could only wait until the packing process was finished. Then his erstwhile

principal, picking up the huge valise and giving a last sweeping glance at the table, walked out of the room without a word.

Late that afternoon Standish was visited at his hotel by Colonel Rose. The white-haired old veteran was quite visibly agitated as Standish entered the parlor.

"What in the name of G—— is the matter with you, Standish?" he said as they shook hands; "Got another fit on?" he added reproachfully as they sat down, recalling the mysterious disappearance of his tall friend several years previous.

Standish told him everything, and produced the evidence, which the Colonel inspected closely. The old gentleman remained strangely silent for a long time after he handed the papers back; then he spoke.

"My boy, you are right. You are fully justified. I don't see how you could have done anything different, except—I'm afraid if it had been me, I'd have given the cuss a d——d good licking."

BOOK TWO

THE SUCCESSORS OF W. W. W.

CHAPTER I

"Blow the fife slowly
And beat the drum softly,
As we carry the young cowboy
Away to his grave."

Thus goes an old ballad of the cow-range.

As the closing years of the Nineteenth Century filled the American stage with its brilliant company, there was one lone figure among the swift moving throng of the nation's illustrious, who moved with the uncertain painful footsteps of decrepit old age.

From time to time he exchanged greetings with some of the elder members of the merry throng, but with the young, the boisterous, the newer generation of the Great Republic, he was passed by almost unnoticed and ungreeted.

It was WILD WOOLLY WEST!*

Lean, decrepit, old Wild Woolly West, is passing away.

From out the vast abyss of the long past centuries comes the grim reaper. He of the thousand leagued beard, Father Time.

As he does so, he holds back the last curtain of the Nineteenth Century for us to take one farewell glance at our departing, but dearly beloved Wild Woolly West.

Once the most brilliant figure of the Great Plains and the vast recesses of the Rocky Mountains, Wild Woolly West's day is over and he sinks into the abysmal night

*NOTE.—The following editorial from the "Denver Republican" of January 27, 1903, explains itself.

"What has become of the 'wild West?'" asks the Chicago

of the ages, while the poor vain imitators of his departed glories do their pitiful stunts under the white tented canvas of the circus, together with those of the passing redman and the dying buffalo.

The scout, the trapper, the Indian, the pony expressman, the cowboy, the pan miner, and the cattle rustler, all stand upon the stage of the Nineteenth Century for their last curtain.

But the fierce, demonstrative, impatient audience of the Twentieth Century will not allow even the graceful chivalric bow, nor the prolonged exit of these heroes of the old West.

This new and hurtling generation, like the unsatisfied and ennui-crammed Romans of old, demand the new play, new actors, new thrills, and the long prepared delights of the new century.

So back, back, we of the brimming tears, gently push our dear old Wild Woolly West. Back, back, into the shadow land of Has Been.

Tribune. "Wyoming is wearing store clothes and Colorado is a state of farmers."

The Tribune's question has been asked in so many ways and by so many people that the West has become somewhat tired of answering it. In the course of time it becomes wearying to keep on assuring curious Easterners that there is no "wild West," and that, in fact, the woolly place of fiction is nine-tenths imagination.

Some day the East will wake up to the fact that the region west of the Missouri is possessed of a higher and more assimilative type of civilization than many of the narrow, rock-bottomed and hide-bound communities of New England. But the process will be slow. Probably the novelist and the artist will be the last ones to succumb. The novelist still insists that there is a "wild West." He takes a couple of weeks off and travels from Omaha to San Francisco, and the fact that he doesn't see anything wild does not discourage him. He goes home and calls his imagination into play, and introduces boisterous cowboys and all the other conventional characters of the so-called Western school of fiction. These characters, as they are painted in novels, do not exist in the West. Oldtimers say they never did. But the novelist knows that they ought to be there, and his editors pay him good rates for his stuff and write glowing advertisements about its fidelity to nature. And then the artist never allows reality to influence his ideals. If he draws a cowboy he never shows the rather meek looking hired man who officiates on the average Western ranch. He puts on all the picturesque accessories, from shaps to sombrero, and the editors are pleased again.

So if the Chicago Tribune really wants to know what has become of the "wild West," it should not look any further than between the covers of novels or magazines. The "wild West" is there, and it has been nowhere else for years."

Back with Coxey's Army, with the Carpet-baggers, the Copperheads, the Boys of '61.

Back with the '49ers, with the "Old South befoh de wah."

Back with the Whigs and the Federalists, with the Minute-men and Paul Jones' immortal crew.

Back with the Puritans and the Knickerbockers.

Back with the dauntless Columbus, and the brilliant court of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Back with the Crusaders and the intrepid Cœur de Lion.

Back with imperial Cæsar and the grim legions of Rome.

Yea! Back, away back to the days of ancient Greece, with Hector of Troy and the mighty Ulysses.

Back, back, with the inspired warriors of Israel, with wonder-working Moses and the sun-compelling Joshua.

And back. Ah! Far, far back, to the first man who ever lived, and contributed his sinew, bone, and thin intellect to found the first chronicles of human history.

Pathetic you stand there, Wild Woolly West, with your deep stooped shoulders and your emaciated form accoutered with all the gay trappings and ornaments of the virgin West.

Your face is bronzed by the fierce glare of the Arizona sun; your beard is bleached by the cold belching snows of Wyoming; your brow is furrowed by the hot grinding sands of the Dakotas.

Your hands are twisted and crabbed by the constant fling of the lasso, the sharp pull of the reins, the quick pump of the trigger.

Your legs are crooked and bent from the longs days and weary nights spent in the wild careening saddle; and your poor old body is wrenched and racked from the savage kill-strain of the stampede and the deadly chill of the death-breathing "no'wester."

So back, back, far back into the deep caverns of unending Time for you, Wild Woolly West. But fear not, old pard, you, too, are immortal.

Your record is written with your hot blood spurting crimson over the brown Nebraska prairies, and sinking

scarlet into the white alkali sands of the Great American Desert.

You have been carved in marble, Wild Woolly West. You have been cast in bronze. You have been painted on canvas, and been branded on America's mighty heart with the hot searing brands of your cherished and precious memory.

So back, back, bully old Wild Woolly West. Back into the tender realm of shadow, forever to dream the fleeting centuries away, to be greeted again on the Judgment Day.

Away then, ye vapory forms of the old passing West. Good-bye, forever, dear Wild Woolly West.

Hush! The curtain cords are loosed. The curtain falls.

A thunderous shout breaks forth from the younger generation of the newer, the modern, and, let us hope—the better West.

"Bring on the NEW," is the insistent cry from the Missouri to the Arkansas.

Again the curtain rises upon the eternal stage of Time.

Behold! The new, the virgin, the Twentieth Century.

Upon the stage and eager to do their brief turn, is a mad rushing crew, the successors of Wild Woolly West, who will write immortal deeds with their red blood upon the white pages of human history as he has done.

In the spring of 1900, Fiorina was approaching her first accouchement. Standish watched his beautiful child wife very closely, neglecting his business many times in order to be near her.

For the first time in her life Fiorina seemed to be conscious of another world. A magic, a wonderful region that lay just outside, and yet close within, the little life of Plume.

It was a soul world!

A world in which the lips of angels and the voice of her unborn babe whispered into her listening ears.

Her dark eyes were filled with the beams of a transcendent light, which seemed to indicate a complete soul

consciousness of a great mysterious realm which existed somewhere in the breast of the eternal God.

It seemed to Standish that this beautiful maiden wife of his was drinking the divine waters of some celestial fountain. She appeared to have exchanged flesh for spirit; her soul was wrapped in wondrous dreams. For the first time also, the anxious husband detected unmistakable signs that his wife was oppressed by the wild bleakness and smothering monotony of the vast mountain crags that shut in the tiny life of Plume. It worried him considerably, for he wished above all things, to surround her at the critical period of her pregnancy with an environment that would please and attract her, and afford her an enjoyment that would detract from any serious or prolonged thought of her approaching motherhood.

This subject, in connection with the active management of his estate which he had assumed at the discharge of his business agent, convinced him that it would be a good idea to move his little family to Denver.

In addition to the intense anxiety which he manifested in his wife's delicate condition, he began to realize the truly precarious existence of living in a mountain village like Plume, forever threatened as it was by the falling of one of those scores of crags which hung fearfully and menacingly above the tiny village. Then there was the eternal danger of snow-slides during the long winters; the ever possible flood of the creek as some overloaded cloud poured its cisterns in the pent up reaches of the gulch; and the ever present and endless hauling of the heavy mountain ore wagons and carts loaded to the brim with death-dealing powder and dynamite.

And, too, as his heart embedded itself deeper and deeper in the bosom of his little family, all these dangers of the hemmed-in mountain life became greatly magnified in his mind, so he fully determined to take up a permanent residence in the more secure and attractive life of the city.

His interests by this time had grown enormously. It kept Johnson, who looked after his books, and the stenographer, whom he employed in his cottage office, busy from morning till night, attending to the correspondence

entailed by his large financial holdings. If he moved to Denver he could take up business quarters in some large modern office building, where he could manage his interests with much greater ease and convenience.

As the result he visited the city and rented a commodius residence in the "Capitol Hill" region of the city, that portion of Denver in which the élite of the mountain metropolis have built hundreds of palatial homes. He also engaged a fine suite of offices on the top floor of the "Insurance" building, a magnificent modern office structure.

Acting upon the advice of his old foreman, Nelson, he looked up Nelson's daughter who was living in the city and who was married to a carpenter. He was fortunate enough to secure the services of both husband and wife, the wife as housekeeper and the husband as caretaker of the premises, and whom he lodged in permanent quarters in the house. This excellent pair assisted him in completely furnishing the house, and after several trips to the city, Standish prepared to take Fiorina and Ferrari to their new home.

As Standish viewed the joyous and happy expectant countenance of Fiorina at the thought of her new home, he felt that he had made no mistake, especially as Ferrari had fully approved of the change. Fiorina did, indeed, shed a few tears as she said good-bye to the old home and her neighbors, but without a doubt her innocent heart was set upon the charms of the metropolis.

As the steel wheels of the train ground dismally upon the rails in the twist of the sharp curves as the train made the steep descent into Joetown, Standish and she stood upon the rear platform. The gleaming tip of the great peak from which the little town took its name, was visible at the far end of the gulch, tossing its proud snowy plume high into the serene blue vault of heaven. Soon the outlines of their tiny cottage was lost in the grim shadow of the Great Hills, and as it finally disappeared with all its tender memories, the two clutched each other instinctively. Presently Fiorina looked up at her tall spouse with her eyes suffused with tears and pressed her

lips to his, and nestled in his arms while the train descended the long steep grade to the bottom of the gulch where Joetown lay.

As they entered the town she recovered herself, and soon her eyes began to beam and sparkle in the keen enjoyment of the change of scene. By the time they reached Denver she was fairly radiant, and fully enthused with the gay bustling life which animated the streets and boulevards of the great teeming town.

CHAPTER II

Where two shallow streams unite their clear waters in the lap of a vast and sandy plain. Does that promise the site of a city? Does that promise beautiful Denver?

A great misty swamp with a sluggish stream flowing silently through its center into a broad lake. Does that promise the mighty Chicago?

A high hill, covered with a dense towering forest reaching down its virgin slopes to mingle with long stretches of slimy tide flats. Does that promise thrifty and populous Seattle?

A quaking quagmire beside a wide river. Does that promise solid, rock-girded, granite-embedded, massive, St. Petersburg?

No!

Surely such unseemly places do not promise the site of great and beautiful cities.

What, then, does constitute the creative force of a great city?

Surely not the poor desolation of unpromising landscapes, nor the prospect of finding great wealth or establishing commerce upon bleak forbidding shores.

No! Not upon such barren prospects are great cities builded.

But just as the arts were founded, the trades, the sciences, and all other of man's creditable creations, great cities are but the material weldings and fashionings of man's high-soaring, imperious—*thought.*

Airy, dancing thoughts, thus fashioned into permanent masses of rock and steel, forming the mighty enduring foundations of teeming towns.

Great Peter merely wanted a window to look out upon the Baltic, from which to keep an eye on the affairs of the world. His imperious thought, therefore, decreed St. Petersburg, and his heroic Russians dug out the slime-

reeking swamps of the Neva, almost with their bare hands, and replaced them with crags of shining Finnish granite. One hundred thousand of the poor wretches perished in the building of this world-window of Peter's. But what's to a czar? The city was built, and within its walls now rise the brooding palaces of the absolute Romanoffs.

Mighty St. Petersburg! Ha! Only an emperor's thought wrought out in imperishable granite.

A Washington pioneer once said to a comrade,

"I have seen the vision of a great city which shall rise, even here, upon the tide flats and fir-covered shores of Elliott's Bay."

Verily, his pregnant thought—yea, even tho the envious millions of Tacoma and the Northern Pacific were turned against the weakling—gave birth to Seattle, the lusty giant of Puget Sound.

Thus, too, great, surging, deed-compelling thoughts filled the souls of the first trappers who lived beside the limpid waters of the Chicago. A military post followed the trappers. Then a massacre, with later the grim survivors returning undaunted to the same forbidding spot, and reaching their swift thoughts far out over the brooding waters of Michigan. Then the trader, and it was his conquering, resistless thought at last, which created the mistress of the West, the undaunted glorious triple-barred virgin, "I Will."

And so, in a minor chord, with Denver.

Thought! The supreme force of man, the soul power irresistible, voiced its decree, and the Queen City of mighty mountains and wide-spreading plains, arose at the insignificant junction of the shallow Platte and sand-submerged Cherry.

DENVER!

A city of Destiny! Ripe with Promise! Flushed with the quick up springing sources of Power!

Denver, the beautiful, the superb!

Here is no ebbing and flowing of putrid ocean tides over wide reeking flats of offal and slime, depositing their foul effluvia into the crevices of wharf and pier to breed pestilence and plague; or the sluggish flow of slow meander-

ing rivers filled with the sewage and drain of exuding millions.

No! Such is not the environment of the Western Queen!

But instead! The glorious high rolling billows of the Great Plains, reaching grandly upward toward the snowy breasts of peerless mountains.

Denver! Reclining in the roof garden of America. Serene! Lofty! Fixed as a hanging garden aloft in the sheer and melting blue.

Denver! Set superb and solitary upon the Western plains, forever looking askance of the ramparts of Serenity gleaming lustrous in the golden shafts of setting suns.

An hour's walk to the east, are the desolate sands and solitudes of the Great American Desert.

An hour's walk to the west, are the silent pine-cloistered recesses of the Rocky Mountains.

Like Jerusalem and Damascus, the jewels of the orient, Denver bursts upon the weary pilgrim from an ocean of bleakness, a thing of rare and radiant beauty. A lustrous pearl shining upon the bosom of solitude, her tapering spires and domes glittering in the rising and setting beams of the sun as flashing spear points of flaming stars.

In the heat of summer, the white snow peaks waft down their cool pine-scented breezes upon a grateful people. In winter, their towering ramparts serve to break the fierce charge of the arctic legions as they sweep down the continent from Assiniboine, Medicine Hat, Swift Current, and frigid Qu'Appelle.

Ah! Richard Harding Davis, recline in your snug dove cote beside the storm swept Atlantic "in little old New York," content with your hasty car window inspection of the West; but good Richard, citizens of Colorado who dwell in the roof garden of that Continental mansion where you cling to its gutters, are quite content; and prefer "the great white way;" that is a truly, a *great,* an incomparable, a soul-inspiring, a pure and immaculate WHITE WAY—Colorado's shining, gleaming mountains of eternal snow, reflecting the phosphorescent wavelets of the massy twin streams of the Milky Way.

As this genial friend from the effete East thinks that the West is such a good place to *visit,* it would be pleasant to have him here again with his merry company, and he will be shown something besides "electric push buttons" at the Denver Club.

Ferrari sat upon the steps of the south veranda in the warm sunlight of the early afternoon. In his arms he held a bundle of fleece and wool. Inside of which something squirmed and twisted from time to time, and as the old man peered into the depths of the downy mass, two little red hands reached upward toward his smiling face.

Ferrari was a great grandfather. He was holding Fiorina's baby while she and Standish were at lunch. There was a world of sentiment in the old Italian's soul. What a glorious land was this United States of America!

True, he often sighed for the sunny slopes of his Italy, but here, sharing the joy of his grandchild, and holding in his arms the precious thing which proclaimed him a great grandfather, his native land was almost forgotten. He felt a rare richness of years in his soul. The noble patriarchal glory of white hairs. He had tilled the soil of life with all the strength of his body, aided by what soul light he had been dispensated from his Maker. Thus he was supremely content, and as he smiled down into the cherub's face his dark eyes moistened in the flow of his tender thought.

Presently the happy parents appeared. The question of naming the baby had not yet been settled. Had it been a girl, there would have been no argument, as it would have borne the name of its mother; but being a boy, the parents playfully disputed the name between their love feasts.

Fiorina insisted upon naming it Standish, but her husband would not listen. He was determined to name his son, Peter, after his beloved father. As Fiorina had never known old Peter Brown, it was difficult for her to appreciate the great reverence in which the old veteran was held by his only surviving child.

As they stood in the sunlight peeking over Ferrari's

shoulder at their darling, Standish suddenly thought of an argument which he had overlooked.

"Yes, we will name him Peter, little one," he said, "both after my father, and after St. Peter, the great rock of our Lord, Jesus Christ."

Fiorina looked up doubtfully.

"Peter, Peter," she repeated musingly, "No, no, him Standish. Standish better name than Peter," and she shook her saucy little head determinedly, and taking the bundle from Ferrari's arms she seated herself upon the steps, while the persistent Standish sat down beside her.

"Yes, little one, we will name the next boy, Standish, but—but this dear little fellow," he said, coaxingly, thrusting his big finger under the infant's chin, "we will name, Peter."

The delicate Fiorina started slightly at the thought of the mother pain of a second child, which phenomenon is one of the most wonderful of nature's. A pain which is the quickest to come, the soonest forgotten, and whose sting is soothed by a transcendent joy.

Then the young wife laughed gayly, and held up her little one to her husband; and as their three heads were all close together, she whispered:

"Peter, leetle Peter, my pretty Petro," and as Standish caressed her delightedly, she smiled up at him merrily, saying:

"But next time, Meester Brown, his name be Standish," and they both laughed in the richness of their parenthood, while old Ferrari contentedly smoked his pipe and looked dreamily at the mountains.

CHAPTER III

A short time after Standish moved to Denver, he observed an interesting article in one of the city papers. It was headed as follows:

JOHN CHARLES ROSE.
Nominated for Congress by
The United Democracy of
The ——th District!

The mine owner read the article very carefully. In fact he pondered over it for several days, and making close inquiries as to the political complexion of the district, he found that the outlook for Democratic success was very good—almost certain. John Charles was the unanimous choice of the delegates, and in addition to being the regular party nominee, he had the support of several of the largest corporations of the state.

Ever since the "Silver" issue, during which the Republicans lost the state for the first time, the district had gone overwhelmingly Democratic. But after Mr. Bryan's first defeat, the Republican stalwarts of the state had rallied the remnants of their party and were making substantial gains, tho as yet far from overcoming the large Democratic majority.

Silver had been defeated so signally in the great national campaign of 1896, that those Coloradoans who had once supported the cause of the white metal so loyally, gradually became apathetic under the overwhelming forces of the East, and the state was slowly but surely swinging toward the Republican column again.

The absorbing question with Standish soon became, could John Charles possibly be defeated? For he was determined, as he reviewed the situation, that a cheat, a traitor, and an acknowledged rank corporation lawyer, should be beaten at any cost.

He frankly admitted to himself that he would certainly enjoy defeating the unprincipled dog, and candidly admitting his personal selfishness in this respect, and also acknowledging that it would be sweet revenge to kill this puppet's political ambitions for all time to come, he did not overlook the fact, that really and truly, from an unprejudiced standpoint, it would be a disgrace for a commonwealth to send such a representative to congress. With this broad and true conviction, he settled down with a grim determination of defeating Rose at the polls.

Standish, with thousands of other staunch Republicans in Colorado, had abandoned the G. O. P. in 1896, on account of its negative stand on the silver question. But he had accepted the several signal defeats of silver with good grace, hoping that the white metal would eventually find its way to universal coinage upon a settled and equitable ratio with gold; and that the world of finance would be compelled to recognize silver sooner or later, in order to keep pace with the greatly increasing expansion of the world's commerce.

During the wild delirium of the times, for Colorado by reason of its large production of the metal was a unit for free silver, Standish had drifted into the ranks of the Silver Republicans; then he voted the Fusion ticket; then the Democratic, until all hopes of silver's recognition was past; but in these last few years he had returned to the Republican fold, and was pleased to find himself again a staunch supporter of the doctrines and traditions of Lincoln, Grant, and Blaine.

Quickly allying himself with the Republican campaign managers shortly after the announcement of Rose's candidacy, the mine owner devoted himself almost exclusively to politics, with the sole object of defeating his old attorney good and roundly. A careful poll was made of the district at his expense, which developed a probable Democratic plurality of at least a thousand. Within the district was Plant B of the American Smelter Co. It employed some five hundred men at this time, and the poll indicated that most of them voted the Democratic ticket, who as true Coloradoans, were still loyal to the traditions of sil-

ver. Tho the task seemed hopeless, Standish felt that there was a chance to do some effective work among these men, and he astonished, with his deadly earnestness, those campaign workers who at first were inclined to laugh at the raw awkwardness of the tall mine owner. However, they were soon forced to admit, that in spite of his awkwardness and greenness in politics, he was obtaining substantial results, for almost every day as the campaign progressed he made increasing acquisitions toward the defeat of John Charles Rose.

Inspired by his example, the Republican workers soon developed from a half hearted apathetic group of partisans, into a body of enthusiastic and earnest campaigners. Standish contributed generously and early to the campaign fund, and almost before the battle was fairly on in the Democratic camp, the Republicans were fighting fiercely.

Standish had considered very carefully the cost of his venture in politics, and he quickly saw that it would be folly for him to make his contributions blindly. He made up his mind therefore, that in return for his subscriptions to the campaign "bar'l", that he should be privileged to personally oversee and disburse the entire fund. In this manner, tho he was bled pretty hard, he had the satisfaction of knowing just where and how the money was spent, thus eliminating to a certain extent, the posibility of any extensive steals by certain corrupt and unscrupulous party workers.

As election day approached, the Republican managers were fairly astounded at the unique and daring tactics displayed by the aroused mine owner. He had rallied all of his friends, a large number of the tenants of his extensive real properties, and many of their friends, to the support of the Republican candidate for congress; while several of the strongest corporation men of the state, to whom Standish had made strong representations backed by his large personal holdings in their enterprises, were openly repudiating Rose.

The leading independent newspaper of the mountain metropolis began to turn its editorial batteries upon the

character of Rose, presenting undeniable proofs from time to time, that the Democratic candidate for congress was secretly backed by several of the most powerful and iniquitous corporations of the city and state, including the American Smelter Co.

Then the question was raised by the Democratic managers as to who furnished the money to keep up those attacks, for it was well known even at that time, that one had to "come thru," the watchword of one of its owners, with a large wad in order to command the columns of that particular sheet. And while the enemy raged and roared thru its various journals as to the irresponsibility of the sheet, the Republican managers smiled to themselves—it had been a long time since they had "got next" to such a goodly bar'l as the mine owner was disbursing with free, yet firm, hand.

It is very interesting to watch a political campaign in Colorado. With both sexes voting—women upon a par and equal footing with the men; the wife and daughter voting side by side with father and son, a great treat is afforded to that perhaps still uncivilized—in this notable respect—Easterner, who has never before beheld the wonders, delights, advantages, and, possibly, some evils—but not enough to count—of an election where women are recognized as equal suffragists with men.

The Republican headquarters on Sixteenth Street was a model of neatness and jovial hospitality. Choice cigars were always to be had for the asking, and wet goods were dispensed at the expense of the party in a saloon around the corner.

During the period of registration, a constant stream of carriages drove up to its doors, and thousands of citizens were duly registered at the courthouse across the street.

Here would come a hack from the "tenderloin" or slum district of the city, filled with disreputable men and women. As the hackman opened the door of his vehicle, the stench of musk and cheap perfume would almost knock him down, but he generally remained pluckilly at his post, and would politely bow his frowsy crew into headquarters, and often enter himself at the saloon around

the corner to regale himself at the expense of the party, if it was nothing but lemonade.

Immediately following him would probably be a cab or auto containing a servant girl from Capitol Hill, who would be duly registered by a polite lady party worker, the lady managers of the campaign proving themselves very efficient, and it was wholly thru their efforts that hundreds of working women were registered.

And thus clear up and down the scale of human society, the rich and the poor, the good and bad, were enveigled by the various party workers into the almost hopeless mesh of politics.

Day after day the registration period passed with strenuous efforts put forth by both parties. After which a careful check indicated a heavy and substantial registration gain thruout the district. It was very encouraging, and Standish felt that it foretold Republican success, altho, as usual, both sides claimed the advantage.

Almost every other portion of the ticket was abandoned by the Republicans, so intense was their desire to elect a Republican to congress. If they could concentrate upon this one point, and elect a Republican congressman from Colorado, the stronghold of silver, it would forever redound to their credit and fame in the annals of the G. O. P. It would break that solid delegation of Democrats and Fusionists which at this time made up Colorado's sole representation in congress, and the mild enthusiasm which Standish had infused into the managers at the outset of the campaign, soon developed into such a fierce and madly enthusiastic struggle, that Democracy trembled in its strongholds.

Its leading newspaper stormed and spouted with a constant cry of boodle and blackmail, the unholy defamation of the spotless character of John Charles Rose, and the base betrayal of the sacred cause of silver.

Standish smiled at the cry of boodle. He certainly was putting up a good wad, but he felt that it was spent in a good cause; and he continued to good-humoredly keep the campaign bar'l well filled and everybody was happy.

A few days before the election he was visited by Colonel

Rose, and the old gentleman, after making a few commonplace remarks which Standish felt sure were the mere preliminaries of something more important, said:

"Standish, what's this I read in the papers about your putting up most of the money for the Republican campaign? I never knew before that you were such a good Republican as all that."

"Well, I guess it's all true, Colonel, I'm spending quite a wad with the boys for my little fling in politics," replied the mine owner frankly.

"Um—well—what you doing it for, you big chump?" continued the Colonel hotly, "coming down here from Plume, and letting these blood suckers drain you of the good money which Peter and I tried so hard to save for you."

It was plain that the old gentleman was getting pretty close to something, and it was in vain that Standish tried to evade his close questionings upon the subject. The old man persisted, and Standish finally thought it best to come out plainly and tell the truth.

"Colonel," he said, "since you are so much concerned as to why I am taking an active part in this campaign, I must tell you frankly, that I am going to give John that 'd—mned good licking' which you suggested to me after I settled with him last January. But instead of giving him a bodily trouncing, however, I just intend to kill him politically in this community."

The Colonel fairly winced under the almost brutal force of his friend's remarks, for in spite of his apparent acknowledgment of his son's shortcomings, the father-love, the deep parent concern and family pride of the old gentleman were plainly visible, and Standish regretted that he had allowed himself to speak as he did, tho secretly he felt that the visit of the Colonel was made solely at the request of the son.

"D——m it, Standish, can't you call your dog off," the Colonel blurted out heatedly after a brief silence, "Can't you let up on that old deal a little? John has made his mistakes in life like all the rest of us, and I know personally, that he has deeply regretted his action in that

smelter deal. In fact, I'm not ashamed to say, that I have come to you at his request, to patch that matter up in some manner to your liking. Now, honest injun, Standish," the old man continued earnestly, "can't you let up a little. My boy has worked a lifetime to get to the point where he could make this run for congress—and now you step in. You! The son of the best friend I ever had—you step in and spoil the whole business. D——m it, I beg of you, Standish, for old-times sake, to let up a little. Don't rub it in too deep, my boy."

Standish was deeply touched by the old gentleman's remarks, but his heart was not softened toward John Charles. He bitterly recalled the snobbishness, the vicious cutting egotism, all the overbearing remarks which the young attorney had made to him in years gone by, even before he had at last basely betrayed him in the smelter deal; and he felt in the very innermost depths of his soul, that this man, John Charles Rose, was false, utterly false, to the very core of his existence. No! He would not stay his hand. He would strike as he intended, and perhaps the fellow thus publicly rebuked, would reform and start upon a more honorable career of truth and veracity.

"Colonel," he finally replied in his most kindly spirit, "I can, indeed, never express to the full, my true and affectionate feelings toward you—my great esteem, my hearty respect; but I am compelled to say to you, that I believe your son to be possessed of very questionable and unworthy principles, and every success he has along those lines will only tend to further corrupt and confirm him in those views. And I believe that the best thing that can happen to a man of his disposition, is for him to suffer a severe and crushing defeat. In my association with him I have found him false to the core. False in his philosophy, false to his parents, his family, his associates; and the abject slave of an insatiable ambition. I distrusted him from the beginning, and it was only the most sincere consideration and affection for yourself, dear friend, that I trusted him for one moment with the affairs of my estate, and you yourself are aware

of his utter perfidy. For years previous to my employment of him, he contemptuously insinuated his great superiority over me, because I had only a common school education, and he was a college man. Now let him learn that the common school product has at least spirit, honor, and the courage of its convictions. I give you my word, dear friend, that if I thought he was capable of taking a chastening from a man whom he had formerly looked down upon in contempt, I would pass up this fight. But no — he is too far steeped in collegiate and dogmatic egotism to ever adjust himself to the circumstance and play fair. Success in this battle will only tend to further degrade a man of his character, failure may disillusion him. If you succeed in calling me off, I do not believe that he would think of it afterward in any other light, but that I was a sucker and he was clever enough to buy me off. He deliberately betrayed your recommendation of himself to me within six months, and I do not hesitate to say, that I believe he is again capable of using you, his own father, as a mere tool to further his own machinations. How can you ask me, or any one else, to support and countenance such actions, Colonel," continued the earnest man with deep feeling. "God knows I love you, not only for my own sake, but for your loyalty and kindness to old Peter Brown, and it grieves me deeply to be the cause, however innocent, of bringing you one single heartache; but my manhood utterly revolts at feeding the selfish ambitions of John Charles Rose, and I sincerely hope that thru this defeat, which I believe he will surely suffer, that he may be enlightened as to how far an unscrupulous, unprincipled man may go before he meets with that inevitable defeat which invariably awaits just such an individual."

The Colonel had listened attentively to his tall friend. Within his soul he felt the truth of the remarks, even tho his heart beat love and compassion for his son. Finally he spoke.

"Standish, there are times when it behooves men not to resist fate. I feel that you are right. And in any event, I should not as a man of honor, allow my sense

of right and wrong to be seduced by the beat of the heart. Yes, you are right," he continued reflectively, "and I honor you for it. Ah, my dear boy, I see much of the brave old Peter in you. I shall never forget that first day at Shiloh Church, he stood where only heroes could, to hold the fading Union line. God bless you, brave old comrade; and you too, his faithful son."

As the old gentleman rose to go, Standish silently extended his hand, which the Colonel clasped warmly; and as the door closed behind him, Standish could hear his heavy footsteps and the "tap-tap" of his cane upon the floor as he walked toward the elevator. The sound of it unnerved him; "I'm sorry. My God! I'm so sorry," he cried, and he buried his face in his hands.

CHAPTER IV

Thru all the mazes of the campaign Standish had kept one card in reserve. Tho feeling almost sanguine that Rose would be defeated, yet to positively insure it, he held this last trump, which he played as a final clincher.

The morning of the day before the election, John Charles opened the front door of his residence to get the morning papers, which were thrown on the front porch by the carriers. He looked eagerly at the front page of the independent paper which had been caricaturing and lampooning him so zealously thruout the greater part of the campaign. He wondered what the final spasm would be.

When the attorney's eyes rested upon the hideous cartoon on the front page, and read the glaring headlines of the article devoted to him, printed in large double type and red ink, he felt that all was lost.

Standish Brown had inserted the entire correspondence of the Gilpin smelter deal, and in a lengthy interview, had exposed the full treachery of his former business agent. And as Rose read the entire sensational article, the absolute truth of it was driven into his soul by an acute pang of conscience. His pride and egotism completely deserted him for the moment, and he fairly cringed in the agony of defeat. He seemed to be in the presence of a tall, manly figure, who quoted him a paragraph from a certain notebook:

"Must learn to tolerate his ignorance and affect good-fellowship in his presence."

Yes, John Charles, "affect good fellowship" in the presence of true men, to your great and certain peril.

Affectation is the outer garb of hypocrisy, and hypocrisy is punished in the last and deepest sunk pit of the inferno. Even Mohammed, founder of the religion

of the Sword-hand, places the hypocrite far beneath the regions of incest, adultery, treason, and murder; setting him howling and cowering in the blackest depths of hell. While the most terrible rebuke to the hypocrite ever recorded, was spoken by the gentlest of men to the dissembling Pharisees.

Hypocrisy is a crime from which afflicted individuals rarely recover. It is also a crime which men are sure to detect. It can never be hidden so cleverly or buried so deeply, but that some one will find and unearth it. Like the counterfeit or sweated coin, there is always some keen-sighted, sensitive-fingered individual who will detect its imperfections and fraud. It is also a crime which of all others seems to arouse the greatest indignation and hatred in the breasts of its victims, witness the burning expletives of the Son of Man upon its perpetrators.

As Rose sat at breakfast that morning, he was the picture of despair. He had burned the exposé paper in the grate, for he felt that it would not only worry his wife, but would also require a great effort on his part to deny and excuse the charge, and thus add another lie to his already heavy account.

His wife noticed his deep dejection, however, and she tried her best to cheer him by reading the favorable notices from the Democratic papers. The items did cheer him somewhat, and he partially recovered himself. Things did not look so bad after all. From every portion of the district came encouraging reports. Silver was not nearly as dead as the Republicans would have it. Indeed, there had been no important party defections thruout the entire campaign, and perhaps there was a fighting chance yet. By the time he left for the office that morning, he had shaken off considerable of the effects of the shock of the exposé.

At headquarters he met the questioning Democratic managers with assuring smiles, and branded the entire article as a base forgery. The managers looked pretty glum, however, but said nothing disparaging, and returned to the charge with grim determination. It didn't

really matter much, for the campaign was so far advanced that it was now almost the mere matter of getting out the vote.

Later in the forenoon Rose closeted himself with the editors of the Democratic evening papers, and absolute denials of the Gilpin smelter deal were written. They would in a measure parry the blow, and as the election occurred the following day, it would be too late for any investigation which public-spirited citizens might choose to make. As the day lengthened, Rose's spirits arose, and that evening in the chambers of the Jacksonian Club, he was almost exultant in his anticipations of victory.

Thruout the entire day preceding the election, the Republican managers worked almost exclusively among the smelter employees. The original documents and correspondence of the Gilpin exposé were exhibited in the windows of a grocery store a short distance from Plant B, and placed under the guard of a pair of Pinkertons. Hundreds of copies of the newspaper containing the exposé were distributed among the smelter men as they came from their work. Under promise of protection by the Republican managers, several staunch partisans who were employed in Plant B, openly and forcibly discussed among their fellow workmen, the iniquities of John Charles Rose.

When the Republican workers finished their labors late that night, they felt confident that a great change of opinion had been effected among the smelter employees, and that many of them would vote for the Republican candidate for congress on the morrow.

Standish Brown retired late that night feeling confident of victory.

John Charles also retired late, very late, and appeared quite hopeful. He and his managers had put up a great fight, and they believed that they would carry the district by the usual majority.

CHAPTER V

Election day dawned bright and fair. The senior United States Senator of Colorado and his wife were the first voters to arrive at "Precinct 5," a voting center of one of the lower Capitol Hill wards.

The Senator had arrived from Washington late in September, and had taken an active interest thruout the campaign.

He impressed one as a fine specimen of Western manhood as he stood chatting with the election judges waiting for the polls to open. His face was kindly, his eyes bright, and his white beard and hair gave him a patriarchal air that held the close attention and respect of his listeners. In his heroic battle for the lost cause of silver, he had aroused the admiration of the entire nation.

At the Republican convention held in St. Louis in 1896, when it became evident that the party had decided to completely abandon silver, and would insert in its platform a solid plank for the gold standard, this heroic son of Colorado then and there severed his connection with that great party whose standards he had more than once advanced to victory. He deliberately and resolutely abandoned the G. O. P. and also those tender ties of sentiment which years of pleasant and loyal fellowship with its most famous leaders had made precious. He bravely declared for the deep silver sentiment of his constituents, the State of Colorado, and the Mountain West; and left the convention hall with his loyal colleagues, his eyes moistened with tears, but his soul and honor absolutely true to the desires and dictates of his people.

By appearing thus early and promptly at the polls with his good wife, the Senator was only proving once more his enviable reputation as a consistent and high-minded suffragist.

In a short time the election officers announced their readiness to accept votes, and after the Senator and his wife had been given ballots they entered the booths. The Senator emerged first, and he gallantly waited for his better half to appear, she having been given the first ballot.

"Guess wife has got some fog on her glasses, or else she's scratching mighty hard," he whispered to the man in charge of the ballot-box, and they both laughed heartily.

Presently the delinquent appeared from behind the canvas flap of the booth, and after giving a half-amused glance at her guilty husband, she gravely deposited her ballot, the Senator following a moment later.

The next parties to vote were a negro coachman and his wife, who were in the employ of a millionaire mine owner. Their dusky faces were wreathed in smiles as they deposited their ballots. Voting is a great novelty to these Americanized children of Africa, and what a pleasure it was for the faithful wife to come in the company of her husband, to voice their sentiments as equal partners, both in marriage and suffrage under the laws of an enlightened commonwealth.

America! The great leveler of caste.

The rich soil of equal rights from which every man and woman developes unprejudiced, the resources of their individuality.

The promising son of Ham, enjoying the suffrage prerogative of the nation equally with the patriarchal intellectual Senator of a great commonwealth; and the dark-skinned maid of Africa, given equal privileges of suffrage with the accomplished matron of the nation's élite.

When Standish, and Ferrari — who had been naturalized — arrived at the precinct, unaccompanied by Fiorina, however, who still lacked a few days of the voting age, it resembled nothing so much as a church sociable, the election judge and clerkships being equally distributed among the men and women, save that the men were allowed the privilege of smoking. The precinct was not very densely populated, it being in the Capitol

Hill district, where there were only a few residences to the block; thus the voters arrived slowly, and often at considerable intervals. In order to pass the time, the lady officials had brought their sewing, and were also being regaled by confections and refreshments which the different party organizations were kind enough to supply; while the men folk indulged themselves in cigars, swapped yarns, and read the morning papers.

Ferrari was much interested in the voting process, and Standish called in the services of one of the clerks to assist the old man in marking his ballot in the desired manner. As the old Italian proffered his ballot he took off his hat and made a low formal bow to the officials, which greatly amused them, but which action they understood better after Standish had given them a brief synopsis of his remarkable career. Many times after this incident as Ferrari took his afternoon stroll, wheeling little Peter, he was pointed out as a brave Italian veteran who had fought under the famous Garibaldi.

Things were running smoothly at the precinct where Gus Johnson voted, and he had finally succeeded in coaxing his wife to vote. Mrs. Johnson had been registered all right, but when it came to actually voting, she felt a deep revulsion in her soul.

Poor little woman, she saw life only thru dark-stained glasses. Election day was always a day of horror to her. It invariably meant a prolonged spree upon the part of her husband. If his party was victorious, his frequent libations celebrated the event. If that same party went down to defeat, he drowned his disappointment in drink. So that, in either event, he arrived home in the wee small hours, hopelessly and disgustingly intoxicated.

In addition to the sorrow which election day invariably brought to the little careworn woman, she possessed that morbidly supersensitive feeling about casting her vote which is often observed among the woman suffragists of Colorado.

Why was it right to vote for John Smith and not for Tom Robinson. What did this technically worded

amendment mean? Why should this be voted upon at all? And so clear down the line, when a conscientious woman has her hands full of insistent domestic and household duties in addition to the deep affliction of a drunken husband or some similar burden, she very often has neither the time or inclination to inform herself upon political matters. Yet, with that pride which is characteristic of her sex, she does prize the privilege, tho not desiring to vote blindly, nor in opposition to her husband.

Consequently, there are many good and worthy women in Colorado, who under the stress of their domestic cares, and quite confused in the interminable mass of discussion in the press, the varying views of their better informed neighbors or those possessed of ulterior motives, refuse absolutely at times to exercise their right of suffrage. And thus refusing, they feel comforted, perhaps, that altho they have not raised their voices for the right — whatever that may be — neither have they subscribed to a possible wrong.

The men are very content in the matter, however, for whether equal suffrage uplifts or degrades woman, the Colorado man feels that like the great boon which was granted the slave during the Rebellion — *freedom,* the Commonwealth of Colorado has also granted freedom to woman; and that — at least in this respect — civilization can no longer point the finger of scorn at him and call him tyrant.

At this particular election, however, Johnson could point his wife to the candidacy of the ignoble John Charles Rose, and she felt blindly that she had good cause to cast her ballot against that former employer of her husband who had so suddenly, and according to her husband's statement, so unjustly discharged him.

The Johnsons accordingly voted late that afternoon, and after supper Johnson started down town to watch the election returns in company with his mistress, Drink.

According to the early bulletins, the day had passed off quietly. There had been occasional rumors of riot and fraud in several precincts of the slum wards, but they

had proved to be of an insignificant nature and could have slight bearing on the general result.

Standish had visited the Republican headquarters several times during the day, but he stayed at home in the evening, telephoning occasionally to inquire about the returns. At 11:30 he felt satisfied that Rose was defeated, altho the balance of the Democratic ticket was in the lead. At 1:30 A. M. he rose to answer the insistent ringing of the phone, the Republican chairman announcing to his bar'l man, that with the completed returns, the Republican candidate for congress had been elected by a small but decisive plurality.

"Well done," said Standish, and hanging up the receiver, he returned to bed and slept soundly till the rising bell.

With John Charles it was different. At 1:00 A. M. the Democratic managers were talking fraud to him. At 2:00 A. M. they had arranged a plan to contest the election, but at three o'clock, John Charles started for home, weary, worn out, and at last admitting that he was decisively and hopelessly defeated. He was too exhausted to rage, too sick at heart to protest, and he finally crawled into bed to toss restlessly for the balance of the night.

CHAPTER VI

At a late hour the night of the election, the "Silver Dollar," a famous saloon of Denver, was crowded to the doors. The bartenders, with their neat white aprons, fat paunches, and round, flushed faces, were passing out liquors as fast as they could be drawn.

Mostly hard liquors that night. It was cold and raw outside, and besides, the intense excitement of the day seemed to require hard whiskies and brandies. The hour was near at hand when the election results would be known and the usual bets lost and won. The bartenders had many wagers on deposit which their patrons had made, and all were watching the bulletin boards and filling themselves for the final result.

Gus Johnson could still stand up to the bar. He was logy, to be sure, but his pedal extremities still managed to maintain their equilibrium. Perhaps if he were not leaning so heavily against the bar it would have been difficult for him to stand; but as it was, he was bravely on his feet with his head weaving unsteadily over it.

How he and Drink were enjoying themselves.

A bulletin had just arrived. He turned his head unsteadily toward the blackboard as the crowd pressed forward. And as the operator wrote the bulletin out, the buzz of excitement gradually increased with the posting of each line, until a loud cheer, mixed with oaths and drunken shouts, arose from the inebriated throng.

Johnson couldn't see very well, and he was also afraid to leave the bar. He had fought to obtain that coveted place, and he did not propose to surrender it. He would wait where he was, and listen to what they were saying.

"By G——! Rose is done for," said a husky voice at his elbow, "Snowed under deeper than the drifts on Long's Peak. D—— him, that smelter deal fixed him plenty."

"There's no use in talkin', Bill," replied a voice which

was almost lost in a dense fog of "Green River," "Silver's as dead as h——. Two years ago a yellow dog could have run on a silver ticket and been elected, but now she's deader than old Hank Tabor." Then the pair forced their way up to the bar to settle their wager.

Johnson, who had been eagerly listening, started.

Yes, it was really true. Everybody was saying so. Even paying their bets. Little Johnny Rose—straight-laced, blue-grass, Kentucky Rose; gone down and out with a smash. Hurrah!

And maintaining himself with the tenacity of a bull-dog as the crowd surged forward, the drunkard motioned to the bartender to fill his glass. The liquor was poured out promptly, and as Johnson seized the glass with trembling fingers, Drink said to him,

"We did it, sweet. You and I, brave old pard. Rose would never have been beaten, if you and I hadn't told Brown."

The drunkard looked at her. Yes, it was she, his beautiful mistress, Drink. She had never looked more beautiful to him than she did that night. Her dress was superb. It was draped about her luscious form exposing here and there her bare pink flesh. And as she crept up into his lap and he felt her warm amorous breath upon his cheek, he sighed and embraced her with fierce delight.

When he early began to court her she was such a shy, timid thing. But then he was, too. And when their lips had first met, they had both hidden their faces in shame. He in his innocence had thought of what his mother might say if she knew. But later, as he met his love from time to time, that first kiss had led to the embrace; and that to lust, then to the liaison, and now she was the supreme and regal mistress of his soul.

In the Theatre Terrible there is no more fearful character than Drink, and as the drunkard clung desperately to the bar of the Silver Dollar that night, there was enacted a drama within his soul which neither pen nor voice could describe.

He and Drink talked over the days of their old acquaintance begun so long ago in the gay youth of the

man. How they laughed and exulted in the memory of old times, their delicious secret meetings and liaisons. Those were the days before they had really committed any wrong, any crime. Johnson sighed at the thought of that happy and innocent long ago. For ah, since then there were many dark crimes, many silent, mutely-accusing graves. Together in their deep retrospection and contemplation, Drink and he entered the cemetery of his soul.

They could not avoid it, because it was a part of their existence, their ghost-world. There were graves in that melancholy plot, of beings who had once existed with them, but now were no more.

Johnson trembled as they entered the somber-hued plot of the cypress and the willow. But Drink did not. She smiled at him significantly, and he tremblingly followed. They came to a headstone. Upon it was engraved the name "DECENCY." Johnson remembered the death of Decency well. He had brought Drink home with him, and as they entered the house, Decency, who abhorred Drink, fled out into the bitter winter night, and the next morning they found her frozen to death. They had both attended her funeral, and had wept crocodile tears over her fresh grave. She was such a foolish little thing, so frail, so delicate, and yet so fair. Ah! It was indeed a sad thing, this untimely death of reproachful-eyed Decency.

A little further on was the grave of Pride. At the thought of her demise, Johnson cowered and wept, but Drink only laughed scornfully and said "Fie."

Johnson had once really loved Pride fondly, and his affection had been warmly reciprocated by her. Her death was a terrible blow to him, and one from which he had never fully recovered.

But Drink, who had noticed his extreme trepidation at the sight of Pride's grave, looked at him mockingly, and spat and stamped upon the grave of Pride, exlaiming:

"Oh, the miserable hussy! She and I could never have lived in the same house."

Now, Johnson had pledged his hand to Pride in that

long ago. They were to be friends for life, and soon after he left college he had promised himself that he would always remain true to Pride. But one day Pride had discovered Drink and he in a shameless liaison, and when he returned home to greet her, he found only her cold, lifeless corpse. The sudden discovery of his guilt had killed her. Ah! It was terrible to think of—this death of his beautiful, peerless Pride.

The third grave was that of Love. It had no headstone as yet. The drunkard was afraid to put one there. Somehow, the thought that Love, tender, bewitching Love, was dead, fairly maddened him. Drink knew of this weakness of his, and whenever Johnson grew ashy pale, and glared at her with those same fierce, despairing eyes which had witnessed the murder of Love, she would put her arms about him and in the intoxication of her kisses he would forget.

Love had been foully murdered by Drink.

How divinely she had once shone forth from the eyes of the drunkard's wife in the early years of their marriage. True, she had often reproached him, and drooped somewhat; but again she would revive, and gleam brightly out upon him from his wife's eyes like some beautiful star.

But Drink was implacable in her jealousy, and one day as Johnson staggered into his home in company with Drink, his wife, with tender Love shining in her eyes for the husband, the man, was pushed roughly aside, even as she reached out her arms, by a brutal, disgusting drunkard.

And as she stood there heartbroken in the fading cheer of their little home, with her babe, unconscious of impending evil, sleeping peacefully in its cradle near the hearth, Love leaped from her soul, and with a shriek of despair, rushed at Drink in a frenzy of wild, bitter protest. But as Drink met Love and they struggled fiercely, there, in the sacredness of that little home, Drink arose from the struggle coolly wiping the blood of her victim from off her dagger. She had deliberately slain Love.

It was foul murder. And yet Drink smiled exultantly at the thought of it.

"Oh, God! Oh, mercy!" screamed Johnson as they stood there listening to the wail of the sad winds which swept dismally over the unmarked grave of Love.

"You! YOU!! You killed her," he cried, "Murderess, fiend, you killed her," he repeated.

But Drink only stared coldly and contemptuously at him, and, then clutching him by the throat, she exclaimed:

"Ah! Yes. It is easy to accuse me thus, but come—come to where you have slain your victim," and, dragging him forward out upon the bleak prairie of his soul, she pointed toward a low, sandy mound hidden in a depression of the wide, lonely waste. Johnson struggled fiercely, but in vain. Drink was the stronger.

There was no mistake. This was, indeed, the very place. He was facing his own crime now. Here was where he had ravished Shame.

After the death of Love, who had given him so much that was beautiful and sacred, he had met Shame. She had innocently tried to save him from the error of his ways, and had brought him out here on this lonely prairie under the bright stars, and face to face with God, where Drink would not see them. Johnson had long listened to her prattle, but all the time he felt a consuming, unholy lust within him.

Shame was a being who was innocent and trusting; a pure virgin dedicated to the saving of souls, and who could have saved him if he had only been a man. But here, here upon this lonely prairie under the glittering stars, he had remorselessly ravished her, and when he had heard Drink coming in the distance, had killed her to hide his more horrible crime. He had never forgotten the terrifying moment when Drink discovered him in this awful crime. He had known her dread supremacy before, but from this moment on, he became her abject slave.

Over the cold corpse of Shame, Drink joked with him. The death of Shame had really delighted her. It meant

that the last rival to the affections of the drunkard was gone.

When Shame is lost, almost the last light-ray of the soul is extinguished.

Drink is a creature of darkness. Like the fading belle, she looks best at night.

So together they had buried the lifeless form of Shame out on the bleak prairie. They tramped in the earth where they laid her, until it was almost as hard as rock. Then they replaced the sod carefully over the spot. To-day the grave of Shame is unknown save to the guilty pair, and it is only admitted in the soul of the drunkard, in those rare moments when he is free from Drink, that one day Shame was missing and never returned.

"Yes, you and I beat that old Kentucky Rose, didn't we, sweet?" said the mistress of Johnson as he left the saloon and staggered into the street.

The drunkard's form weaved unsteadily from side to side as he walked toward home that night. Drink and he were having such a merry time. By this time she was getting actually hilarious and was insisting on more of the pleasure, causing him to stop at almost every saloon on the way.

At the last one she was beginning to be quarrelsome. She had observed her old friend, Dregs, stealthily following them for some time. She had never as yet introduced Dregs to Johnson. Many times she had threatened to do so, but somehow she had put it off. Why not do it now, she was feeling so reckless and gay? It would be such fun to see how he would take it. So Drink in her mad hilarity beckoned to the thing. It was as if Satan had beckoned to his arch fiend.

Inhabiting the very lowest depths of the deepest and darkest pit within the soul is the foul being, Dregs.

Not until a man has fed his system with liquor for years, does it become possible for this hideous soul shape to tread the boards of the Sublime Stage. Not until all other phases of the liquor habit have been experienced,

does Dregs lift its loathsome head above the mire of Sin.

It is the last, the supreme horror which afflicts a drunkard, compared to which, death in the most excruciating and torturing form possible, is sweet pleasure.

Dregs comes from the very bottom. It is the horrible, crawling, reeking slime which inhabits the very bottom of the Pit of Horrors.

At the time Drink beckoned to Dregs, Johnson had nearly lost his equilibrium. He was staggering fearfully, going three steps sidewise to the one he advanced. In fact he was rapidly losing all power of locomotion.

It was after midnight, at which hour the saloons should have closed according to law; but as it was election night, they were wide open and undisturbed by the city officials.

One block ahead of the drunkard was the last saloon which he would pass on the way home.

Could he reach it?

The street was surging about him. It was an ocean of which the cobble-stones were waves. Still Drink, maddened by his slowness, was urging him on.

Dregs crept stealthily forward, and reaching them, Drink boldly introduced her.

The thing was horrible. She was the foul putridness of that life of which Drink was the flesh.

Johnson was terrified at the sight of the creature, and besides, being unable to navigate further, he fell upon the sidewalk writhing helplessly while these two fiends urged him on.

In vain, he could not rise.

But Drink was not to be denied the continued pleasures of the bowl. Besides, had not Dregs but just come, and she too must be regaled?

The saloon was only a few hundred feet away. Their victim must be forced to reach it at any cost, and then, how they would all enjoy the brew.

So they urged the drunkard on. Drink soon confessing her inability to move him, suggested significantly that perhaps Dregs could.

And as evidence of her powers of persuasion, Dregs pulled forth from her person a wriggling, hissing snake, and, under the admiring eyes of her friend, she held it toward her victim.

Johnson staggered to his feet with a cry of horror as the hideous reptile hissed about his head, and he moved forward a few steps, only to fall again. Dregs then moved the thing closer to the drunkard, its revolting green eyes and foam-frothed fangs creeping closer and closer to its victim's throat. Again Johnson rose, only to again fall prostrate and helpless. But Dregs was pitiless, and Drink watched the play in deep fascination.

In her last endeavor to drive her victim to the saloon, Dregs loosed the reptile full at Johnson's body. It wrapped its reeking folds about him in suffocating smother, and the drunkard writhed as he felt its putrid slime oozing and dripping upon his bare hands forced out by the horrible clutching constriction of the monster. After coiling itself tightly about its victim's body and throat, it then lifted its hideous head upon a level with the drunkard's head and poured its foul nauseating breath full in his face.

Oh! The terrible reality and horror of the Tremens to the poor inebriate.

Yet the Tremens is only one of the countless creatures of Thought. Only one of the innumerable players who do their turn unspeakable, upon the Sublime Stage of the Theatre Terrible.

Johnson's shrieks rang out again and again in dreadful agony. A white froth gushed from his mouth, and he writhed upon the pavement in convulsions, clutching wildly at his reptile enveloped throat. Then he lost consciousness. His form stiffened out in the filth of the gutter, and the white hoar-frost of the early morning fell pitilessly upon his distorted features.

The Tremens had claimed its own.

CHAPTER VII

At midnight Mrs. Johnson decided to go in search of her husband. It was a matter of cold, hard business with her. With him at home and in bed, there was no expense and no getting up at some unearthly hour of the morning and losing that valuable sleep, which in her vexation over his condition was sure to result.

Their only child, Harry, a lad of ten years, had been much interested in the election returns and had sat up much later than usual. He was now buried in a huge volume of "Arabian Nights" borrowed from the public library.

Calling to him, they put on their wraps, checked the fire, and together they left the house in search of the head of the family. A couple of blocks away they boarded a street car bound for the city, Mrs. Johnson was as familiar with her husband's haunts as a farmer is of the possible whereabouts of a stray cow.

She had questioned the propriety of taking Harry with her, for in the heart of this thin-faced, plain little woman was a world of affection for the boy. She not only had the mother's natural affection for him, but also at the time when she first fully comprehended the extent of her husband's depravity, she had transferred her wifely affections from him and added them to the love of the mother for the son.

Harry had often observed his father under the influence of liquor, but his feelings of disgust had to a certain degree been repressed by the natural affection which a child bears toward a parent.

As they sat in the car, however, Mrs. Johnson felt that she had acted wisely in bringing the lad with her, for he would observe in his father's affliction a lesson that would forever exempt him from the curse of drink. She

had the fond hope that the son would grow to be that man which the father was not.

They left the car near the Silver Dollar, and Mrs. Johnson went boldly into the front apartment where the cigar stand was located, and which was separated from the bar by handsome mahogany doors. One of the bartenders observed her and stepped forward. Harry was watching her thru the window. In answer to her inquiry, the bartender said:

"No, he is not here. Left some time ago."

The bartender failed to observe any emotion upon her face, and there was no sympathy lost between them.

As she left the saloon Harry joined her and they started over the same route which Johnson had navigated so unsteadily an hour or so previous. She stopped at every saloon on the way, and made the same inquiry, Harry remaining outside and half shivering in the keen, frosty air of the morning. The little fellow was very proud of his mother's confidence, and as she came out of each place he took her hand protectingly in his as they trudged up the street. Finally they reached the last saloon which intervened between them and home. It was the one which the drunkard had so vainly tried to reach while in the clutch of the Tremens.

"No," replied the bartender, "he has not been here this evening."

"Strange," she mused, "he was at the place just before this. Perhaps he has passed us and is at home by this time."

She had often taken him from this same place. Once the bartender had tried to deceive her. But upon threatening him with arrest if he did not tell her the truth, he had finally given in, and she had found her spouse stowed away in the rear of the place under a billiard table. The proprietor had never deceived her since, and his word was to be trusted now.

"He must have gone home while we were coming down on the car," she thought, as they stood in front of the saloon deliberating. But as Harry's keen eyes glanced down the street he saw something lying in the

gutter, where a beam from the street lamp chanced to play upon it. His mother's eyes eagerly followed his pointing finger.

"No!" she thought, "It cannot be him. She had never found him in the gutter before. Must this last crowning disgrace be heaped upon her?"

They walked carefully forward.

It was undoubtedly the form of a man.

The poor woman nerved herself, but Harry still clasping her hand shrank back from the sight. Releasing his hand she stooped down. To her unspeakable horror, it was, indeed, her husband.

She felt his pulse. He was alive. She shook him. He was unconscious. His mouth was covered with a froth that had frozen, and which clung in an icy fringe to his faded mustache. The expression on his face was ghastly and terrifying.

"Look—look, son," she whispered fearfully, as Harry pressed timidly forward.

"Drink! Drink! Oh, my God!" she moaned wildly, and the little fellow's eyes opened wide with horror.

They could not hope to get him home in that condition without a cab. She would go to the saloon and ring for one. But Harry would not stay beside his father while she did so, for his heart was terror-struck.

Under the circumstances they returned to the saloon together and the bartender rang for a cab. Soon they heard it approaching and they went out to the curb. As it stopped in front of them, they pointed to the prostrate form, and the driver drove to it.

As they drove home Harry's eyes opened wide with wonder. The ride in the cab was a great novelty and he looked up at his mother and smiled boy fashion; then observing his father's bloated, distorted features he shuddered.

The cab driver helped them into the house with their burden, and after paying him they put the inebriate to bed.

Harry had taken off his clothes, and he came in his night-gown to where his mother was sitting peering into

the dim firelight. He climbed up into her lap and put his arms about her neck. As he looked into her face its expression almost terrified him and he began to snuffle, and soon was sobbing upon her breast copiously. She held him close, and once in a while as she looked into the firelight, a big tear would trickle down over her own worn, thin cheek and drop upon the lad's gown.

"Mama, where—where is God?" the boy said suddenly, checking his tears.

"God—God?" she repeated questioningly, wonderingly to herself, "Why, God lives in heaven, darling."

"Well, where is heaven, then, mama," he persisted.

She felt that she could not answer. A child's question often confounds the wisdom of the sage.

"Why do you ask, Harry?" she said evasively.

"Because I'm going to tell him about papa," he replied determinedly.

"You look for him in your dreams then, to-night, and perhaps you will find him," she answered, and soon she felt his form droop in slumber and she carried him to bed. As she tucked him away he was fast asleep. Perhaps in that innocent slumber his tiny thought was exploring the boundless infinite for the great and all-merciful God.

CHAPTER VIII

As Standish sat in his office the afternoon of the day following the election, his secretary, who was forced to act as general utility man during Johnson's absence, ushered in Mrs. Johnson. Standish instantly recognized her and offered her a chair. She sat wearily down in it and Standish could see that she was full of trouble.

"What can I do for you this afternoon, Mrs. Johnson?" he asked kindly.

"I came to tell you, sir, that Mr. Johnson is sick in bed and won't be able to work for several days," she replied, looking up furtively.

Her husband's unconquerable liquor habit had lost him so many positions that she did not doubt but that his services would likewise be dispensed with at this place. Then would come the terrible days of unpaid grocery bills and protesting landlords demanding the long overdue rent. The patching and re-patching of Harry's threadworn clothes, and the quieting of his boyish discontent as he saw other boys well dressed with plenty of nickels and dimes jingling in their pockets. Lastly, and even more terrifying, certain familiar loose tongued neighbor women, who would visit her regularly and remark upon the oft repeated calls of creditors and collection agents who would throng the doorway of their cottage.

How much money her fallen husband had put down his throat in the form of liquor, God alone knew. Enough at any rate, to have made them independent several times over, and have given them a competency and a home.

But vain, perishing thought of prosperity and peace. And so the little woman was prepared to again bare her bleeding breast to the gnawing teeth of the wolf. But somehow as she looked into the mine owner's kindly face, she felt she was gazing into the countenance of a good

true man, one of that kind of whom she had often dreamed. There was certainly no doubt about it, but then, she had looked into other kindly faces besides this one, and it had always been the same. The kindness, patience, and endurance of her husband's employers had been exhausted in the end, resulting in his ignominious dismissal, and again the hopeless struggle of the wife to make ends meet.

The poor woman rose mechanically from her chair after she had delivered her message. At the most she hoped that Mr. Brown would not question her — that she might leave the office undisturbed, and that her husband might recover sufficiently in the next few days to resume his work at least for a little while longer. But alas, as she started for the door, Standish spoke to her.

"Oh ——, Mrs. Johnson," he said, "Please don't hurry," and with a low sigh she turned and stood irresolutely before him.

"Now don't you worry about anything, Mrs. Johnson," he continued, "Tell Gus to take plenty of time, and not to come back to work until he feels like it. Have you plenty of money and things to do with?" he added earnestly.

She nodded her head affirmatively.

"If you haven't, I will gladly advance you all you want. All I ask of you, Mrs. Johnson, is to take life as easy as possible. You don't look overly strong, and perhaps you ought to hire a nurse to look after Gus. Let's see, I'll advance you his salary for the first half of the month," and turning to his desk he started to write out a check for the amount, when another thought struck him.

"You see, Mrs. Johnson, I feel pretty good over the results of yesterday's election and I suppose Gus must have been pleased at the defeat of his old employer. Well, I'll just make out this check for an extra hundred to show Gus how good I feel about our victory. You had better deposit it with some bank, Mrs. Johnson, and draw it out as you need it, because one doesn't want much money lying about in these days of robberies and hold-ups."

As he handed her the check and smiled indulgently down on her she could scarcely contain herself.

"Oh, thank you, sir, thank you," she exclaimed as she turned toward the door again, and he escorted her to the elevator. If he could have seen the expression on her countenance when she reached the street and had time to really grasp her situation and gaze upon the generous check unobserved, he would have seen the first gleam of light that had illumed her worn features for many a long day.

Standish thoroly believed in doing good, in being charitable as one went thru life. During the long hours of thought which he had spent upon the subjects of charity and philanthropy, he had made up his mind that if every one conscientiously administered to the individual cases which came under their own observance, that the scriptures would be fulfilled to the letter.

If all men administered to every legitimate demand made upon them in the name of duty and charity, the unfortunate would always be provided for, and the burden be equally distributed among all men. Strong in this truth, he had vowed that he would do his share at least; and assist every case of charity that came under his own personal observation and take care of as many more as God gave him the means to do. . .

BOOK THREE

THE MEASURE OF A PAUNCH

CHAPTER I

IN 1902, Theodore Dodge stood at bay. The seventeen years of his active career in Colorado had brought him to the most critical period of his business life. For altho he was a man of very aggressive disposition, and had proven himself adroit, resourceful, and masterful in the development and management of the various enterprises with which he had been identified; yet he had displayed a creative, professional genius rather than that of the fighting staying qualities of the successful financier.

After he had placed the Sampson-Smith upon a dividend-paying basis, Thomas Bayard had brought him to Denver and made him the general manager of the various mining properties which Bayard and his associates had consolidated under the control of one large corporation. The young Ohioan after several years of hard work had made good on the proposition, and had won the esteem and confidence of his employers to the highest degree. Then came the construction and building of the Missouri and Colorado smelter, of which Thomas Bayard was the chief promoter and financial genius, and Theodore Dodge the builder and engineer.

In 1899, however, when the Smelter Trust absorbed the Missouri and Colorado, Dodge felt that his career in the smelting business was over; for the Guggenhones, who controlled the Trust, had left no doubt in the minds of the old Missouri and Colorado magnates, but that the Guggenhone control of smelting affairs was to be absolutely supreme. Mayer Guggenhone and his seven sons

intended to be to silver what Carnegie was to steel; the Rothschilds to copper; Havemeyer to sugar; Rockefeller to oil.

Mayer Guggenhone, originally a modest Philadelphia lacemaker, had founded a great house, which was to be perpetuated in America by the consolidated efforts of himself and his seven worthy sons, as was founded the famous house of the Rothschilds in Europe.

When Theodore Dodge first came in contact with young Solomon Guggenhone, he felt for the first time in his life, that he had met a personality that was decidedly his superior, at least in a business way.

The suave, cool, irresistible, and masterful acquisitive instinct of the young Jew, completely blanketed the sensitive, professional, creative atmosphere of the Ohioan; who had the intolerable feeling in the presence of the young smelter king, that he would brook no equal in smelting affairs, much less a superior. Rule, kingship, absolute dominion, being indelibly stamped upon the features and implanted within the soul of Solomon Guggenhone. Altho Dodge had readily and pleasantly acquiesced in this supremacy, yet such was his acute indisposition to become a mere subordinate in a business where he had once been so prominent, that he prepared to sell out his entire holdings in Smelter and devote himself to other interests.

For several years he had been interested in a steel plant located at Trineblo, which had gradually developed from a small struggling foundry, to an extensive plant that began to furnish the Inter-mountain region with steel rails and structural iron; and whose able and enterprising management had purchased for a mere pittance, great tracts of coal lands in Colorado and adjoining states, amounting to nearly six hundred square miles; a domain that overshadowed the entire anthracite field of Pennsylvania. The concern also owned dozens of limestone quarries, thousands upon thousands of acres of iron and manganese lands in Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico, and Utah; and had acquired scores of valuable water rights, and enormous interests in numerous other natural re-

sources of the West. In fact, experts had calculated that two hundred and fifty million was a low estimate of the actual value of the great and as yet almost undeveloped properties of the Colorado Steel Corporation.

As far back as 1890 Dodge had become interested in Colorado Steel, and later, as he began to realize the vast natural resources which this infant corporation was gradually acquiring for insignificant sums, he had invested quite heavily in its stocks and bonds, until, in 1895, his holdings entitled him to a place upon the board of directors. By 1898, he and his associates were almost in control of the corporation, having lacked only a few votes to control the election held that year. And when, in the latter part of 1900, he had succeeded in disposing of his entire holdings in American Smelter, and went into the open market and purchased all Colorado Steel that was offered, he owned personally on the first day of January, 1901, fully one third of the entire capital stock of the concern. This made him by far the largest individual stockholder of Colorado Steel, and he secured enough proxies from his friends to enable him to control the election of that year, and he became its president.

Early in 1902, however, at a time when he had scarcely gotten a firm seat in the presidential saddle, he suddenly became aware that a new and powerful combination was forming to wrest from him and his loyal associates the control of Colorado Steel. The thought was maddening to him, for in his rich anticipations of the active personal management of the corporation he had fairly reveled, the corporation having by this time achieved a fame and opulence which made it a power in the West, and it had also established a sufficient name in the East to be listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Suddenly this concern which had passed for years as an insignificant dabbler in the coke and steel industry, became a giant and influential corporation of national repute. As financiers and experts examined its enormous undeveloped resources, they became amazed, and the stock of the corporation leaped by spurts and bounds far above the low price it had maintained for years.

Quite in the spirit of that period, when industrials of all kinds were swelling to enormous dimensions in a vain endeavor to keep pace with the demands of both legitimate trade and undue speculation, it had been frequently rumored that the United States Steel Corporation was about to absorb this young giant of the West; and that, not being able to corner its stock, it was going to crush the concern by invading the West with a greatly cheapened product. During the spring of 1902 the stock of Colorado Steel rose and fell nervously. Some one, some power, was certainly manipulating it. Bidding up the price to coax it out on the market, and then shoving it down a few points to scare timid stockholders into a selling mood.

Dodge's New York brokers constantly endeavored to locate the source of this manipulation, but without success. So soon after being driven from the smelting business by the invasion of an Eastern crowd in the persons of the Guggenhones, Dodge was now twisting and turning again upon the spit of Finance, being unmercifully squeezed by the remorseless silent pressure of another Eastern crowd, who evidently intended to wrest from him the control of Colorado Steel.

Unfortunately for Dodge, it was in just such a circumstance that he usually lacked nerve, combativeness, the ability to take punishment. He had obtained control of Colorado Steel with comparative ease. No one had actively opposed him. In fact he had been warmly welcomed by nearly all the interests of the concern, coming as he did with the prestige of his brilliant success as a creative administrative genius in smelting affairs. Had he met with any decided opposition, he probably would never have made the attempt at control, but as it was, he slipped into the office of president with comparative ease.

Almost devoid of that rapacious instinct of the typical American trust magnate, Dodge was evasive, and preferred sliding over or around opposition, rather than beating it down by that sheer brute force which characterizes the unholy warfare of many of our prominent millionaires. If he could not evade the issue, he preferred to

retire or run away, rather than close in mortal combat. Thus in the fierce battle of American finance he was laboring under an almost fatal handicap, for there are times in the critical mazes of the fight that men must stand by their guns, and must both deliver and receive hard lusty blows; requiring frequently, the delicate finesse of a Talleyrand; at other times, the grim blood and iron policy of a Bismarck. Therefore the battle often becomes one of sheer brute force, in which the man with the biggest bag of dollars is declared the victor.

Just such a battle as this was rapidly coming to a head in the affairs of Colorado Steel. A great brute force, with a huge bag of dollars, was threatening to destroy the peace and prosperity of one of Colorado's greatest corporations and irrevocably bind it to its own selfish purposes.

Soon it became evident that Dodge must either fight or run; finally it became even more evident to him, that much as he preferred, he could not run; he would have to make a stand and fight. His entire interests, his reputation, his prestige, the money of his friends; and lastly, his very heart and soul were centered in the existence and control of Colorado Steel. Yes, he would fight. He would battle to the death, either to emerge triumphant with renewed prestige and maintained excellence of reputation, or be forever buried in the ruin of his idol.

For months Dodge fought with the cunning of a fox to obtain proxies for the coming election. Occasionally his brokers tested the market with high-priced offerings, but nothing came out. Whenever any of the stock did appear on the market it was instantly bid up to prohibitive values by the opposition. Indeed very little of it was offered, for the opposition had long since gathered in nearly all of the holdings of the smaller stockholders. When the battle for stock was finally finished in the open market, the mystery of the secret opposition was revealed in the person of the redoubtable John Wreckor Grabbe, who fresh from his raid on L. and N., was following his usual tactics in the game of Colorado Steel; having apparently conceived the idea of buying up the

stock, obtaining control, and then disposing of it at a greatly advanced figure to the United States Steel Corporation, the greatest industrial octopus of the nation. In fact, Grabbe claimed in his press interviews at the time, that he had obtained a tip from the First Citizen*, himself; that it would be a nice arrangement to obtain control of Colorado Steel before it got too big, and thus bind the domination of the United States Steel Corporation supreme upon everything in the nation that spelled steel.

Concealing his actions among a score or more of brokers, Grabbe had carefully organized his attack and slowly and insidiously secured large blocks of Colorado Steel almost unobserved by the management of the concern. But when the fight for proxies was on he could no longer conceal his identity; and he stood in the mental vision of Theodore Dodge, a figure of remorseless, menacing, brute power.

*NOTE.—The first citizen of the United States at this time, being conceded by portions of the press as centering in the person of James Pierpont Morgan.

CHAPTER II

Mrs. Theodore Dodge settled herself comfortably in the luxurious drawing-room of the "Endymion," which, attached to the "Burlington's No. 1," was coursing smoothly over a perfect roadbed thru the pleasant flower embowered suburbs of Chicago. She had arrived on the "Pennsylvania" from New York early that morning, and after a little shopping at "Marshall Field's" she had taken the superb afternoon flyer of the Burlington for Denver.

Annette, the maid, after arranging the wraps and toilet articles of her mistress, had seated herself in one of the two wicker parlor chairs with which the drawing-room was furnished, and with her daintily slippered feet cocked up on the edge of the window, was deeply buried in the depths of a magazine. Occasionally she raised her head, which was neatly dressed in a white lace cap, to gaze out on the green fields and white farmhouses, as the swift moving train sped by them on its arrow-like flight across the long, flat meadows of Illinois.

Mollie Rogan Dodge was returning to Colorado after an absence of nearly four years. She had spent much of that time in London with her bosom friends, Mrs. Newman and Mrs. Walch, who were acknowledged leaders in London's smart set, and who were the wives of two of Colorado's wealthiest mining men. Occasionally the trio would visit the American colonies in Paris, Florence and other continental centers; and the swift, gay and luxurious years had sped by in greeting and feasting that wealthy, aristocratic, and pleasure-loving society of the "States," which annually crosses the pond to do Merry England and the Continent.

Several times Mollie had left the gay circle in London, spending a few weeks touring Ireland and Wales. She visited many of the spots which her dear old mother had so often mentioned in their discussions of the Emerald

Isle, and memories had flowed sweetly in on the Colorado colleen as she roamed thru the quiet villages and among the charming lakes of Hibernia. The soul of dear old Mrs. Rogan had long since passed thru the Pearly Gates, having been prayed safely across the Dark Valley and on into Paradise with all the dignity and grandeur of the Roman church of which she had been so long a faithful and sincere communicant.

The years had treated Mollie kindly, and as she sat there looking dreamily out of the car window, she appeared almost as fresh and attractive as when she became the bride of Theodore Dodge. True, her cheeks had lost some of the bloom of youth, but the secrets of the toilet had preserved her once naturally beautiful skin, into a soft, velvety, pink-tinted, fresh complexion that was at once charming and attractive. Her once plump and rosy hands had become somewhat thinned, and slightly betrayed the coarse fingers of her hard-working ancestors, but even that defect was cleverly concealed by the art of the manicure, thru a perfect manipulation of the fingers and the careful fashioning of the exquisitely tinted and curved finger nails.

Fate had decreed that Mrs. Dodge was never to become a mother, and Theodore and she had buried their disappointment in that hope in the participation of all the other joys which life afforded. Her husband lived very close to his business. He scorned a life of travel and ease, and, like many other American business men, rather than lose a few precious moments of the swift million accumulating life of the New World, he bound himself to his business by prodigious labor, content to furnish his wife with wealth and the means to travel, while he remained at home with his idol—business.

Mrs. Dodge had been much worried of late by newspaper and cable accounts of the great fight that was on in Colorado Steel. Her husband had never directly mentioned the strain of the battle in his letters, but between the lines, the wife's quick intuition could read his troubled condition; and one day in the midst of the gay London whirl she had suddenly awoke to the fact, that with

her brave husband in the thick of a great financial battle, the place of a true and loving wife was at his side, to lighten with her presence and love the weight of the conflict. So, hurriedly getting her traps together, she embarked for New York on the first steamer, and once safely ashore in Gotham, had immediately sought her husband's brokers for the latest news of the battle.

She found them in a state of great uncertainty. Her husband, having been outpointed in the contest for proxies, and who was apparently facing positive defeat at the hands of John Wreckor Grabbe—who probably held enough proxies to control the coming election—had filed an application with the United States Court in Denver to have the regular corporation election postponed, alleging a conspiracy of certain stockholders to control the election. Thus her husband had averted for a time at least, the defeat which at first seemed so certain. However, Grabbe and his associates were making a fierce fight in the courts, and it was only a question of time when the election of officers by the stockholders of the corporation would be declared in order by the court and the thing settled for good. The brokers assured her, however, that her husband having thru this move gained considerable time, was making every effort to strengthen his forces and had by no means given up the battle. With this information, Mrs. Dodge lost no time, and had taken the first train for the West.

How she was enjoying this last portion of her journey. The great Baldwin was eating up the miles with swift regularity, those long miles which lay between her and that magic place—home.

After a quick run from Chicago, the train stopped at Galesburg for orders. The huge Baldwin was breathing heavily in the short respite, the valves of the air-pump wheezing with a fierce "chug-chug," as it recharged the exhausted cylinder with the mighty force which controlled the heavy brakes of the train.

Presently the conductor, resplendent in gold braid and buttons, emerged from the telegraph office motioning to the brakeman to pull the air signal; and an instant later

the engineer, giving the required hissing, ear splitting air test, and obeying the two sharp, "Go ahead," blasts of the air whistle, pulled the throttle; and the heavy train steamed slowly thru the long yards, and was soon running with a fine burst of speed toward Monmouth and the distant West.

The porter pressed the electric button of drawing-room "A," and Annette answered the bell.

"First call for dinner, ma'am," he said politely. She bowed and closed the door.

"What is it, Annette?" her mistress inquired languidly.

"First call for zee dinner, madame," she replied.

"You may arrange my hair then, pretty one," remarked Mollie; and while Annette made the necessary preparations and took down the heavy shining mass of raven black locks of her mistress, Mollie continued her gaze out of the window, her mind filled with many thoughts of her home-coming.

As Mrs. Dodge entered the diner she recognized the junior United States Senator from Colorado, who was seated by himself at one of the center tables intently perusing a mass of newspaper clippings, which probably represented an instalment of interesting matter sent him by the editor-in-chief of the great Rocky Mountain daily of which the senator was the sole owner.

Mrs. Dodge, delightfully expectant, instantly stepped forward to his table.

"May I?" she asked archly, placing her hand upon the chair opposite the senator as he suddenly looked up.

"Why—why, Mrs. Dodge!" he said, rising and cordially extending his hand, "I am delighted to see you. This is a pleasure I did not expect when I left Washington."

As she smilingly seated herself the senator quickly gathered up the mass of papers he had been reading, and thrust them in hopeless confusion into his coat pocket much to her amusement, but quite to his great satisfaction, for his kindly face beamed the heartiest companionship imaginable.

He had evidently just finished the first course of the

dinner, and he gallantly postponed the second until Mrs. Dodge began hers. For some time they discussed affairs of mutual interest, and then she sounded him quite pointedly on Colorado Steel.

"Theodore is putting up a great fight," he said in reply. "But this man Grabbe is certainly a terror. He beat out the Belmont interests in that L. & N. affair, and it took Morgan himself to straighten out the muddle. Grabbe must have cleaned up at least two million in that raid, and in this affair, the rogue is following much the same tactics, altho he found Theodore by no means asleep. You see it was this way—quite a number of our people, attracted by the high prices offered on the New York Exchange, let their holdings of Colorado Steel go, or we could easily have shut Grabbe out; but unfortunately, we never dreamed of a deal of this kind, and—and I must acknowledge, Mrs. Dodge, that I was one of the suckers who sold. I had a hundred shares of the stock at the time, which I bought years ago at twenty-seven, and I parted with it for eighty-six. And that's just the trouble —that's the way we all got caught. For Grabbe's tactics are, to make heavy bids for the stock he wants, in order to get it out on the market; and then, when he has enough to control the property, to hammer it down and scare the balance of the stockholders into selling at any price. And here I am, a close friend of your husband's —eager to do him a good turn; and behold the spectacle—a poor fool caught in the net of his worst enemy. Oh! I've already confessed to him, but dear boy that he is, he only smiled and said, "better luck next time, Tom."

As they finished the meal the sun was sinking behind the vine-covered bluffs of Iowa, far across the shining ripples of the Mississippi; and excusing herself from the very agreeable company of the senator, Mrs. Dodge returned to her drawing-room.

The farm lads were turning the cows into the rich meadows after the evening's milking as the train entered the river bottoms, and lazily the cattle thrust their pink noses into the sweet tender grasses as tho fairly satiated with the dewy heaviness of the pasture.

The broad, silent bosom of the Father of Waters, swelled by the June floods from the distant lakes of Minnesota and Wisconsin, glittered brightly in the beams of the setting sun. Its shores were lined with masses of dense, green foliage, and the majestic stream itself was dotted with many low islands of waving willows. Far up the river a steamboat could be seen breasting the swift current, the black smoke was rolling heavily from its red funnels, and a huge wave of foam heaved in the wake of the great churning stern-wheel

The rush of the train frightened a flock of water-fowl, and as they rose with shrill cries, the water fell from their dripping wings sparkling like jewels in the last rays of the sun. A bevy of quail also rose from the railroad right-of-way, flying with quick whirring wings into a nearby wheat field. Then as the sun finally sank behind the Iowa hills in a great burst of golden glory, the long dreamy shadows of evening crept over the landscape, and thru the half opened car windows came the rich damp scent of the river meadows. Presently the heavy train rolled over the long bridge out of Illinois into Iowa; and soon the "click-click" staccato of the Pullman wheels and the quick, successive flit of dozens of red and green lights, announced the maze of switches in the yards of Burlington.

Mrs. Dodge and Annette looked long and dreamily into the heavy dusk which fell over the beautiful Iowa landscape as the train left Burlington and sped westward over the rolling prairies. In the far southwest, the first sultriness of summer was displayed in brilliant sheets of yellowish-green lightning, playing from behind the gentle wooded hills that stretched southward toward the distant Missouri line. Hundreds of frogs were croaking their evening songs from their green mottled throats as the train skirted the shores of a great slough, which fragrant with the odor of mint, was the home of countless half budded water-lilies floating gently upon the rippling waters, and above which numerous mouse-eyed bats darted and flitted in the deepening shadows.

Soon the darkness settled heavily and innumerable

fireflies flitted beside the track, beaming their tiny incandescents among the cornfields and in the patches of dark woods thru which the train plunged with a muffled rush, filling the car with the resonant murmurings of the startled wind-whispering trees.

The next morning when Mrs. Dodge lifted the window shade by the side of her berth and looked out, the train had left Iowa and was pulling slowly across a long bridge built high above the tawny flood of the Missouri.

Will the ugly Missouri ever be tamed or softened in the flight of the centuries?

Ugh! The bitter wind which blows down it in the winter time at Sioux City, Omaha, and Plattsmouth, would shame the coldest Klondike breeze. One may go the full swing of the States from Passamaquoddy Bay to Point Loma, and never find a spot as raw, wild, and inhospitable, as this turbulent flow of the untamed Missouri between the green hills of Iowa and the verdured slopes of Nebraska. It is today, the same demoniacal, barbarous, man-defying monster, as when the intrepid Father Marquette first viewed its yellow flood pouring into the clear waters of the Mississippi, with that fierce roar and sullen bellowing which the Indians believed came from a demon hidden beneath its tawny waves.

The Missouri.

The Big Muddy.

The ugly duckling of all American waterways.

At Lincoln, where No. 1 stopped to change engines, Mrs. Dodge and Annette left the car for a few moments, to walk up and down the station platform in the fresh morning air.

The railroad employees were working like beavers. "Tap-tap," "clank-clank," rang the steel hammers of the car inspectors upon the wheels. A cracked wheel or tire might derail No. 1, and cause the loss of lives and perhaps thousands of dollars to the Burlington. The wheels must ring true or the car would be side tracked. Men came running with ladders and reels of hose to fill the exhausted water tanks with fresh water. Others brought

buckets of ice and dumped them into the coolers of the drinking water tanks.

At the dining-car, a red cheeked boy from the country was delivering cans of fresh milk and cream to the negro cooks; and a portly butcher had just brought a fresh juicy quarter of beef, several loins, a basket of fowls, and other tempting meats to replenish the great diner's larder. The black smoke was rolling heavily from the car's diminutive funnels, and the colored waiters were rushing to and fro preparing the tables for breakfast, their white teeth gleaming in their ebony faces as they laughed and joked. The appetizing smell of breakfast was wafted deliciously thru the diner's kitchen windows, and Mrs. Dodge whiffed it hungrily, the short walk in the fresh air had given her an appetite.

The relieving engine backed down to the train and bumped it stoutly once or twice until the huge couplers linked properly. Then a fat engineer in blue overalls swung down from the cab, and darted the long slender stem of a shining oil-can into the oil-cups and along the bearings of his steaming leviathan. Then after a brief exchange of road talk and comparison of watches with the engineer, the conductor gave the signal, the women boarded the Pullman; and No. 1 was soon rushing westward, screaming its hoarse warning to the country crossings and plowing thru the tiny Nebraska villages like a fiend from the Inferno.

A few miles to the west of Lincoln is the small village of Cornhill. A group of Nebraska farmers and villagers were gathered on the platform of the weather-beaten station house to see No. 1 go by, and also to get the morning papers from Lincoln which she invariably brought. Presently they saw a black speck moving towards them from out the dewy East, moving swiftly over twin lines of flashing steel which shone brilliantly in the bright morning sunshine. Soon it took the shape of a gigantic black serpent which leaped over the dew-dripping Nebraska prairie spitting forth clouds of smoke and steam, together with showers of fiery red sparks. Then the rails in front of the station house began to croon and hum the song

of the oncoming train, until it gradually swelled into a soul-harrowing diapason of crashing resounding steel. Then sounded the ponderous "clank-clank," of the monster drivers of Burlington engine, No. 1737, as they beat terrifyingly upon the vibrating but safely enduring rails.

This fiery steel bull was reeling off sixty-five miles an hour easy.

The mail-pouch hung in its frame at the far end of the station platform ready to be clutched in the wild embrace of the mail-car's steel arms, which would leap out from the crashing flame spouting cloud of dust, to suddenly snatch it with the tenacity of a bulldog and the trueness of a watch.

"Toot-toot," sounded the sharp whistle.

"Wow—wow—," shrieked the wind, as it was pierced by the flaming monster.

"Rip————ROAR————," came the flying train.

The spectators pressed their hats tightly upon their heads, and crouched close to the side of the station house.

"Clap—bang," went the mail-pouch against the side of the car.

"Crash—chuck," fell the village pouch hurtling across the station platform.

"Clickity—clickity—click," sounded the wheels of the rear Pullman over the west switches, and No. 1 had passed far down the track with eery scream and roar, swallowed up in a cloud of brown Nebraska dust. The main event of the day in Cornhill had transpired, and the sturdy sons of Nebraska took the mail-pouch to the grocery store postoffice, to get their papers and read the latest news and editorials of that great son of the west, William Jennings Bryan.

All day No. 1 sped across Nebraska. The broad valley of the Platte was one vast field of waving wheat and oats, that stirred and tossed in the fresh June breeze like the billows of a green and yellow ocean.

At McCook, Mrs. Dodge set her watch one hour behind, to conform to mountain time. It was a thousand miles east to Pittsburgh, and a thousand miles west to Ogden, as the crow flies.

In the late afternoon, and in spite of her enjoyable luncheon and chat with the senator, she became quite restless.

Why didn't the train move faster? Could she have seen the speed recorder in the engine cab she would scarcely have believed that they were bowling steadily along at full fifty miles an hour. But such was the smoothness of the heavily ballasted track, that a goblet filled with water standing upon the table in her apartment, scarcely vibrated with the gentle motion of the train.

No! It was hardly the fault of the Burlington that Mrs. Dodge showed signs of nameless restlessness.

It was something else. That magic something. That deathless aria, which Verdi has so immortalized in "Il Trovatore." The Mountains. "Home to our mountains." Ah! "Home to our mountains."

She was watching for the mountains.

The great ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

For hours she had been eagerly scanning the western horizon. She was getting so wild to see them that she almost believed they would suddenly leap out and clasp her in their arms, and early in the afternoon she had Annette ask the porter, where they would get their first view of the Rockies.

"Fo't Mawgan, ma'am," he replied, his black face lighting up with a broad smile as he answered the oft repeated question of the returning Coloradoan.

As they approached Fort Morgan, the train entered the beautiful valley of the South Platte. Here Mrs. Dodge observed the highest corn of the entire trip. The shimmering green stalks lifted themselves up bravely, two feet or more above the rich sandy loam. In several of the fields the gates of the irrigating ditches were open, and the clear mountain waters, plunging foamingly from the brimming sluices, spread slowly over the brown, fertile land.

Broad fields of dark green alfalfa stretched out toward the river, its royal purple blossoms gloriously heightening the color of the landscape, and yielding fragrant

sweets to innumerable hosts of bees that darted from blossom to blossom gathering the rich store for the hive. Scores and scores of their neat white hives were visible about the farmhouses as the train sped by.

As No. 1 rolled on up the verdant valley of the Platte, Mrs. Dodge looked again and again for a sight of the Peak.

Would it ever appear?

It was just a bit timid that day, the heat waves of the hot June sun had cast a slight haze over the horizon and it was not visible.

"But surely it will not hide its head much longer," she thought.

Ah! No! She fairly strained her eyes to catch what she thought was a dim shadowy outline.

She looked again as the train sped around a sharp curve, giving her a full view of the southwest.

Yes! It actually was—dear old Pike's.

That vast pile in the far southwest, which resembles nothing so much as a blue cloud floating lazily upon the low sky.

This was the famous peak which Zebulon Pike had declared in 1806, that no man could ever ascend.

But happily, oh much mistaken prophet, not only are there wagon roads and footpaths to its summit, but also the best paying railroad in Colorado finds its way to the top, operating trains from May to October.

Mollie's face fairly beamed as she hugged Annette affectionately and pointed out the dim outlines of the great peak.

It two hours they would be in Denver.

Since leaving Fort Morgan, they had been traveling for nearly an hour thru the Great Plains country which lies immediately to the east of Denver. At this season of the year it is one great billowy fragrant mass of pasture, the rains having been especially abundant this year. Big steers stood almost belly deep in grass among the deep gullies and arroyos, gazing stolidly upon the swift flying train.

Numerous patches of wild roses grew on the railroad

right-of-way, tossing their fragrant blossoms in the passing draught of the train; while large beds of cacti grew upon the sandy hillsides, blooming gorgeously in bright clusters of brilliant scarlet and yellow flowers. Darting among them were hundreds of saucy scampering prairie-dogs, which sat up occasionally upon their fat haunches, and in one instance were peering suspiciously upward at a large hawk slowly soaring far above them in the blue sky.

About this time Annette began to pack the traveling bags and make ready to leave the train, altho she had certain suspicions that madame was altogether too much in a hurry, it being difficult for the traveler who visits Denver for the first time on most of the northern routes, to realize that a large city can follow so closely upon the heels of such absolute solitude and desolation as borders the route the last ten miles into the city.

Gradually as the train ascended the last long grade which the Burlington makes before it finally plunges downward into the suburbs of Denver, the great Front, Park, and Rampart ranges of the Rockies are visible; and at the top of this grade, the entire sublime sky-line of the Great Hills leaps into view; from the low sharp pointed foothills near Boulder and the superbly curved Medicine Bow range stretching mistily far away northward into Wyoming, to the vast bulk of the whole Continental Divide, beginning with Long's majestic peak forty-five miles to the northwest, and terminating gloriously eighty miles to the far southwest in the serene soaring summit of Pike's. These two noble peaks, almost twin brothers as to form and height, being separated by a full hundred and twenty miles of white crested snow ranges and green clad foothills.

In the center of this magnificent sky-line is Mt. Evans, upon which at this time of the year, lies a great field of ice glittering in the sun like a gigantic mirror. To the north of this noble peak is the elongated, chisel-edged crest of the Arapahoes, which towering twin summits smoke and play for three-quarters of the year in snow storms and howling blizzards.

Directly to the west, at the base of the first line of foothills, is the low, mesa-shaped Table Mountain, which, cloven directly thru the center by the gorge of Clear Creek, marks the site of Golden, the first capital of Colorado, more readily identified by a column of white smoke issuing from the stack of its one remaining smelter.

In the near northwest are the Highlands of North Denver, and beyond, the Heights of Berkley appear, a long, sharp ridge overlooking the fertile orchard-checkered valley of Clear Creek.

In the sweep of the far southwest is the jagged silhouette of the Devil's Head, and slightly to the north of it is the round knob-like tip of the north portal of Platte Cañon, from whose cool, mossy depths flows the crystal flood of the Platte, which is piped into Denver to clothe her hillsides and lawns with charming verdure and fill her fountains with purest aqua.

In the nearer southwest, just above the green tops of the tall cottonwoods which fringe the banks of the Platte, rise the Heights of Loretto, named after a community of nuns who have built a handsome seminary upon the brow of the ridge. And just beyond, at the foot of the ridge, clustered together upon a wide stretch of tableland which commands a full view of Bear and Clear Creek valleys, is a group of buildings known as Fort Logan, a United States military post, placed there many years ago, from which the government could keep a close watch on the Indians.

Directly to the south is the flat pine-fringed crest of the Arkansas Divide, a range of handsome, picturesque hills which separate the waters of the Arkansas from those of the Platte.

But the mountains and the heights are not all, for spreading over the gentle hills of the Cherry and the Platte is Denver, the Queen City of the Mountains and the Plains.

From the summit of the last high-grade of the Burlington, the city of Denver spreads out at one's feet as gloriously as the vision of ancient Jersualem once beat in upon the soul of the weary pilgrim.

DENVER! Fair, wondrously fair. Filled with Promise, pregnant with Power. With the great misty mountains towering high above, piercing the turquoise sky of Colorado with their peaks of eternal snow, and spreading their white wings protectingly over her green and billowy plains.

Mollie's heart beat with all the ingenuousness of a young girl's as she gazed once more upon the glorious prospect, while Annette was beginning to think that her mistress' glowing accounts of the Colorado land were not so exaggerated after all.

As the long train pulled slowly into the station and the monotonous "click-click" of the Pullman wheels ceased as they passed the last switch, the porter entered the drawing-room and picked up their traveling bags. The senator joining the party, they all hastened down the corridor of the car to the steps, where Mollie was suddenly greeted by a familar voice, and Theodore's face shone smilingly up at her in the last sunlight of the day. Bidding adieu to the senator, they passed thru the bustling throng and outside to the street curb, where John, the coachman, was sitting upon the box of the glass-windowed vehicle restraining the nervously-pawing animals.

As he saw them burst thru the crowd he straightened himself instinctively, his eyes beaming expectantly. He was a strict Roman Catholic like his mistress, and he knew the good father of St. Andrews would be very happy when he saw once more the little lady from the Hill.

As they drove home, Mollie scrutinized her husband's face closely. It was unmistakably thin, troubled, and careworn. It made her feel very unhappy, but she was comforted in the thought that she was home again to console and assist him, and she nestled up to him in the seat and roguishly patted his thin cheeks with her daintily-gloved hands.

The next morning after her arrival, she inspected the premises thoroly, and as she entered the large drawing-room, which had immense windows on the south and west overlooking the valley of the Platte and the mountains,

she found to her great surprise and disappointment that the former splendid and unbroken view to the west was now partially intercepted by a structure of graceful Spanish architecture which had been erected during her absence.

'Who—who lives there?" she asked indignantly of Henriette, the housekeeper.

"The Browns," replied the servant, "a tall man, a little woman, an old man, and a little boy," she further explained, as her mistress looked at her questioningly.

Mollie shrugged her shoulders and said with a deeply-injured air, "Well, whoever they are, they have ruined our view of the mountains. I—I never dreamed that a house built there would affect our view so much. If I had, I'd have had Theo buy the lots."

That evening at dinner she asked Theodore about their new neighbors, the Browns. In answer, he replied:

"Why, yes, sweetheart, I never thought to write you. Brown came here from your old home, Plume. He struck it rich in a mine up there, and has come to Denver to live. Queerest fellow you ever saw. The most stubborn cuss in Colorado. Had a big fight with him in the legislature, and he beat us at last. He is a large stockholder in Colorado Steel. And—confound it, I'm afraid he's against me in this fight, too."

Mollie's eyes opened wide at her husband's remarks. Then she asked timidly, "What—what's his first name, Theo?"

He looked at her questioningly for a moment, and replied:

"Standish—Standish Brown."

"Standish Brown!" she echoed incredulously.

"Yes, Brown—Standish Brown," he repeated. "Ever know him?"

"Why—wh—, yes, Theo, he is an old friend of mine." she answered, flushing slightly under his close scrutiny, to which she added musingly, "Whoever thought of that great awkward Standish Brown living here in Denver, right on Capitol Hill."

They did not discuss the Browns further, but they both thought of them; the husband, of Brown's probable attitude in the coming election of Colorado Steel; the wife, of her old lover.

CHAPTER III

The summer had flown, the rare Colorado autumn had passed away with its weeks of glorious sunshine and balmy evenings, and the time was fast approaching when the immediate issue in Colorado Steel would be settled. The court had decreed that the stockholders must hold an election in December, and it had also appointed a master-in-chancery to supervise the affair.

It was midnight in the Dodge mansion. Theodore was alone in the library. Upon the table in front of him were the latest reports of his secretary upon the voting strength of the Dodge forces in the coming election.

After his wife had said good night, he listened for a moment, and as he heard her step lightly down the hall and close the door of her apartment, he spread out the papers from which to read his fate in Colorado Steel. For a long time he inspected and perused the documents, then he rose and passed into the vestibule, and, opening the coat closet, he took something from his overcoat pocket. As he returned to the library the object shone in the light of the lamp. It was a revolver.

He laid it down upon a pile of papers near the edge of the massive oak table. Strange, there were two paper-weights in sight.

Lighting a cigar and nervously tossing the match into the grate, he walked back and forth for a few moments puffing the weed fiercely. Soon he seated himself in a chair, and, leaning back, rested his feet upon the top of the table, and then with a deep sigh he turned his weary vision upon the Sublime Stage.

When the curtain rose, a single object was visible. A fearful creature. One of the greatest monsters of the soul-world.

It was STEEL.

The scenes shifted rapidly. A hundred battlefields

were shown. From classic Marathon to desperate Gettysburg. In all of them the hideous Steel monster filled the stage with forests of naked, leaping swords, bristling bayonets, fire-spitting rifles, flaming cannon, together with all the other types of metal weapons that man has ever known.

Next, the monster was binding states and continents with countless miles of shining rails, and starting over them thousands of steaming locomotives and trains. It dotted the vast expanse of the oceans with iron ribbed and plated leviathans; and spanned great rivers and chasms with mighty structures of rivets and Bessemer beams.

Amid the horrid clash of war and the more peaceful conquest of the world by the mighty power of Steel, heroic beings of tender flesh and blood were lifted high in view; their snow-white brows shining undaunted in the grim front of War, and their serious genius-inspired souls gearing up the globe with magnificent feats of engineering.

In this titanic world-drama, Miltiades and his heroic Greeks gave the death-bite to the haughty Persian. Here Spartacus sank his bloody blade into the bowels of his antagonist. Here the dauntless Dewey vomited forth his death-fires into the flaming vessels of the unhappy Spaniard.

From the shores of Illinois and Missouri the brave Eads swung his magnificent structure across the broad waters of the Mississippi; and the persistent Field spanned the vast caverns of the Atlantic with his massive coil of distance-annihilating cable. And on and on sweeps the ever-changing drama of Steel; on, perhaps, to the end of the world.

But in all its cyclopean theatricals Steel knows but two masters. But two beings, at the command of whom the monster arouses itself to action or sleeps in repose.

These masters are, Genius and Gold.

Sometimes Genius commands and directs the action of the Steel monster, but more often it is Gold. And in this stupendous drama of Steel, the Sublime Stage often resounds with the fierce war note and deadly combat of

Genius and Gold themselves. Whichever is master for the moment directs the Steel monster to its particular purpose.

Genius is the spiritual force, Gold the material. And implacable has waged the conflict between these two world forces from the most remote chronicles of man.

Theodore Dodge possessed Genius. It was the one keen, sharp sword, with which all his life he had successfully crossed the bludgeon of Gold. But he had now wholly exhausted his powers. He was at bay. His bright sword was to be beaten down at last by the massive weapon of brute sordid Gold.

For months he had staved off the New York crowd thru the protection of the courts, but that last resource was now fading, and with the election but two days away, John Wreckor Grabbe was easily the master. And such was the magic Nemesic skein which Fate had wound from the distaff of Destiny, that Theodore Dodge was obliged to confess to himself that the only power that could possibly prevent Grabbe's control of the election, was Standish Brown.

But alas! The aid of that power was justly denied him, and he trembled and shivered as he thought of how deliberately and cruelly he had inflicted his machinations upon the innocent and heroic miner from Plume.

It was this guilty knowledge that was destroying the mental equilibrium of Theodore Dodge. For, as he reflected upon the enormity of his continuous and cold-blooded attacks upon Standish Brown, he was astonished and sickened at his own baseness. So intently had he followed the dictates of business that he had actually strode over the prostrate forms of his victims without a thought of his crimes. But now as he faced his own defeat, their forms arose grimly to his view upon the Sublime Stage, as did the ghosts of the unhappy victims of Gloster, who disported themselves before him upon the fatal field of Bosworth.

For the first time in the soul of Theodore Dodge, FAILURE appeared upon the boards and played its part. He had never known Failure before; for his entire life up

to this fatal battle of Steel had been one long unbroken success.

Failure is the greatest test of a rich man, Success the greatest test of a poor man.

Men are never fully developed until they can accept defeat with calmness and fortitude, and meet success without being corrupted.

Napoleon was gold in his successes; in his failures he was rust.

Sturdy old Blucher, whom the great war lord of France threshed over nearly the whole face of Europe, endured a vast and humiliating failure. But when he stepped forth at last in the pale gleam of the young moon on that fateful field of Waterloo, desperate and indomitable from his long years of failure, his very presence seemed to crush the Napoleonic monster.

Napoleon was a demi-god in success, in failure he was a cur.

Blucher was a brave man in failure, in success he was a hero.

True men may appear glorious in victory, but in defeat they are sublime.

Wellington was the sword-hero of Waterloo, but Blucher summoned up the awful presence of an almighty, vindicating justice which inspired his veteran legions to renew the exhausted battle-fires of the heroic English, to sweep forever a horrid tyrant from that unhappy land in which he had made his lair.

In the roll of *mere* years, victory-flushed Cæsar is Success—pale, bleeding Christ is Failure; but in the glorious march of AGES, imperial Cæsar becomes a mere stepping stone of history, Jesus Christ becomes the LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

Julius Cæsar was a blood-stained tyrant, dragging his unhappy victims behind him bound in chains to the platform of his golden chariot.

Jesus of Nazareth was a sublime emancipator, walking illumed among the joyful anthem singers and peaceful palm bearers of the gloriously free.

Julius Cæsar was a screaming meteor that flashes across

the skies of history and startles a generation, to fall heavy with crime into an eternal night. Jesus Christ is a glorious sun, beaming celestial thruout an everlasting and all joyous day.

A man's strength, therefore, must be of a *universal* character to endure. He must know defeat. Must feel the sting of anguish. Must weep in silence in the depths of failure, and, phœnix-like, if his cause be just, a permanent and substantial success will spring from the ashes of his despair.

Theodore Dodge was meeting just such a test. Would he endure? Could he, in the bluff Western phrase, "Stand the gaff?"

The scenes shifted. The play rolled on.

A fascinating figure appeared. One of the lawless companions of Failure. One of the deadliest sirens of the soul-world. A seductive Loreli. A Rhine maiden with storm-tossed hair sitting upon the brink of Destruction.

It was SUICIDE. That insidious, yet fascinating siren, which sooner or later appears in the soul of nearly every individual.

Suicide, the slayer of gentle Brutus. The fair wooer of the voluptuous Cleopatra. The cruel mistress of the morbid Werther. The seductive charmer of the resisting Goethe.

In the dark and scarlet company of Cowardice, Failure and Despair, the individual is often tempted to embrace the enticing figure of Suicide, and once succumbing to her charms, he wakes up in the cold clutch of hideous death. The individual upon his couch clasps a warm, seductive form, palpitating with fierce passion, but wakes upon the instant to find himself in the cold and pitiless embrace of a horrid, grinning skeleton.

Thus it was that Suicide smiled and beckoned to the despairing Theodore, and he followed. He picked up the revolver and pressed it to his temple.

The muzzle was cold and he hesitated.

Noting his hesitation, Suicide came up and put her soft arms about him.

"Come, darling, let's end it all. Say farewell to this cruel world, and sink with me, here in these loving arms into the mist land of dreams. Death, cruel, inevitable death, will come to you sooner or later. Why not, then, drift away with me, softly into the dreamland of peace? Ah! you know how sweet, love; rest—gentle rest," and succumbing to the siren's seductive song, he smiled and pressed the trigger, but as he did so a scream rang thru the house, and the weapon was dashed from his hands.

It was Mollie.

She had gone to bed quite nervous and apprehensive that all was not well with her husband. He had made no complaint. But the heaviness of his soul and heart was deeply felt by the keenly intuitive wife. She had longed to have him unbosom himself to her, but with that characteristic silence so often noted in business men, he had tightly locked up the agony of his soul and would not confide.

She awoke soon after she went to sleep, and instinctively reaching out her hand to where her husband should have lain, she found he was not there. Arising hastily, fairly trembling with apprehension, she stepped into the hall, and, reaching the head of the stairs, she crept softly down them in her bare feet, peeping over the railing just in time to see him raise the revolver the second time.

As soon as the weapon fell, Mollie picked it up and flung it thru the nearest window. The glass flew in slivers, the weapon falling outside on the walk with a loud rattle. Then the frenzied woman put her satiny arms about her shaking spouse and wept tears of purest joy.

A moment later the housekeeper rushed in from the servant's quarters.

"Bring me some brandy, quick, Henriette," said Mollie, noting Theodore's ashy countenance as he drooped in her arms.

The startled housekeeper soon returned with a decanter and glass, and as they forced the liquor down his throat, he fainted upon the divan.

"He will be all right presently, Henriette. If the

watchman comes, please tell him it is nothing. That's a good girl, please leave us now. If I want anything I will ring for you."

The bewildered housekeeper left the room obediently, but not to rest. She went outside for a few moments to regain her composure in the fresh air. As she passed the library window she noticed the broken pane for the first time, and from the dim light shining thru the aperture, she saw the revolver lying upon the walk. Then she understood. Picking it up timidly, she entered the house, but not to sleep much that night from ruminating over the affairs of the Dodges.

Tho Theodore and Mollie had known the sweetness of love and companionship before, they never knew its downright divinity until this affair. During those terrible moments, loyalty, sacrifice, and the pure sanctity of souls in the near presence of death, touched many beautiful, unsounded strings of their hearts. The trembling wife kissed the pale lips again and again, pressing her hot-flushed cheek against the cold brow to warm it to life, and all the time shedding tears of joy as she held him tightly in tender thankfulness.

Finally, he opened his eyes, and, looking up into her beautiful, tear-stained face, he realized it all. She had saved him, and opening his arms he folded her silently to his tortured breast. She lay thus for a long time. Then the tears began to trickle down his pale cheeks; and their hearts, beating in perfect unison; his confessing, hers accepting, the heaviness of his soul rolled away, and his thoughts lightened to peace and joy.

How little did defeat matter now. In the joy of possessing such a wife, he could meet the world even with his bare hands, to live in the warmth of her pure, unselfish love. How happy he was. Stern business could go where it would now, for Love, the fairest virgin of man's wondrous soul, crept into the firelight and claimed its own.

Then in the wee hours of the morning, as she lay in his arms, he freely confessed to her his desperate situation in Colorado Steel. How companionable, how sympathetic,

how tender she was. Why had he not confided in her before?

Alas! Poor misguided man.

Business! That damnable, cursed, man-created tyranny, which sucks the warm, buoyant life of souls and replaces it with a deadly burden of cold, lifeless husks, had completely enslaved him. He had succumbed to one of the most dreadful creatures of the soul—BUSINESS, the latter day alias of unspeakable Mammon. Business—which if we do not regulate with wisdom and care, will transform this community of free and enlightened commonwealths into a syndicate of infernos.

Mollie listened attentively to her husband's confession, and then she knew that the fate of his business career rested in Standish Brown, the man who had once been her lover. The man whom she had scorned, and who had long since suffered so unjustly thru the mistaken business policies of her husband.

Concealing as best she could her keen remorse at Standish's wrongs, she wooed her husband back to a renewed interest in life; and after stuffing a pillow in the broken window, they went upstairs to bed.

Usually, Theodore slept on the outer side of the bed, but the timorous wife made him take the back side this time. She intended to see that he did not leave her side for the balance of the night.

After tucking him away, she looked at the tiny clock on the dresser. It was 2:30. Warming her feet on the register for a moment, they were almost blue from cold, she turned to the bed and found to her great delight that Theodore was sleeping peacefully.

CHAPTER IV

Mollie rose at daybreak. The excitement of the night had been too much for her, and she had slept but little.

Stealing softly in her nightrobe to the rear parlor, which was on the same floor as her sleeping apartment, she raised one of the shades and looked out at the gorgeous East. Entranced with the view, she raised the window, the cool, refreshing breeze of the morning flowing in and blowing the loose strands of her beautiful hair.

The sky was vividly crimson. The cocks were crowing in the distance, from where the homes of the poor were huddled together in the sandy bottoms of the Cherry. The beautiful morning star, glittering like a gigantic emerald, flashed its beams from a ribbon of pale blue sky just above the roseate torches of the dawn.

Mollie felt that this was a very holy moment. The maidenhood of a day that meant much to her, and, kneeling down, she prayed long and fervently. As she rose, she took from her bosom an ivory crucifix which was fastened about her neck with a fine gold chain. To her devout Catholic spirit, the ivory figure was the real flesh and blood of her Saviour.

Ah! These Catholic women. Faith incarnate. Bow down, cold, frigid Science. Gaunt, thin-visaged Calvinists, behold the true Blood of the Lamb.

After kissing the image reverently, she made her way to the front parlor to get a glimpse of the mountains to the west. The view was so magnificent that she returned to her chamber, and, slipping on a pair of fleece-lined slippers and throwing a shawl over her shoulders, she returned to the parlor piling one of the big rockers full of pillows from off a davenport, and, seating herself, she watched the play of pink-tinted Aurora among the Great Hills.

Denver is just far enough distant from the Rockies to enjoy to the full those superb cloud effects which are constantly displaying themselves upon the summits of the Snowy Range. And from the streets of the city the forms of the Great Hills are beautifully softened and subdued. That awe-inspiring terribleness of the mountain solitudes themselves, which impresses one so distinctly while actually among them, not being noticeable from a distance.

The huge precipices, yawning chasms and dizzy peaks are shorn of their terrorism by the superb enchantment of distance. They seem from the city streets to fairly mingle with the clouds themselves, and to form gay partnerships with the sun, moon and stars.

When actually among these vast defiles, one is often oppressed by an overpowering sense of the sublime and awful; more often by the morbid atmosphere of a terrifying, demoniacal world, whose demon inhabitants weigh one down with a grim terror during the darkness of night; and in the broad light of day peep mockingly from among the beetling crags and the dark pine-parked cañons.

But from the distance of the city, these same regions appear as a land of pleasurable enchantment. Imagination peoples them with fairies, laughing nymphs, and comical gnomes; and perchance, a piping Pan. You long to fly up to those dream-bound regions, wrapped as they are in glorious cloud and sun. To leave the near world, and soar to a dreamland of heavenly vistas, of vague delightful prospects. A golden, mist-clad realm of Prospero, bidding one to dream, to forget the close binding clutch of flesh. And, too, it is an enchanted world always near at hand. Even the commonest workman, sweating at his toil in the city streets, can look up at these glorious hills and ease his toil with dreams.

From the streets, also, the Great Hills display to best advantage that supreme essential of art—FORM.

Like beautiful women, they have form. As do the same entrancing nymphs of flesh, the mountains drape themselves in beautiful robes and modes. At times the clouds and the mists, dyed by the sun in all the colors of

the spectrum, dress the nude outlines of the mountains in matchless robes. Again, as if to amorously tempt the eye, they lift their bewitching draperies, exposing the soft, tempting sky-line of their snowy, flawless breasts.

In the dim gray of the morning, the range lies dark and ghostly in the west. But long before the east is fairly flushed, and Day has crept over the Great Plains, the high towering snow peaks glittering rosy and transcendently from the skies, have caught the sun's first rays.

As the upper peaks of the main range receive the first full beams of the sun, they stand out in bold outline, much as the footlights of a theatre throw in high relief the forms of the players.

Here a great crevice is lighted up; there a dark cañon is penetrated, the dense mass of conifers being silhouetted against the sky like numberless plumes.

Then, as these vast upper regions stand forth like awakening giants, the sun gradually lights up the foothills; and tier after tier of these dark, swarthy monsters assemble into view, grouped as a herd of baby elephants at the foot of the giant tuskers which tower grandly above them. Finally, as the conqueror of darkness rises full above the rim of the world, and pours his fiery flood upon the sleeping plains, bright Day rushes victoriously forward, and, leaping the range, passes on into the limitless West, leaving in her golden trail the expiring mists of Night.

Theodore slept late that morning. As he came down to breakfast he heard Mollie singing one of her old Irish love songs. It made him smile reminiscently. It was lingering upon his face as he entered the dining-room. How golden it looked to her.

As they chatted over the coffee and rolls, his wife's good spirits buoyed him up considerably; and, as he rose from the table, he felt that if he could somehow get thru the next few days, there would be something to live for after all.

"Courage, darling," she whispered, as she kissed him good-bye, "I swear that you shall be victorious."

He shrugged his shoulders doubtfully as he walked down the steps to the cart, but he waved his hand at her fondly as he drove away.

"Annette," said Mollie to the maid a few moments later, "You are such a jewel. But oh! You must dress me up fine this morning, for I'm going to visit the father on a very special errand, and not a speck, not a wrinkle, you dear little Frenchy."

"I am ze one, madame. I gife you ze grand prix. I make you ze one angel to call on ze saint, eh?"

The toilet ended with the adjustment of a great white veil fastened around the hat. Annette had no comment to offer about the balance of the costume, but at this she really wondered.

At ten o'clock Mrs. Dodge left the house and was driven in the closed carriage to St. Andrews. As she entered the confessional the father greeted her graciously. He had good reason, for of all his flock, she was the pearl; both in her contributions and conduct she was irreproachable.

"Father, I have need of spiritual power and grace today. Please remember me in your offerings," she said sweetly.

The priest looked at her sharply and crossed himself fervently. She kneeled in confession and told him her secret. He smiled gravely as she did so, but nodded his head approvingly. As she finished he blessed her, saying, "Blessings on thee, my daughter, may the Father have you in His holy keeping."

Altho Mollie left a secret in the sanctuary of the church, yet in the sanctuary of her soul was still another secret which was not related to the good father.

Re-entering the carriage, she was driven rapidly down town.

The day was characteristic of a winter day in Denver. At times it seemed as if the wind blew from every point of the compass, raising the dust in clouds; and as Mollie peered thru the carriage windows, she thought that all the tin cans, old newspapers and tumble-weeds of the North

Side were being blown across the bottoms to Capitol Hill. The mountains were hidden in a solid bank of angry dark gray clouds, which indicated that a blizzard was raging on the Great Divide. Occasionally the clouds lifted for a moment, and one could see the great bald peaks fairly weltering in the sweep of the howling winds and blinding snow. Old residenters, driven from the streets by the wind and the dust, predicted a fall of snow within twelve hours.

At Daniels & Fishers, the Marshall Fields of Denver, Mrs. Dodge left the carriage, telling John to blanket the horses, take refuge himself in the store, and await her return. She then entered at Lawrence Street, and slyly made her exit at Sixteenth Street. She was evidently upon an errand which required secrecy even from her faithful coachman. Her great white veil was closely gathered about her features, her gown and cloak being of the deepest black, with her hands gloved in exquisite white. She really wore the veritable black and white draperies of a nun, but they were cut in that fashion which proclaims the drawing-room instead of the cloister.

During the two or three short hours which she had half slept that night, she had a peculiar dream; and this mysterious veiling and confessing to the priest were but the preliminaries of a much more serious mission.

In the dream, John Wreckor Grabbe had appeared to her as a monster who was about to devour Theodore and herself; but just as he had reached them, and she fancied afterward that she must have screamed loudly in her sleep from fright, Standish Brown had appeared, looking just as he used to in that long ago at Plume with his awkward figure and rough miner's suit; and at the sight of whom the Grabbe monster had instantly disappeared, and Standish stood looking at her with is old familiar smile.

This was the secret which she had confessed to the priest, but she did not tell him that this same Standish Brown was an old lover of hers, and that was the secret she had reserved in the sanctuary of her soul.

The priest had readily agreed with her, that as Theodore had acknowledged that Standish Brown held the

balance of power in the battle of Colorado Steel, the correct interpretation of the dream was, that she should endeavor to win Brown over to her husband's cause and thus defeat the Wall Street crowd.

It was only a couple of blocks to Standish's office, and as she reached the building and took the elevator, its sudden ascent, coupled with her intensely nervous condition, nearly prostrated her and she almost fainted. A stout old gentleman, noting her condition, steadied her with his arm.

"Look a here, young man," he said, glaring fiercely at the elevator pilot as if he were to blame for it all, "You'll get discharged for this funny business yet."

At the same time he gazed at Mollie intently, vainly seeking to fathom the thick veil. What wouldn't a stout old gentleman do for a perfectly gowned woman with an adorable mystery of a veil and the exquisite scent of rare perfume diffusing itself from her person?

As Mollie approached the suite of offices on the top floor which bore the name, "Standish Brown, Mining and Investments," her heart almost failed her and she felt most miserable. But she opened the door and entered.

CHAPTER V

The Browns were enjoying the luxury of their new home on the Hill, Standish having picked out a beautiful building site; a north and west corner containing three city lots which overlooked the valleys of both the Cherry and the Platte, and which commanded a fine view of the range.

Upon inquiry he found that the property belonged to David Moore, whose great gloomy brick mansion, built in the middle of the block, was shut in on every side by a brick wall surmounted by a low iron fence. Standish looked up the agent who had the property in charge and negotiated for its purchase. The agent called on the president of the National First and explained the nature of the offer and named the prospective purchaser. With characteristic bluntness David only asked one question.

"How much of a family has Brown?"

The agent's face fell. It was the usual question of the particular and independent property owner whose residence immediately adjoins the property in question, and with the feeling that the deal was all off and a fat commission lost, the agent replied:

"Brown has a wife and one *little* boy."

David smiled to himself at the agent's accent on the word "little;" and to that worthy's great amazement, the financier actually looked pleased.

"Close it up then, Smith," he said cheerily, "and mail the deed to me when you get it ready for signature;" and as the agent left the office, he was vainly endeavoring to impress upon his mind another evidence of the extreme freakishness of human nature. As for David Moore, he fairly beamed in the thought of a little family nearby, neighbors he could see from the depths of his great south window.

After the purchase of the lots, Standish employed an

architect, and the result was that a modern and commodious structure of Spanish mission style was built. The ground, which sloped sharply to the west, being gracefully terraced and planted with trees and shrubs.

One day soon after they had moved in, Standish made inquiries of the postman about his neighbors, and to his great amazement, he found that the large and pretentious mansion directly across the street was the city home of Theodore Dodge.

Since the election of 1900, and the defeat of John Charles Rose, Standish could not help feeling within himself, his increasing consciousness of power. For one by one as he had investigated and informed himself upon the condition and nature of each of his numerous investments; and had contemplated and summed up the total of his estate, he was almost overwhelmed with its magnitude.

Away back in the '80s, when Colonel Rose first began to handle Peter Brown's finances, he had invested heavily in railroad stocks. For both he and the old miner having great faith in the West, they fully realized, as they observed the great influx of population from time to time, that in a few years these poor, sand plowing, snow bucking, poverty stricken railroads, would by sheer force of necessity, become the great and rich highways of a mighty nation. The Colonel had accordingly purchased large blocks of the stock of the Union Pacific, Northwestern, Rock Island, and Burlington, at the ridiculously low figures of the time; and had also invested heavily in Rio Grande, and Colorado and Southern. Also when Colorado Steel first appeared on the market, he had bought a huge block of it, and at the various periods of its development, during which it had increased its capital stock from time to time, the far seeing agent of the Browns had added considerably to their holdings of that now enormously valuable property.

For years this list of stocks and bonds had remained among the securities of Standish Brown almost exactly as when originally purchased, except in cases where the original stock had been called in and new stock issued

to replace it, or bonds had been called in and canceled. In addition to these holdings were deeds to some inside Denver real estate, which, purchased in 1885-86 for a few thousand dollars, were now valued at hundreds of thousands. In fact, the Colonel had invested in very little dead property, having avoided the purchase of mining stock, unimproved city real estate, and other non-interest bearing investments, outside of railroad and local industrial securities. In almost every instance, his investments had not only produced a steady and substantial annual income, but also the principal itself had increased heavily in value, and in several notable instances had doubled and trebled itself several times above the original cost.

When Standish finally became thoroly familar and fully informed upon the various resources of his estate, his investments being almost entirely centered in Colorado and Western enterprises, he felt that he knew the state and the history of its industrial development like a book. Following the example of his predecessor, he interested himself in almost every new enterprise that appeared in the West, and in those which stood the test of his rigid investigation he invariably invested generously. Thru the medium of this experience, coupled with his long and interesting life among the miners of Plume, his costly tho successful experience in Denver politics, and his extensive personal acquaintance with various corporation representatives, he had acquired a splendid insight into human nature and the world of finance.

His intellect, which had matured so slowly, and which had taken such a severe schooling to develop, was now coming to a sane and masterful ascendency. The soul and moral battles which he had fought so gallantly among the solitudes of the mountains and his lonely cottage at Plume, had given him an understanding and knowledge of self that was truly admirable. Happily for him, he had in his mental development, almost unconsciously followed the philosophy of all the great soul instructors of the past, such as Socrates, the Christ, Luther, Spinoza, Goethe, Emerson and Carlyle; viz.—"Know thy-

self." Develop from the divine inner man, the glorious outer man.

There have always been two great fundamental orders of men predominating the human race, the DOUBTER and the BELIEVER.

One order forever suspicious, selfish, brutish; who, lost in admiration of their wisdom, call themselves in the apt term of the sport, "wise gizables," and all others than themselves—"suckers."

The other order, believing, unselfish, god like; who, meekly submitting to the opprobrium of being called suckers, appear to be perfectly contented as long as they are undisturbed in the practice of happiness, optimism, and charity.

Of this latter order Standish was a worthy example—a sucker of the first water. He invariably believed in a man until that man proved false; and even then, at the revelation and confession of the falseness and weakness of a fellowman, the kindly mine owner was tolerant to a fault.

Having thus run the gauntlet of the years, tossed by the wild waves of Life's stormy ocean; drifting with its swelling tides, and beaten by its fierce contending gales; he had found a safe pilot in Experience, and he felt that he was capable of weathering any future storm however fierce it might rage; and the sweetest thought of all to him was, that he could still meet a man and *trust* him—not doubt him.

But alas! How often are the strong brought down to despair. Yea! Even to the white-haired patriarch as he totters beside the dark and yawning grave. A man can still be a believer at forty, even at fifty. But after that it is only a hero who can still unfalteringly believe. Doubt is too often the partner of old age.

Standish had watched the fight in Colorado Steel very closely, as one would naturally expect from a large stockholder. A letter from Grabbe requesting his proxy and the advantages that would ensue thereby, laid upon his desk unanswered. He did not wonder why it was that he had failed to receive a similar request from Theodore

Dodge, and he smiled grimly to himself at the thought of it. He felt like a cat that has hopelessly cornered a mouse. Perhaps he would vote that stock in person, just to hear somebody fall with a dull thud. That somebody being Theodore Dodge, who in his machinations had been piling up this catastrophe for years. A smooth fellow who would soon slide swiftly to destruction upon a toboggan of his own construction.

CHAPTER VI

Standish looked at his watch, 11:45. Time to go home to lunch. As he snapped the lid Johnson came in.

"A lady to see you, sir."

"Did she give you a card, Gus?"

"No sir. She said she must see you personally. She is closely veiled."

Standish wondered.

"You may show her in, Gus, but please remain in the room with us. Busy yourself at the bookcases."

He rose as they entered and bowed politely to the stranger, who gave a slight nod in response, and addressed him in a voice that was somewhat agitated.

"I believe I recognize Mr. Standish Brown, formerly of Plume," she said.

"The same, madame. Please be seated," he replied, as Johnson proffered her a chair. As she sank into it, she said:

"Mr. Brown, my business is of the utmost privacy," looking apprehensively toward Johnson who had turned to the bookcases.

"Mr. Johnson," said Standish, motioning him toward the door. "You may retire now, thank you."

And as that worthy disappeared, Standish turned his gaze upon his visitor again, to find her raising the veil from her face. She did this very deliberately, lifting it carefully back over her hat, and pinning it so that it would not fall. Her arm and sleeve obscured her countenance, but when she dropped her arm and turned toward him, he started very perceptibly.

"Mollie—Mollie Rogan!" he gasped. And for a moment he was so overcome by his emotions, that he could say nothing further, but only gazed upon the countenance of his old sweetheart without a word.

Thru the windows of his new home he had often seen whom he supposed was she, either entering or alighting from her carriage across the street, but he had otherwise given her slight notice or thought, the long years having almost removed her from his life. Slowly recovering himself, he waited for her to break the silence.

"Yes, it is I," she said simply, lifting her expressive blue eyes toward him and smiling. Then, as she observed his face, she could detect a trace of the nervous twitching, which used to spread over it in the old days in the fierce play of his thought.

"What a grand head," she thought, remembering him as the raw, awkward youth; a great rough, unhewn rock as it were.

In the youth of a star, of a world, of a mountain; and even down to man, the lines are often rough, obscured, and unhewn. It is only the sculpture of Life that makes them ornate.

Yet there is a certain majesty in the rough block, the unpolished surface, the line concealed in the mass. It is the promise that under the hand of the eternal sculptor, Life, the rough block will emerge into form imperishable.

It is said that the mighty Angelo carved no statue but that somewhere in the work he left one line uncut. And *in that uncut line lies a mighty truth.*

It is the master's confession and tribute to his Maker, that hidden in the statue is that more—infinitely more—beautiful statue, the eternal IDEA, the Genius of Inspiration, the surpassing creation of the infinite God. That beneath the rough husk is the more perfect grain; that within the perishing corruptible flesh—is the conquering immortal SOUL.

Mollie noticed many lines in her former lover's face that were not there when she knew him in the old days at Plume. She almost wished that they were not there now, for she had always remembered the bold features of the youth. They were indelibly stamped upon her memory, and—she hoped that it was no shame to confess it—they were really endeared to her.

There was one familiar line that remained however, powerful, mighty as of yore. A facial curve of majesty. Defier of sham. A mighty line of truth worship. The facial certificate of an undaunted soul.

The other lines of his face were much softened. Loverhood, husbandhood, fatherhood, had made them tender, sympathetic, gentle. But silencing her sentiment in this respect, she slowly laid before him the situation in Colorado Steel, and then boldly asked him to support her husband at the morrow's election.

Standish listened attentively to it all, often fumbling his watch chain with his nervous fingers. When she had finished, he rose to his feet and paced back and forth across the huge rug spread upon the floor in front of his desk. Then seating himself, he pulled a well worn wallet from his inner coat pocket, from which he extracted an old letter, quite yellow and worn with age; the letter which she had written to him seventeen years ago, breaking their engagement; opening it, he proceeded to read in slow deliberate tones.

She blushed furiously as he read, and as he replaced it carefully within the wallet, he turned to her and said in deep earnestness:

"Mrs. Dodge, or Mollie, rather, in the memory of old times, the day that I received this letter, I had bought you a beautiful diamond ring. It would be useless for me to tell you how I worked for the little trinket; how I feasted my eyes upon it as it laid in the jeweler's window; or how I saved and bought it one bright, happy day. Perhaps—perhaps you can imagine my feelings when I received this letter of yours. Honest, it almost broke my heart. Shortly afterward I returned to Plume. I was unnerved, shattered, broken; but felt, that perhaps in that old mine of ours, I could forget. But it was my peculiar fate to receive in that grim gray vault of the 40 Rounds, an even more cruel letter than the one you sent me could ever be." Turning to his desk, he produced from its capacious depths a piece of granite about a foot long, quite broad at the base and shaped like a miniature pyramid. It was very heavy and he evi-

dently used it for a paper weight. At the very tip of the specimen, was an inch or so of glittering quartz. It was a piece of ore from the 40 Rounds, attached to a foot of granite exactly as it was mined.

"This—this was the letter," he continued, holding the specimen toward her, "sent to me by Almighty God. Mollie, if I had gone one foot further into the breast of the 40 Rounds before I made that unfortunate trip to Denver, I would have struck it rich, and you would probably have become my wife, for at the very first shot upon my return to Plume we struck this ore which has since made my fortune. Is not this terrible, at least remarkable?" he asked.

From the depths of her chair Mollie's head nodded as she shaded her face with her handkerchief.

"Now, as to this letter of yours," he continued, "I have forgiven you, long—long ago. I was much to blame in the matter. I should have been more frank, and told you of my extreme poverty, and how I was planning to get you the ring. But you know, Mollie, I was young and proud then, and didn't understand that somebody else might have loved you as well as I. I—I must have really thought at the time that you were all mine."

Mollie heard his confession with a breaking heart.

"But," he continued, turning the specimen over in his hand, "when I received this letter of the rocks, it gradually dawned on me, after I began to rally from the blow, that Destiny—that God perhaps, had decreed in this terrible manner that we should never become husband and wife." And sighing deeply, he returned the specimen to its place.

"Now, I must tell you the worst, Mollie. While your husband and I have never met, yet he is the one individual in all the world, who has heaped upon me such indignities as to have almost discouraged me. You, yourself, have just told me that he has actually acknowledged to you several of the infamous machinations which he has inflicted upon me in times past, but I doubt if even he, himself, realizes the full measure of them as I see them. When he was connected with the

smelter combine he fairly persecuted me. It cost me over ten thousand dollars to remove the unfair railroad rates from Plume to Goldie; and I have absolute proof that it was your husband who planned my inveiglement into a four years' contract with the Smelter Trust, an instrument which is my sorrow and shame to this day; and which has forced me against my will to become an actual tho hopeless protesting subscriber to the iniquitous rule of the American Smelter Co. Mollie, I forgive you the writing of that letter, I freely forgive you all the youthful sorrow you caused me, and I trust you hold no malice toward me. It was better so. The same fate which crossed me so cruelly in our affair, has brought me a beautiful wife and a promising son. But as for your husband, Mollie, who now faces certain defeat, I absolutely refuse to check the punishment which he so richly deserves. He has been sowing the seed for years, let him now reap the harvest. It will be a reaping of thistles, but I affirm to you that it is just. And it only confirms my long held idea, that a man can't always go against God and the right, and remain unpunished."

Mollie's heart sank at the enmity expressed by the speaker against her husband, for she knew he spoke the truth.

"Oh! Standish," she exclaimed desperately, "God knows my husband has injured you, has wronged you; yes—almost as cruelly as my poor foolish self. But it's all a mistake—all a mistake," she moaned, "and if you will only grant my prayer, Standish, Theodore and I will spend the balance of our lives in proving to you and to our God, that we are not so base as it now seems."

He looked at her sorrowfully, almost scornfully, as she burst into tears.

"Yes, now that the shoe at last pinches the foot. Bah! How you have both scorned to consider my feelings and circumstances when you were treading across my prostrate form on the easy thoughtless road of what the world calls, success. Pshaw! It is amusing to see your tears, madame."

"Standish! Standish!" she cried, despairingly, vainly

trying to think of an argument to replace her entreaties. "This is more than a personal affair between you and Theodore. It is a fight between Colorado, your own state, and Wall Street. The West against the East. Surely, you, who pride yourself on home enterprises, will not lend your aid to this man Grabbe, to bind the state of Colorado in the meshes of the Steel Trust."

He gazed at her with blazing eyes.

"You, madame, how dare you preach the subterfuge of state loyalty to me. You, who have made yourself a stranger to this fair land of ours for years. You, whose husband was so largely instrumental in turning over our smelting industry to the Guggenhones; and who has for years tried to crush out the life of those rough, honest miners of Plume and the state in general thru unfair railroad rates. You, who have supped the cream of luxury in foreign lands, with others of your like who call themselves Coloradoans, and who by such acts scorn the fair land that produces their husbands' millions. Believe me, madame, it is useless for us to further discuss this subject."

As she sat silent for a few moments apparently completely crushed, he arose, and walking to the window, gazed into the street, deeply troubled and indignant.

Presently the despairing woman crossed to him, and resting her daintily gloved hands upon his shoulder, said:

"Standish, how vain and weak are my arguments. Yet, my old sweetheart, my hero, how can I live and suffer you to humiliate us. I beg of you repress your thoughts of revenge, even if it is only your desire for righteous judgment. With the thought of meeting you once more, I imagined you as having grown great enough to forgive everything, and pledging you that Theo and I have at last come to our senses; and have promised our God that we will spend the balance of our days in making just amends to you, whom we have to a great degree unwittingly and circumstantially wronged, I plead with you to give us your forgiveness, Standish, and I swear your kindness shall never be forgotten. Our desperate

situation at the present moment is such as to fully justify your faith as to our punishment, yet that same power which has brought us so low now demands of you both mercy and magnanimity."

The tall figure did not move, however, and between her sobs the despairing woman spoke again.

"Standish, I beg of you to prove that you are the true man I have always known you were, even tho I have done you wrong. Surely you are my hero, Standish, the good noble-hearted man who used to hold me in his arms in the old days of Plume. Even tho it is my fate to be the wife of another, yet I swear to you, Standish, that I have never ceased to admire your noble qualities, and cannot believe that you will fail me in this crisis. Speak —speak to me," she entreated wildly, "and assure me that you will not crush us so cruelly."

But the silent man only shrugged his shoulders coldly and made no reply.

Her hands fell despairingly from his shoulder, and lowering her veil she returned to her chair and sank into it with a moan of distress.

In a few moments he turned and looked at her; then she raised her veil and gazed at him in simple and unaffected appeal, as if to show him a soul that was great enough to bear sorrow as well as joy.

"Mrs. Dodge," he said at last, "believe me, you had better go. God knows I had not intended to humiliate you unduly in this matter. The world is large. Let each abide our destiny. If we are without sin we cannot fail of peace and prosperity in the end."

She rose to go, but suddenly as tho inspired, she brought forth from her bosom her tiny crucifix, and advancing toward him, she held it aloft as far as the chain would permit, saying gently and calmly, with the air of a saint:

"Standish, behold a woman in distress. Do not turn your heart against the man she loves, lest the act cause an all-seeing power to turn and rend you. You laid claims to Christianity in the old days, have you forgotten

that charity is absolutely demanded of you by the terms of the covenant? How can you evade the issue when it is here placed squarely in front of you? Yours be the responsibility, not mine. I have asked mercy at your hands. I have made in these last few moments, every appeal and promise that a self respecting woman could. May God forgive you."

She was very beautiful. A benign St. Genevieve. She spoke like an angel, simply, without affectation, from the heart. Carefully replacing the trinket in her bosom, she dropped her veil and slowly passed out of the room without waiting for a reply. As she left him, a torrent of hot protesting words rushed to his lips, but he was held in the spell of some rebuking power which bade him be still.

Standish did not go home to lunch after all, instead, he phoned. With the same unfaltering courage as of yore, he fought out the battle within his soul.

The image of the immortal Nazarene appeared upon the Sublime Stage, and under that divine guidance the mine owner quickly eliminated the thought of business gains in Colorado Steel. Also the issue of Colorado versus Wall Street. Next, he removed his deep desire for revenge on Theodore Dodge. Finally he forced aside whatever lingering sentiment he might have had for his old sweetheart, Mollie Rogan. With all these minor factors removed, the great and true one still remained.

Right, or wrong?

Christ, or self?

Standish was not a churchman. He conformed to neither creed nor pulpit. He might have been termed a *historical* Christian. His Saxon fathers had been forced to choose between the sword or Christ by the mighty Charlemagne, and having accepted the covenant, no matter how humiliating the terms of force, they had been true to that covenant. His inheritance from his ancestors and also his own conviction was, that the true church was, LIFE. The true religion was, ISRAELISM, the religion of TRUTH, wherever and whenever found, and

that the gateway to Truth, by the terms of the covenant of Charlemagne, was CHRIST, the founder of Gentile Israelism.

He turned to the Law.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

"Forgive your enemies."

"Little children, love one another."

This was the Law as it had been given on the Mount, and later sealed with the blood of the Martyr. Try as he would, Standish could not evade it, even in this matter of worldly business. Mollie's apparent weakness was her tower of strength—he was whipped.

In the midst of his travail he again pulled forth the wallet from his pocket. From it he took a piece of oil-silk, in which was carefully wrapped a couple of sheets of paper covered with characters dim and almost illegible. But what matter. Every word was stamped upon his soul.

It was the death letter which old Peter Brown had written to him in the depths of the 40 Rounds with his last dying strength; and every word seemed to shine out of the sacred pages upon the son as tho written in letters of fire.

The last words were: "I die a Christian."

Tears sprang from the eyes of the son. Enough! Dear old dad. Your son will never betray you. The battle ceased. The divine figure of the Christ upon the Sublime Stage had scourged the lions of Self back to their lair. And as an outward indication of the result of the conflict, Standish rose from his chair exclaiming: "Standish Brown, you're the biggest fool in Colorado"; and picking up his hat and striding swiftly out into the hall, he pushed the elevator button impatiently.

CHAPTER VII

Late that afternoon Annette entered the apartment of her mistress. The shades were pulled down. Going to the divan upon which Mrs. Dodge reclined in a state of complete prostration, her eyes swollen from weeping and her face ashy with despair, the maid handed her a card. Raising herself slightly while the maid lifted the shade so she could see to read, she started at the name, and without giving the slightest heed to her toilet, ran swiftly down stairs into the reception room. As she entered, Standish Brown advanced and bowed politely.

"Mrs. Dodge," he said, slightly touching her proffered hand, "I have reconsidered the matter which we discussed this morning, and I have made up my mind to support your husband in this Colorado Steel election. I will send him my proxy tomorrow in ample time to be voted, and I sincerely trust that the outcome of the affair will be satisfactory to you. May—may I also venture," he added, as he read from her worn and swollen features the suffering which she had endured the past few hours, "to render a humble apology for the concern and anxiety which my actions have caused you?"

He spoke pathetically and with such sympathy and honesty that Mollie was completely overcome, and she stood for a moment like a statue.

In the tide of fashion in gay Gotham, diplomatic Washington, foppish London, she could have spoken. Now she was in a new world. A world of eloquent silence, unbroken save with the whirring wings of sentiment and the holy, silent communion of souls who know but dare not express.

Not until he had passed her in the vestibule and opened the outer door, did she realize, then following after him as a kindred spirit as he descended the steps, she called

his name softly in terms of chaste endearment, murmuring: "God bless my hero, God bless him."

The tall figure walked straight ahead apparently unconcerned, but as he crossed the street and entered his home he hastily brushed his eyes with his coat sleeve as he heard the "trip-trip" of a light footstep; an instant later the inner door swung open and the dainty form of his own little wife nestled in his arms, while a small boy quickly followed, tugging lustily at his coat tails.

The older residenter's prophecy came true, for at dusk, the snow, which at first was spit out sparingly from a few stray clouds, began to fall heavily, driven fiercely forward in the teeth of a wild gale.

It was the first real blast of winter, and the storm having acquired a frightful velocity in the mountains, swept furiously out upon the helpless, shivering plains.

Whew! How it howled in the chimney.

Standish, sitting before the cheery fireplace in the living room, shrugged his shoulders significantly from time to time, and thought of what the wild night meant to the railroad men in the mountains and on the plains, and wondered how many inches of snow there might be at high-cragged Plume.

Fiorina was sewing, curled up in a big rocker near the fire. She was the perfect embodiment of peace and content as she worked. Strange employment for a woman whose husband was so rich in this world's goods. But no, not so strange after all. For the love of the tall man sitting by her side was to her greater than his material riches; and she, his wife, was the true companion, not of those riches, but of his simple, honest manhood.

Mary, Queen of Scots, was famous for her beautiful needlework. It is said that she actually bound up men's hearts in the play of her magic fingers. One can easily imagine it, for as Fiorina counted the stitches and plied her deft needle, her husband rested his fond gaze upon her; his heart went out to her, and he looked into the great theatre of his soul for the play.

The play was, "Woman's Mission to Man."

Women in pure, spotless maidenhood, bind men to the human life with their beauty, their charms, their passion.

This is the INVITATION.

The maiden, the virgin, is framed for the *Invitation,* and not for the temptation as some would have it.

Oh! Thou! Inspired author of Genesis, how often art thou sorrily misinterpreted.

The sacred chronicles of High Nature defy the morbid poet, the pessimist, the unholy painter of feminine formed vampires; neither can prove women the sin—the Temptation.

Nay! More! All such are base cowards, defamers, a brood of moral leprous notoriety-seeking vipers; for woman, proclaimed pure by the sacred seal of High Nature, is the glorious and all joyous Invitation.

Woman is also the sublime FULFILLMENT.

As wives, women reveal to men thru the married relation, the supreme goodness of God, in their sacrifices, their loyalty, their boundless love.

As mothers, they deliver to man the most precious and glorious fabric of human life—children. This is their DIVINITY.

Thus woman is the *Invitation,* the *Fulfillment,* the *Divinity* of FLESH. And flesh contains the earthly presence of the eternal God.

For this reason, the worship of Mary, the mother of the infant Jesus, constitutes one of the most beautiful elements in the mighty fabric of the Roman Church.

The Pope, is the benificent high priest, the awful key-bearer of Heaven and Hell.

The Christ, is the divine Son of God, sitting in His Father's kingdom upon the right hand, immaculate, holy.

But the gentle Mary, the warm rosy fleshed mother of Jesus the purling babe; fills the Roman world with the full, warm fervent beat of her great mother heart.

Humanity understands the mother love.

It pulses the heart. It kisses the lips. It folds you

tenderly in its sheltering, shielding arms. It embraces you. It plucks you ragged and unkempt from the mire of the street and fondly calls you its own. It croons you to sleep and repose, and when you awake it bids you hope and cheer. It fills. It completely satisfies and soothes. It gloriously redeems.

Christ, is the sublime, soaring, conquering soul.

Mary, is the close, warm-beating mother heart.

Christ is snow.

Mary is blood.

Standish sat in the firelight and contrasted his contented child wife with Mrs. Dodge.

He thought of Mrs. Dodge's personality as that of a great brilliantly illumed mansion. A magnificent palace as it were, filled with priceless works of art; with culture and intellect, and all the graces of society.

But his little Fiorina was a dainty cozy cottage, furnished with a neat set table; a Bible upon a stand; a lily blooming in a pot upon the window ledge; an easy chair for the master; and a kettle singing busily over the fire of the warm inviting hearth.

Every man to his choice. Standish prefered the cottage.

Fiorina had no culture save that which nature gave her in its pure artless way. She possessed few ideas of art, and the care and responsibilities of a large establishment would have been a hopless burden to her.

But ah! When it came to children. Was there ever such a clucking and cooing. Such a straightening out of the kinks in little Peter's moods and troubles. How she invited his tiny budding soul to unfold and courageously look into the great strange world.

Sweet little mother, Fiorina. In the world of the child she reigned supreme.

Yes, Standish preferred the cottage.

CHAPTER VIII

Phœbe Prim was a reporter for the "Press," and most of the time during business hours she sat in the dingy room assigned to the reportorial staff arranging material for her famous short stories.

The readers of the "Press" loved and treasured Phœbe when it came to one of her live, chatty reports of some society event, or when she wrote up an interview with some interesting party. For she was a natural born character painter, and as one posed before her—and most of us do pose unconsciously — she would paint both one's inner and outer character with the word colors of a master. Often her pen portrait being in every way superior to a photograph; for in addition to portraying the outward appearance, she revealed thru her inimitable cleverness, the very inner quick of the individual's soul and personal peculiarities. Her admirers, however, always felt sorry for Phœbe when she was forced, perhaps by the insistent management of the "Press," into writing a story, a creative task which was not at all to her liking when engaged in reportorial work. But something must be done when the town was dull to fill the columns, and so between the visits of famous and notorious characters to the mountain metropolis, she must invent some tragic killing, portray a heart-smashing love affair, or marry a deserving old spinster to her father's brother-in-law, and the like.

It was plainly evident that Phœbe's heart was not in the stuff she was scribbling that afternoon, for she looked up nervously when any of the staff entered or left the office, and started apprehensively whenever the phone rang, and watched the call-boy anxiously as he answered the call. Presently it rang again, and after hanging up the receiver the boy approached her desk.

"Miss Smith says to tell you that the Grabbe special has arrived," he said.

Miss Smith was the Western Union operator at the union depot, and a special friend of Phœbe's and this was the call that Phœbe had been waiting for so anxiously.

Hastily thrusting the manuscript upon which she had been working into her sealskin muff, she stepped briskly out of the office and down the dark, narrow stairs to the street.

As she walked up Sixteenth Street she observed the passing throng interestedly in her instinctive search for character. Denver was a right smart town in 1902. Its population was made up of people from all parts of the world. The various names on the sign-boards of the mercantile houses and shops of the principal streets, ran the Asiatic scale from China to Syria; Europe was represented from Finland to Sicily. Klondikers rubbed elbows wth Mexicans, and red-cheeked Kanucks exchanged curious glances with trim Japanese. All these races mingling together good-humoredly in this busy inland city. A marvel of cosmopolitanism weaving its wondrous racial web on the Great Divide, over a thousand miles from the salty tides.

The two inches of snow which had fallen the previous night had melted, it was muddy under foot; but the sun was shining brightly, the air was warm and balmy, and the view of the white mantled Rockies was superb. Dozens of "lungers," the Coloradoan's name for consumptives, were on the streets this sunny afternoon. Most of these poor creatures had come from the consumptive, fog-smothered East, only to die, perhaps, in a few months, then to be quarreled over by a swarm of harpy undertakers and express agents, and be returned in due course of time by express in a wooden box to anxious friends and relatives "down East," with the fatal certificate tacked on the lid: "Cause of death, pulmonary tuberculosis," etc., etc.

How Phœbe's heart bled for the poor, emaciated, death-marked creatures. Ofttimes these distressed health seek-

ers are so numerous on the streets and in the lodging houses of Denver, with their hacking, death-rattling cough and blood spitting, that ye Old Residenter, having merely contracted a case of common la grippe, convinces himself that he, too, has become infected; and accordingly makes his will, only to joyfully tear it up again when he has recovered from his hard wrestle with bromo-laxative.

Phœbe also passed window after window of the numerous curio shops which are patronized so generously by the thousands of tourists who throng the city every summer. Many of these windows are filled with brilliantly-dyed Navajo blankets, and in one of them a real Navajo squaw was industriously weaving as an advertisement.

Several gentlemen recognized Phœbe and bowed a polite greeting as she threaded her way among the hissing motor cars and splendidly varnished vehicles, drawn by blooded horses, which thronged the busy thorofare. They had good reason to thus respectfully address this clever woman, for she had the life of the town at her fingers' ends, and it only required the push of her magic pencil to mirror her observations faithfully and wittily before the public.

She was of a superb, full formed Juno figure, invariably gowned in an attractive and stylish manner, and her carefully dressed hair shone in the sun like the finest spun gold. She had a plump, round face, almost fat, but charmingly relieved by a deeply emotional mouth, that quivering at times in sympathetic tenderness, dimpled prettily when she smiled. Her nose was a truly wonderful creation, shaped à la Cyrano, tho of much smaller proportions. Starting from the head with a broad base, it suddenly rounded into a shapely stem, and Nature, as if experimenting with noses when Phœbe was born, freakishly gave it a final playful pinch, producing a wonderfully sharp, peaked tip, that jutted out saucily into the world, a thing of exquisite sensitiveness, producing an effect striking, tho not unbecoming. The crowning attraction of this gifted woman was her wonderful eyes, and it is doubtful if they could be duplicated

in all the world. Their color was like the bluish green of the turquoise, but instead of displaying the solid colored pigment of this handsome gem-stone, they were perfectly formed transparent crystals, which not only held the original color in suspension, but thru which glittered and sifted the roseate fires of brilliant opals. They seemed to be almost living beings, optical chameleons, perhaps, apparently glancing inward upon Phœbe's soul as readily as they looked out upon the world. Therefore, in her remarkable delineation of character, one glance with those wonderful eyes seemed to impress upon her mind, the characters, gowns, figures, and the very souls of those society belles whom she was commissioned to describe. The day following some brilliant function, dozens of these handsome creatures were painted in the columns of the "Press," with the utmost fidelity and detail. No one, not even burgomaster, spider-hidden David Moore, had ever successfully resisted Phœbe's request when once her eyes flashed forth their desire for an interview.

At the intersection of Broadway, Seventeenth, and Tremont streets, is the leading hotel of Denver. An immense, nine-storied, fireproof building. The Brown Palace Hotel is the name given the establishment at the top of the huge register lying upon the beautiful onyx counter of the hostelry; but to Coloradoans, especially the society folks of Denver, it is familiarly known as "Mrs. Brown's." Within its massive walls are huge parlors, ball-rooms, libraries, grills, dining halls, and tier upon tier, suite upon suite, of elegantly furnished living apartments.

This famous hostelry has by custom become the universal Mecca, not only of Colorado brides and grooms, but its fame is far-reaching beyond the State.

Dusky Spanish and Mexican belles from the distant San Juan and Uncompahgre districts, Russian and Polish beauties from the sugar-beet districts of Greeley and Fort Collins. Cattle girls from Routt county, on the Yampa, with their short skirts and high-heeled boots. The fair, soft complexioned daughters of prosperous canteloupe

growers from Rocky Ford and Las Animas, and rich fruit growers from the valleys of the Gunnison and the Grand. Dainty, nut-brown Italian maids and their coal-miner husbands from Trinidad and the Spanish counties on the New Mexican border. Flaxen-haired Swedish belles from the Clear Creek and Gilpin mining districts, not to mention the numerous representatives of the more familiar races of the Eastern states, the English, Dutch, Scotch, Irish, and the Germans. All here at Mrs. Brown's, booked for a day or so, enjoying their first jump off in the great sea of Matrimony, and fairly touching elbows with many of Colorado's millionaires. Feasting on rare viands and sleeping on beds that could rest a king in comfort.

The Brown is also a favorite stopping place for tourists and world travelers en route from the effete East to luxurious San Francisco. Sometimes, when closely questioned, New Yorkers have admitted that they could stand the fare at Mrs. Brown's for a few days, in spite of the fact that they were fresh from the luxuries of the Waldorf-Astoria and others.

It was to this same Mrs. Brown's that Phœbe hied herself this afternoon, in order to secure an interview with the notorious John Wreckor Grabbe.

This "Bet-you-a-million" celebrity was in high good humor this particular day, the success of his special train idea having far exceeded his expectations. The Associated Press the previous morning had given him a full column as he left Chicago with his motley crew of followers. The Burlington passenger department had promised him a fast run to Denver, and the eyes of the country were full upon him.

As they sped thru the villages at a mad gait, and even scorned the larger towns and cities in their spectacular flight across the Middle West, Grabbe was entranced with his importance. Why! They hadn't even stopped at Lincoln, the Nebraska Capital, his press agent had seen to that. And all for what? Just to let the American

people know how great a man was John Wreckor Grabbe — at least that is what he thought.

What a mission was his!

Issuing spectacularly in a magnificent special train from out the East in company with his faithful followers, dashing scornfully thru the West, and on into Colorado, and with one mighty stroke overwhelming his antagonist and carrying away for his rich spoil, the mastery of Colorado Steel.

Ah! If only his friend, the illustrious First Citizen, could behold him now.

But he would see him soon. For returning to little old New York, fresh and victorious from the combat, with the admiring eyes of the whole American Nation upon him, he would throw himself into the paternal arms of the First Citizen, dutifully deliver the goods, and receive the paternal blessing. For it was widely rumored that John Wreckor Grabbe was going to do a little stunt for J. Pierpont Morgan, in adding another choice morsel to the larder of the Steel Trust.

As Phœbe followed him about the corridors of the hotel in an endeavor to corner him for the coveted interview, she saw at once the most conspicuous part of his person.

It was his PAUNCH.

She made a note of that, for dressed in a great vest of black and white checked silk, it was decidedly more expressive than his face.

Such an expanse.

A vast balloon of heaving cuticle, with fleshy folds visibly and constantly agitated by the contending fermentations of Budweiser, Mumm's Extra Dry, boiled cabbage and pickles.

An enormous gold watch chain crawled over this bloated protuberance, shining brightly upon the loud vest and disappearing into a huge pocket just in reach of the creature's stuffy hand, which had to reach straight down the side and then suddenly dart in toward the paunch at the waist-line in order to make connection. From the

center of his cravat gleamed an enormous diamond, and his chubby, fat hands blazed with precious gems exquisitely set in wide bands of chased gold. Tho they were beautiful, yet it seemed to Phœbe that it was almost a sacrilege of the goldsmith's art to adorn such a monstrosity.

When Phœbe at last succeeded in cornering the Paunch, which occurred in the main lobby of the Brown, she handed him her card. He examined it closely with his small, beady eyes, and turning to one of his retinue, he whispered in his ear, at which the follower nodded and likewise replied in a whisper. After being thus charged with a few volts of intellect by his handy retainer, the Paunch slowly distended itself to the proportions of a gigantic sausage, and with the magnificent air of a corpulent Malvolio, the monstrosity spoke.

"Um-m, I see. You represent the 'Press.' I understand it is the leading evening sheet of Denver. Er-r, you know about my special train. Er-r, it broke a record, you know." And here the eyes blinked eloquently and the Paunch heaved with pride.

"What is my object in coming to Denver? Colorado Steel? That's right. A large stockholder? Yes, I expect to get control. This man Dodge has done me dirt long enough. Besides, I want to actively manage the affairs of the concern, and I'm going to get it, see? Um-m, yes, I like Colorado and the West well enough. Going to be a great country some day when Eastern capital gets to coming in. But I like Noo Yawk, you know. A great town, that; so handy to Lunnon, and so many of my friends live there. Pierp, too, holds out there when he ain't in Lunnon, and you know I'm ace high with him. Quite a time we had with L. & N. not long ago. Nearly scared my friend Belmont to death. But I've got a heart, madame. I ain't half so bad as I'm painted. Bless those boys. Um-m, you know about my school for boys, don't you? Well, it's all true. We must never so far forget ourselves in this game of life, as to overlook the youngsters. Er-r, I guess that's about all I can think

of now. Come and see me after the election and I'll give you another breeze. Don't forget to put that in about Dodge, for I'm going to get him sure pop, and he may know enough to take the hint when he reads how friendly I am towards him," and with this parting admonition, the Paunch slowly waddled toward the elevator, followed by his satellites.

When Phœbe sat down to write up the interview for the "Press" that same afternoon, that paunch of Grabbe's greatly obscured her vision. She would have asked nothing better than to have described it in all its remarkable gyrations, but thought it best for the interests of the "Press" to omit it. In watching its amblings was the real and true interview, but alas for truth, Phœbe wrote the conventional otherwise, and the good citizens of Denver were apprised in the columns of the "Press" that evening that John Wreckor Grabbe and his faithful followers were domiciled at Mrs. Brown's.

CHAPTER IX

John Charles Rose, who had long since established himself as the greatest corporation lawyer of Denver, was an early caller on Grabbe that evening. After his signal defeat for congress, John Charles had suddenly forgotten the sacred cause of the masses, the senate chamber of the United States and the Democratic party, and had set about to make himself the idol of the corporative interests of the state. His success as an attorney for the Smelter Trust had interested other Wall Street concerns, who held extensive interests in the West, and he soon became the confidential agent of the whole New York crowd. To well-informed Coloradoans, however, he was known and treated as the arch spy of Wall Street interests, and his various machinations in the state legislature and the courts, had completely estranged him from his public-spirited and thoroly Westernized father. It was he who having represented the Grabbe interests in Colorado Steel in the circuit court, had won, after a fierce legal combat, a court order requiring an election of officers of that corporation.

The Paunch greeted his attorney with characteristic you-may-please-kiss-my-foot manner, and together they outlined a program for the morrow's work.

Now, there was one man in Denver whom Grabbe had actually expressed a desire to meet, and that individual was Standish Brown, whose stock Grabbe desired to vote at the election. Rose and several other parties interested in Colorado Steel had informed Grabbe of Brown's enmity toward Dodge, and it was a part of the Paunch's plan to whip Brown into line and vote the mine owner's stock, he having already written Brown requesting his proxy, but from whom he had as yet received no reply.

Rose readily assented to his client's request, that he

arrange a meeting between them, and altho the attorney had never held a conversation with Standish since his ignominious dismissal, yet he did not fear to meet him in any way pertaining to his legal interests.

Promptly at ten o'clock the next morning the attorney escorted the Paunch to Brown's office in the Insurance building, and with unperturbed equanimity and positive boldness, he introduced his client and bowed himself from their presence. Standish was quite taken off his guard at his former agent's boldness, and he made no comment as that worthy abruptly disappeared, but greeted the Paunch cordially, saying:

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Grabbe, have a chair."

The Paunch sank into it with a satisfied grunt, and pulling forth a couple of cigars, offered one to Standish, which was declined with thanks.

"Huh! Don't smoke, Brown? You're missing a heap of life," he said, as he lit one of the huge brown clubs and blew the smoke toward the ceiling. Whenever the Paunch had business to attend to, he invariably proceeded to saturate himself with the aroma of the fragrant weed, for true to the former habits of his first calling, a "drummer" for a notion house in Illinois, he always approached a man on a business proposition in the same manner as when he used to carry the grip; interesting a merchant in his line of samples by handing him a cheap cigar and telling him vulgar stories, and at that critical point where his victim had fallen sufficiently under the spell of the deadly cheroot in conjunction with the point of the story, proceed to separate him from his money.

This easy method had brought the Paunch much of his notoriety and worldly chattels, and his entire career had been one of graft and lucre along the lines of his original traveling-man days, with the addition of whatever suggestions his faithful followers might offer. Almost devoid of everything in intellect save a remarkable development of the raiding habit, the Paunch had surrounded himself with a bunch of sporty, but clever fellows, who usually furnished the brains for his financial operations, while

he furnished the bold front and the lucre. Squatting under the green-goods tree, and burning up huge Havanas, the Paunch was worshipped by his flatterers much as was Nero, in the days of ancient Rome. Like "Bronzebeard," too, he was a player upon the lyre, but the strings of his instrument were strands of barb-wire, hung between fence posts. At this period of his career, however, and having long since quit the selling of barb-wire, he had also abandoned the lyre, its music had become too soft and delicate. He had substituted the cymbals. Their harsh, metallic clash was the sweetest music to him. Like the Fejees, he admired a loud, monotonous clang. And to the loud clash and clang of the cymbals the Paunch was hailed by his adherents as the coming Potentate of Steel.

Grabbe looked closely at the tall, calm-eyed man sitting at the desk in front of him. He was the one man who could make him supreme in Colorado Steel. The thought delighted him. And, too, this man had been described to him as a deadly enemy of Theodore Dodge. "Egad!" thought Grabbe, "how I love the fellow," and the Paunch heaved and trembled with carnal ecstasy.

"Brown," he began, from under a dense cloud of smoke. "You and I are in the same boat, I see. Both got it in for Dodge. D—— him, anyway He's given me a long chase, but I'm going to land on him good and hard today. Um-m, I suppose you got my request for the proxy O. K?"

Standish nodded.

"I should have advised you, Brown, that outside of your holdings, I own, and hold legal proxies, for exactly forty-nine and five-tenths per cent of the stock of Colorado Steel. Now I think I can beat Dodge today, even at that figure, and without your stock; but if you will give me the authority to vote your stock, it will be a cinch. Oh! they don't know me, Brown, until I once get after 'em, and then they lay down, you can bet. I beat the life out of the boys in American Wire. G—— what a lot of suckers they were Ha! Ha! Ha!" and here

the Paunch shook with exultant glee. "Darn you, Brown, you'd a died laffin' to seen 'em. Say—did you catch on to my deal in D. R. I. & N. W.? My but that was easy money. Had the Milwaukee, Burlington and Northwestern, all scrapping over a few measly miles of railroad, and a cheap bridge across the Mississippi at Rock Island. Sold out to 'em, and cleaned up a cool million in six months. Darn 'em, they're talking about it yet down there in the bottoms. But the smoothest deal of all, Brown, was the big L. & N. killing. And say——" he continued, as he leaned over in his chair, addressing Standish in the most friendly and confidential air possible, "Old Pierp told me himself, that if I didn't look out, he'd give me a good beating. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ain't that rich? Egad, Brown, old Pierp's a brick. A regular fire-eater. If you ever come down to Noo Yawk I will sure introduce you."

By this time Grabbe felt that the time had come to separate Standish from the proxy he so ardently coveted. Indeed, he had spent quite a bit of valuable time with this petty mine owner, and he must be up and doing. Quite a bit of soft-soap wasted on this long, lank Westerner, but what matter, the game was worth it, and now to land the goods.

"Well, Brown, how about that proxy? Am I to have it, or will you vote the stock yourself?"

Standish looked at him good-humoredly, and said:

"Mr. Grabbe, the truth of the matter is, that I have already pledged my proxy to another party."

"What!" exclaimed the Paunch excitedly. "The deuce you say. Who to?"

And as Standish looked steadily, almost mischievously, into the eyes of the most vulgar and notorious millionaire in the United States, he replied coolly, "Theodore Dodge."

"Well, for the love of gawd!" roared Grabbe in angry astonishment, glaring at Standish in speechless rage. Then partially recovering himself, he managed to say, "Confound it, Brown, I—I don't quite understand this

deal. I was informed upon good authority that you and Dodge were mortal enemies."

"Dodge has cut me up considerable in times past, Mr. Grabbe, but we have patched up our differences, at least in this matter, and stand together in Colorado Steel. Kind of a home enterprise, you know," he added, with sly significance.

The Paunch heaved silently for a few moments, and then said:

"Brown, the price of Colorado Steel in the market to-day, is eighty-one. I will give you an even hundred for all of your holdings and a bonus of ten thousand besides, and give you a certified check for the whole amount this very minute. Come, gol darn it. Come—call it done, now!" he added appealingly, "Just to let me hand this man, Dodge, his trimmings, and put him down and out for good."

"Mr. Grabbe," replied Standish sternly, "You can't buy that stock for five hundred. It is, as I stated before, pledged to Theodore Dodge." And for almost the first time in his lurid career, the Paunch had come face to face with a MORAL force.

Rising unsteadily from his chair as John Charles looked in at the door, Grabbe slowly extended his fat, chubby hand to the tall mine owner.

"Brown," he said slowly, his lips dripping from the juice of the cigar stub which he was grinding ferociously between his ponderous jaws, "I don't quite savy your style. I never heard tell before of a man passing up a nice clean profit as you did just now, just to keep your word with a man who has fought you for nearly twenty years. By gawd, sir, you're a brick, sir; and dam-fi-don't admire you."

CHAPTER X

Why is it that so many men, some of whom are truly great, give so little credence to a woman's advice?

In spite of his wife's positive assurance, Theodore Dodge considered himself absolutely defeated. Even now he was planning the disposition of his affairs after he had experienced the fatal *coup de grace* which John Wreckor Grabbe would surely administer to him.

He had already passed the greatest crisis of his life, when in his inability to accept anything but success he had attempted suicide, and saved by his wife's timely action, had learned the rudiments of failure and regained his mental equilibrium; yet, to this end, that the information which his wife had imparted to him with such positive assurance, that Standish Brown would surely support him in the coming election, had scarcely impressed him. He was absolutely void of faith in her statement. And why?

Why was it that the Dauphin of France and his ministers would not listen to Joan of Arc, but must delay and quibble for days, and then yield only when the soldiery loudly demanded the support of her claims? With the glorious result—France saved from the invader.

Why was it that Peter the Great of Russia and his generals would not listen to the noble Swede girl, Catherine; but must parley for days with their forces completely surrounded by the victorious Turks? Then her advice was reluctantly followed after every other device had failed. The result—Peter, his army, and his generals escaped capture, and he returning to Moscow made his mighty empire greater than ever.

These are instances where the advice of women finally prevailed thru sheer force of circumstances.

Calpurnia tried to save her husband from assassination on the Ides of March.

The wife of Pilate tried to dissuade him from pronouncing the doom of the gentle Shepherd of Nazareth.

These are instances where woman discerned and implored, but man would not heed.

Mrs. Tabor washed clothes to provide a miner, whom her husband had long since refused to continue to aid, with a grub-stake. The result—a great bonanza struck, and Tabor became rich.

Ah! Woman. Thou art heavenly eyed and future discerning, yet so oft denied by incredulous man.

There is one family of men, however, who treasure the intuitive qualities of their women as they do their very souls.

The Rothschilds, the Frankfort Jews.

For centuries it has been their custom to have the oldest surviving female member of the family pass upon the final hearing of any important transaction. The result—the famous House of Rothschilds, the greatest and most powerful financial institution in the world.

When infants, men are suckled by their mothers and grow to childhood in the same unselfish care. Passing into young manhood, it is from the mother they often seek that guidance which frequently the father cannot give. But when they become men, and wed. When the wife replaces the mother, a man's council seems prone to rest in himself.

It is the result of a delusive theory.

At wedlock he becomes the acknowledged head of the house, later, perhaps, of a family. He is the wage-earner, the bread-winner, the administrator. And all these responsibilities but confirm his theory, viz.: as the head of the family, he certainly should possess the brain force to support it. He fully convinces himself that he has, and grows firm in the absurd belief that all his acts are final. Naturally, when he faces some sudden crisis in his affairs, and cannot solve it alone, it is then to him wholly useless to seek aid from his wife. Why? Because, does he not

possess all the brains? True, his wife may be ever so clever, charming, yea—actually intellectual; but when it comes to deciding a matter which requires the ponderous exercise of substantial gray matter, why, it is impossible for his wife to act. It is absurd.

But usually, at just this very time, his wife readily and easily opens the way by some swift, indefinable mental action; then a man is forced to admit that he has discovered something new in her. He will hardly credit her with brain power, however, nor that she really commendably thought out a solution of the master problem. She only happened to hit it. A mere accident, a freak circumstance of thought. But if he only KNEW—some of the brightest men in the United States today are those who have this quality of a woman's brain as a foundation for their brilliancy.

In men this feminine quality is often called, for lack of a better name—TACT. And this, indeed, may be a good name for it, but whatever it is, it is surely the deep imprint of a mother's bright brain upon her son's.

How about Chauncey Depew?

Do you think he could marshal the Vanderbilts the way he has without this peerless mental quality? Father them, mother them, marry them, bury them. Make matches for the daughters, and with equal facility find mates for the sons. Have them kiss and make up their quarrels, and in addition to this bewildering maze of domestic responsibilities, incidentally conduct a love affair of his own; fill a high position with the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad; adorn the staid body of the Senate of the United States with his presence as an active member; and also furnish those inimitable jokes for which he is famous.

Then John Hay.

This poet, historian. This great Secretary of State. This personal friend of Abraham Lincoln, and able cabinet man of the Roosevelt administration. This deliverer of Pekin. This little man who opened up the Orient thru the China gates.

They say it's tact with him. But it's only a vein of the world's most precious intellect in him. A generous slice of woman's intangible, intuitive mentality.

So Theodore looked upon his wife's statement as to Standish Brown's attitude in the coming election with absolute incredulity. She would not tell him the source of her information, but merely insisted it was true. But to him it little mattered now. He was defeated, and had lived thru it. This was his uppermost thought. Indeed, he was almost happy with his mind free and rid of the heaviness and despondency of the past few months. The charming revelation of his wife's love and devotion in the episode of his attempted suicide, had leavened the loaf of his business cares and he was now his old self, active, happy, and contented. He could go down to defeat now and smile. In fact, he had successfully passed the most acute crisis of his life.

When he arrived at his office the morning of the election, he hastily looked thru his mail. Yes, what he had expected had at last arrived. Tearing open an envelope bearing a Mexican post stamp, out dropped a proxy from a stockholder of Colorado Steel, who resided in the City of Mexico, giving him authority to vote a generous sized block of stock. With this last proxy in his possession, Theodore had his secretary give him the final total of the stock he owned personally, and that which he was authorized to vote by proxies. He did not know exactly how much Grabbe controlled, but inasmuch as the Paunch had announced to the representatives of the press that he undoubtedly controlled the election, Dodge could only assume that he had secured proxies for all the outstanding stock, except that which was controlled by himself, and those shares listed on the stock register as belonging to Standish Brown.

The amount of stock which Theodore could vote, added to that which was listed to Standish Brown, made up a total of a slight fraction more than fifty per cent. The

proxy just received from Mexico, had carried such a combination of holdings just over the line of control.

But did Brown possess all the stock with which he was credited? If he had parted with any of it, Grabbe undoubtedly controlled the election. Or, if Brown chose to vote with Grabbe, or if he refused to vote at all, Dodge felt himself defeated in either case. In any event, the balance of power laid with Brown, and try as he would Dodge could not bring himself to believe the statement of his wife to the effect that Brown intended to support him, in view of the many good and sufficient reasons which Brown had to even matters up with him for past wrongs inflicted.

Hoping against hope, however, Theodore made a careful mental note of the exact amount of Brown's holdings, in the event that if he could by some means gage Brown's disposition before the crucial moment, it would relieve him greatly and assist him in rounding out a few important matters which would probably develop from the election.

tered defiantly at the glaring, beady eyes of the Paunch, and tho fully prepared for defeat, Theodore was almost gay and reckless in his demeanor. The deadly warfare of the past few months was now to culminate in one last fierce battle.

Which would be the victor, the Genius or the Brute?

Grabbe's eyes snapped with suppressed excitement and uncertainty as the affair proceeded. It was so different from a horse race or a poker game. This corporation sport was weighted with too much red-tape to suit the professional gambler. There was a monotonous uncertainty about this tedious election which maddened him.

Could he break the Colorado line? His force was mighty. The bundle of proxies at his side, added to his personal holdings, represented forty-nine and five-tenths per cent of the entire issue of Colorado Steel. He required fifty per cent to play even, and a fraction over to win. Had Dodge been able to secure the balance of the full issue of one hundred per cent? It seemed impossible to him. "What a chump Brown was," he thought, "missing the chance of a lifetime to get next to Dodge." However, it was not Grabbe's fault if he was beaten in this fight. He had scoured every portion of the country for the stock of Colorado Steel. For some of it he had paid grossly extravagant prices. But what matter if it brought victory, he would boost it still higher and then unload.

Again he thought, "Will the Colorado line hold?" He could not tell by Dodge's countenance. He was smiling, almost gay. He could not tell by the secretary's face, as that individual had his back turned to him, and was busy arranging the books for the final round; so the Paunch fiercely chewed the stub of his cigar and grimly awaited the issue.

As the stockholders' names were called out by the secretary's clerk in regular alphabetical order, he was answered, either by Grabbe's secretary, or by Theodore Dodge in person, according as their respective proxies or personal holdings indicated. Then the amount of stock so voted

was checked off opposite the stockholder's name upon the stock register by the secretary of the corporation, and the proxy turned over to a committee of directors who had been appointed, as required by the by-laws, to pass upon the legality of the proxies.

The intensity of the battle grew rapidly as the calling of the long list of names proceeded, and when Standish Brown's name was called, there was no response from either side. Theodore instantly took advantage of the secretary's hesitation by announcing that Brown's stock would be voted as soon as the proper proxy was made out. It was a wild guess of his, but somehow it came to him to instantly announce it, and as the officer of the court made no objection, the election proceeded.

Presently one of the doorkeepers brought Theodore an envelope addressed to him and marked "Immediate." Opening it hastily, he found that it contained Brown's proxy, authorizing him to vote the entire block of stock for the best interests of Colorado Steel. Theodore could scarcely believe his eyes. His adorable wife had told him the truth. He was still master of Colorado Steel.

The Paunch noticed the incident, and tho his face fell as he suspected the truth, he still had hopes.

At the close of the listing and voting, Theodore voted Brown's stock and the books were declared closed. Shortly afterward the secretary announced that every share of the corporation's stock was represented and voted. The committee on proxies reported that every proxy presented was legally executed in accordance with the by-laws, and had, therefore, been properly voted.

The Colorado line had held, the battle was over. The Wall Street crowd had lost by a very slight margin the control of the millions of dollars which was invested in this great corporation. The issue had been decided by a mere fraction of one per cent.

During the last few moments of the battle Theodore had watched his opponent closely. Once he thought that the Paunch would succumb to apoplexy, for the veins in his bullet-like head grew dark and purple, and his tiny

eyes glassy as the announcement of the proxy committee was made.

The former directors were all re-elected, Grabbe, realizing his hopeless defeat, voting for them. They in turn re-elected the former general officers, including Theodore Dodge as president.

It was then that Theodore did a very magnanimous act, for as one of the doorkeepers, quite elated with the result of the election, started to open the door to give the news to the newspaper men outside, Theodore checked him, and catching the eye of the secretary, he was given the floor. After thanking the board for their courtesy in re-electing him to his former position, he said furthermore:

"Gentlemen, I move that a signed statement be given the newspaper men waiting outside, to the following effect: That the election of the board of directors and the general officers of the Colorado Steel Corporation passed off quietly. The old board of directors being re-elected, also the old list of general officers. And from the fact that both Mr. Grabbe and Mr. Dodge have a perfect understanding in all affairs relative to the corporation and are working in entire harmony for its welfare, rests a complete refutation of the sensational reports which have been given circulation in the press for the past few months."

The motion was then seconded and carried, and the secretary's stenographer passed the paper for signatures, among them, John Wreckor Grabbe's. It was then handed to the reporters outside, who quickly made copies of it, then rushed off, as usual, to fashion and report the affair to suit themselves, which, in this instance, they told the facts much better than the officials of Colorado Steel would admit.

When the Paunch left the general offices of the Colorado Steel Corporation, and passed into the street to his waiting cab, a little newsboy, seeing his huge, over-dressed figure, suddenly darted forward, and thrusting his bundle of papers into the millionaire's face, called out, "Extree

—extree! All about the big steel fight. Colorado defeats Wall Street. Paper, mister?"

Grabbe reached for a paper, shoved his hand in his pocket, tossed the little fellow a dollar, and as the boy endeavored to make change, he heard the cab door slam, and looking up, saw the vehicle being driven rapidly away. The little fellow closed his hands upon the dollar, his eyes opened wide with wonder, and be the truth told, there was a very happy expression on his little budding face. But was it really pure, undiluted joy, or was it the exulting leer of the growing spirit of Avarice? Who knows? The face of a child beams innocence, but woe unto him who gathers or scatters dollars heedlessly.

It is in this manner that the vulgar rich often spread their corruption. Millions of humanity thru this heedless spirit of the spoilers, pass their lives as lascivious demons of Hell watching and itching for the lucre of gold. Millions sitting in the dark caves of Mammon as fiercely and bestial as lions, watching for their prey, soliciting, grabbing up, and fighting in the filth of Sin for the moneyed offal of the rich.

Wealth that is expended beyond the just price for service rendered, or for the honest price of an article, is a vile and insidious corrupter; robbing the unwary recipient of his self-dependence, his respect, his honor; and inculcating in the young, the eternal reach and itch for lucre, spoil, and "easy money"—the terrible and fatal idolatry of Mammon.

It is a historical fact, that even upon the tomb of the infamous Tiberius, were laid chaplets of roses, the tribute of those fawning sycophants who had shared his spoil. And that spoil what? The spoil of the Roman world.

The natural inference is then, but not, God forbid, in this instance of the innocent newsboy, that the bounty of a millionaire, is often *the acceptance of spoil.*

What spoil?

That spoil, perhaps, which in your ignorance, he has *wrung from you.*

Entering a Carnegie library is entering your own li-

brary. Attending a Rockefeller college is attending your own college. But with this marked difference—the spoiler's name is above the door—not yours; or even one of the millions of your brothers who has been forced to pay tribute to the maw of the monster.

Thus Mammon today, as in the days of the Cæsars, invariably worships itself.

CHAPTER XII

In spite, however, of the positive signed statement of the leading actors in the drama of Colorado Steel concerning the harmony of the election, the local newspapers treated it as a great victory for Colorado and Theodore Dodge. Scores of congratulatory telegrams were received by the president of Colorado Steel, and he suddenly found himself a figure of national repute, his praises being sung with equal gusto in Chicago and New York, as well as in Denver and Salt Lake City. He was given full credit for having taken the measure of the Paunch. The days of the notorious, "Bet-you-a-million," drummer in Colorado Steel were over. The Colorado line had held, and the steel magnates of the nation would have to wait at least another year before they could annex this remaining bit of Western enterprise.

At ten o'clock on the evening immediately following the election, the private car of John Wreckor Grabbe passed out of the Union Depot at Denver, bound for Chicago. It was attached to the regular Burlington No. 2, and the next day at Lincoln, the Nebraska Capital, which the special train of the Paunch had scorned so contemptuously on the outward trip, Grabbe was handed a telegram from his New York broker, to the effect that Colorado Steel had fallen ten points. The next morning in Chicago, Grabbe looked at the stock reports — Colorado Steel was still falling. When he reached Pittsburg, another telegram from his brokers announced that it had dropped several points more; and when the millionaire finally reached New York, his once precious stock was being slaughtered unmercifully, the inflation being completely squeezed out of it. Thoroly disgusted with the whole deal, he instructed his brokers to sell out at any price, and taking the first boat for Southampton, the Paunch de-

voted three months to foreign travel, returning to the States in a much better humor, but to this day, his followers never allude to Colorado Steel in his presence.

John Wreckor Grabbe, the most vulgar millionaire in the United States, like several of his kind, has attained a lurid notoriety — fame he never can attain.

Notoriety is drifting sand.

Fame, alone, is the mountain.

The Swiss never point to their money, but to their Alps.

Fame endures. Notoriety fades.

Fame cannot be coaxed, persuaded, or corrupted. It is an honor which seeks of its own free will, the deserving individual. Notoriety can readily be bought by the vilest courtesan.

Fame is a legitimist.

Notoriety is a fakir.

John Wreckor Grabbe has subscribed to several so-called philanthropies. Among them, a school for boys.

Mockery! The most hardened gambler in existence may give a dollar in the name of philanthropy to the son of the man he has robbed, and receive a smile. Worse — weak, starving man with other mouths to feed, will sometimes fall down and worship the hand that gives, even tho he knows that same hand has robbed him in the guise of business. The ethics of Starvation is — Eat.

Bah! Philanthropy with men like John Wreckor Grabbe, is a mere pastime. Just a part of the game of lucre. Other millionaires subscribe to philanthropy, so must he. It is merely one of the luxuries of the rich.

As with that monstrous paradox, John D. Rockefeller, who apparently displays a sublime generosity in his educational efforts, and at the same time appears to exercise the cold cruelty of a devil-fish upon the unhappy victims who stand in the way of his business enterprises, John Wreckor Grabbe wrings dimes from his victims for every penny he tosses into the street in the name of philanthropy.

But John Wreckor Grabbe is merely the patent medi-

cine generation behind John D. Rockefeller; and fortunately, too, the fair name of Christianity is not involved in his case, as it is in the case of the oil king.

How strange it is that our richest man lays claim to the faith and doctrines of Him who said, "that the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."

Oh! Master, divine, explain this marvel to Thy children, or else command them in the light of truth to rise up and condemn it.

Oh! John D. Rockefeller, how will you face intrepid St. Peter?

A hard-shelled Baptist, dealing beggary to those who do not accept his rule.

A man proclaiming himself to be a God-fearing, Christian, boldly requesting members of the United States Senate thru the medium of a pernicious lobby, to ignore their constituents, and vote in the interests of an infamous corporation.

This leprous politician voting a herd of innocent Italians in furthering his vast land acquisitions; instructing them not only to vote as he desires, but furnishing them with marked sample ballots that they might make no mistake. Ah! Citizens of the Great Republic, this 1903 election of North Tarrytown is an incident to ponder over. Epochs have begun with incidents less important than this. Plutocracy is lifting its head dangerously. But there is still faith as an anchor to windward.

The United States is experiencing a reign of insidious corrupting Rockefellerism, quite similar to Florence, with her Medicis; but fear not, good citizens, these Rockefeller creatures will pass into the yawning Egyptian night and the great stars will still shine serenely on.

The history of Florence will never be repeated in this country. *But it was written for the benefit of future generations*—our generation. The people of that age lived and died in martyrdom for us. Three hundred years of blood, gold, and steel; fire, faggot, and poison, subscribe themselves to our understanding .

The history of unhappy Florence was decreed by the great God of the universe to be done up in a book, that every American schoolboy might read and be wise.

Imagine a Standard Oil Pope!

A billionaire Peter!!

A copper Christ!!!

Bah! This base Rockefeller strata of our social and religious edifice is a mere deposit of chalk, which future ages of men will exhume to crayon pæans of joy, that man has forgotten lucre and has espoused spirit.

Rockefeller Christianity is Beelzebub parading in the garb of Business. Business is the war of dollars, and war is hell.

Men have undertaken great tasks in various epochs of the world's history, but none have ever faced a greater one or been more cruelly handicapped by the errors and weaknesses of a misguided parent, than the younger Rockefeller, in explaining to his Sunday-school, the tenets of this false Rockefelleran Christianity. This treading the prostrate forms of despairing humanity from sheer corpulence of enormous acquisition, and yet aspiring to sainthood as a philanthropist.

A colossus treading the earth, so lost in the affairs of his kingdom that he knows not upon what he is stepping. A giant, stumbling thru a forest in the night, ruthlessly and ignorantly tramping down ant-hills and spider-webs of humanity. A vast and unnatural MAGNIFICATION. A monstrosity grown so great in the web of his creations, that the prayers and entreaties of his creatures do not reach him. A tower of Babel, its head lost in the clouds and unseen of those suffering calamity at its feet. When a man has grown so great and far removed from his fellows, that he becomes syndicated and corporationed; that man has lost his species, his manhood, becoming a terrifying hybrid over which the grave will close in eloquent and fearsome silence.

Around Rockefeller, the elder, the world should draw the curtain of simple charity; but let us sit down with the younger in the shadow of his mountain and bid him

cheer. There is no more appalling spectacle in human events, than beholding the feeble struggles of an innocent infant enmeshed in the fatal toils of an unnatural father.

If it were not that Rockefeller, the younger, had just claim to the sympathy and goodwill of the American people in the stewardship of his inherited millions, they might with good reason, in this matter of the Sunday-school, declare him the billionaire Roscius.

It was St. John the Divine who bade us beware of the mark of the Beast, and the mark of the Beast today, is the gold of the Beast in the hands of its slaves.

How much more then is he to be feared and rebuked, who, professing in the broad light of day the sacred doctrines of Jesus Christ — the poorest and most unselfish man of history — yet at night retires to his caves of spoil to gloat amid his glut of gold?

As a mere man, the elder Rockefeller would only be a pagan, a modern Crœsus, moving to compassion philosophers and sages; but as one professing Christianity, his practice is one of most despicable hypocrisy. If his example is followed by the church at large, it will mark its decline and fall.

Rockefellerism is modern ANTICHRIST!!!

CHAPTER XIII

Several weeks after the ignominious flight of John Wreckor Grabbe from Colorado, an event occurred which set the mountain metropolis all agog. It was the inaugural of the newly-elected Governor, James H. Peabody.

After having been hopelessly defeated for the past eight years, the Republican party had succeeded in once more electing a governor.

E. A. Wolcott, the Republican bar'l man of the campaign, had told his friends after the successful election in November, that when the new governor was inaugurated the thirteenth of January, 1903, the G. O. P. would "make Rome howl." And now that the auspicious occasion was really here, the sturdy bar'l man was certainly making good.

The city was gaily decorated. From Fort Logan, the United States military post on the outskirts of the city, came a troop of the Fourteenth Cavalry and several companies of the Eighteenth Infantry, escorting the commander of the Department of the Colorado, General Frederick Funston, and his brilliant staff. The doughty Kansan, hero of Calumpit, and capturer of Aguinaldo, was resplendent in gold-braid, and looked every inch a soldier as he headed the brave column of troops which had fought at San Juan and Manila, and had also assisted at the storming of Pekin.

Following these veterans were companies of the State Militia; trim and natty cadets from the Agricultural College at Fort Collins, a battery of light artillery, several brass bands and drum corps; a large procession of carriages, and numerous columns of brilliantly-uniformed fraternal bodies. At the head of the civic and legislative bodies, was a handsome carriage, drawn by four beauti-

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After having been hopelessly defeated for the past eight years, the Republican party had succeeded in once more electing a governor.

E. A. Wolcott, the Republican bar'l man of the campaign, had told his friends after the successful election in November, that when the new governor was inaugurated the thirteenth of January, 1903, the G. O. P. would "make Rome howl." And now that the auspicious occasion was really here, the sturdy bar'l man was certainly making good.

The city was gaily decorated. From Fort Logan, the United States military post on the outskirts of the city, came a troop of the Fourteenth Cavalry and several companies of the Eighteenth Infantry, escorting the commander of the Department of the Colorado, General Frederick Funston, and his brilliant staff. The doughty Kansan, hero of Calumpit, and capturer of Aguinaldo, was resplendent in gold-braid, and looked every inch a soldier as he headed the brave column of troops which had fought at San Juan and Manila, and had also assisted at the storming of Pekin.

Following these veterans were companies of the State Militia; trim and natty cadets from the Agricultural College at Fort Collins, a battery of light artillery, several brass bands and drum corps; a large procession of carriages, and numerous columns of brilliantly-uniformed fraternal bodies. At the head of the civic and legislative bodies, was a handsome carriage, drawn by four beauti-

ful white horses, which contained both the incoming and outgoing governors.

After the parade, the usual ceremonies, the speech-making, oath-taking, and inaugural address, were duly performed on the capitol steps by the new governor and his associates; and society prepared itself for the great ball, which was to be held in the capitol building that same evening. For days the committee in charge had been busily decorating the interior of that vast pile of Gunnison granite, which cost the State of Colorado millions of dollars, and which towers majestically from the summit of a handsome hill, rising in graceful slopes above the valley of the Cherry.

Tonight's function was to be all the more notable as it was the house-warming of the new capitol, recently completed, and the people of the state were eager to inspect it. Thousands of invitations had been issued. Party lines had been completely ignored. Democrats, Populists, Socialists, and other party followers were as eager to attend as were the jubilant Republicans. The weather was perfect. The stars shone brightly in the pure, clean atmosphere of a mile above sea-level; in the misty East the moon rose bright and full, shedding its mellow lustre over the Great Plains; and its glittering beams were softly reflected from the summits of the Snowy Range towering ghostly in the West.

At eight o'clock the electrician turned on the myriads of lights which illuminated the exterior of the capitol, and the great dome suddenly sprang into exquisite fire lines of the national colors, red, white, and blue; while the outlines of the massive main structure shone far below in continuous rows of brilliant incandescents. The great building from its commanding eminence was visible for many miles, and was illuminated that the good citizens of Denver and the suburbs might know the ball was on.

By 8:30 the guests were arriving in throngs, and scores of carriages and motors were discharging their splendidly-gowned occupants at the Grant Avenue entrance. Many of the élite of the state were on the recep-

tion committee, and by nine o'clock the brilliantly-lighted interior of the capitol was filled to overflowing with beautiful, tastefully-gowned women and well-groomed men.

In the rotunda, at the head of the magnificent bronze and marble grand staircase, was a huge portrait of President Roosevelt, gracefully draped with bright folds of the national colors, the strenuous Teddy having made himself quite popular in Colorado of late thru his vigorous efforts in behalf of irrigation, which is a pet subject with the people of the Inter-mountain region.

An orchestra played in the great hall where the governor and his wife held their reception, and several bands discoursed dance and promenade music for the thousands who thronged the corridors.

Our reportorial friend, Phœbe Prim, was there, dressed tastefully for the occasion; her brilliant turquoise eyes fairly dancing as she jotted down interesting notes for publication in the morrow's "Press." Many of her squibs would be without meaning to readers of the "Press" in general, but to the parties for whom intended, the mysterious lines would be ripe with the humor of some interesting event known only to them, Phœbe, and a select few. Several ex-governors, senators, and political leaders would chuckle to themselves and tug their beards meaningly when they read the sly insinuating articles; and the Capitol Hill grand dames and buds would look eagerly for Phœbe's gossipy notes on dress and other personalities.

The Republican bar'l man, ex-Senator Wolcott, was making good use of the occasion in whipping into line certain recalcitrant members of the legislature to his support in the coming senatorial contest, in which he hoped to again be returned to the United States senate. He was a noble fellow, an indomitable fighter, and he had furnished most of the funds to carry on the recent campaign. He was doomed to defeat, however, having incurred the unrelenting hostility of united Democracy, the old silver Republicans; and also hopelessly alienated the affections of a considerable number of the Republicans themselves. He had done much for Colorado in the early history

of the state, but his record on the silver question had been bitterly attacked, and somehow during the years of Colorado's loyal, almost fanatical fight for silver, his staunch Republicanism had been misinterpreted, he was looked upon as a menace to the popular cause, and he had fallen under the ban of the people's displeasure.

The members of the legislature attended the ball en-masse.

Interesting fellows, these Colorado solons. Some of them tall mountaineers, smoking cigars almost in proportion. Many of them wore full beards, some of them tipped with hair as white as the snows of the peaks which shut in the districts these fellows represented. Here were prosperous farmers from the agricultural districts of the Western Slope, and smart, dandified members from the Cripple Creek and Leadville districts, wearing huge specimens of native gold, mounted on pins and thrust jauntily in their cravats.

Very interesting, too, were the members from the Spanish counties on the New Mexican line. They were actually called "the Spaniards" by their fellow solons; Señor Celestino Garcia, if you please, and Sancho Alphonso Barecia. As they pulled their long, grizzled mustachios, one naturally recalled the famous gold-seeking Coronado, who, in company with his companions, were perhaps the first white men who ever visited Colorado; and the bones of many of whom are buried somewhere in the remorseless red deserts of Arizona and New Mexico. Tho having lost their lives in the mad search for gold, yet many of their names are preserved in the land which holds their dust.

Many cattlemen from the north tier of counties on the Wyoming line were here. Withy, sunburned, with legs cruelly bowed from years of bending under the mustang's belly; and whose cattle still graze upon the rich pastures of North Park and the wind-swept ranges of the Medicine Bow.

Several of the members of the Great Plains counties in Eastern Colorado made up an unsophisticated, rusty,

frowsy-looking bunch. Brown, human prairie-dogs, with tiny blinking owl eyes and shambling awkward gait; their whole physiognomy and attitude, readily depicting their bleak and lonely life submerged in the fearful dust storms of the cow range which blow so pitilessly upon their unprotected sod houses and dugouts sunk deep in the tawny wastes of the arid and unwatered landscape. Government irrigation is soon to reach out to them, and the sons of these same rusty plainsmen will some day probably vie with the more prosperous members from the irrigated districts.

Sleek, well-dressed city members from Colorado Springs, Pueblo, and the capital city of Denver, were also here, scarcely to be distinguished from the stylishly-dressed "down-easters" from Chicago and Gotham, who were curious observers from the neighboring hotels.

Both members of the national senate from Colorado were in attendance. One, the venerable white-bearded senior, who was smiling affably to the hundreds who swarmed about him, wishing him success in the coming senatorial contest from which he was destined to emerge a victor. The other, the earnest-visaged junior, who was working like a beaver among the members of the legislature in the interests of his colleague.

John Charles Rose, tho almost completely ostracized by the brilliant throng, was also in attendance to present his congratulations to the new governor. He was much occupied these days in fighting a measure known as "the Rush bill," which had been adopted by the people at the previous election in November. He had declared it an obnoxious measure to the great corporations which he represented, and had proceeded to attack the measure in the state courts. The press was loud in his denunciation, but with characteristic indifference he had fought the popular measure boldly and unscrupulously, believing that every move he made in the affair would strengthen him in the eyes of the corporations he served.

Among the bevy of charming women who surrounded the gubernatorial party was Mrs. Theodore Dodge. She

and the Governor's wife were old friends, and Mollie was very happy in Mrs. Peabody's newly acquired honor as the first lady of the state. As she and her friends were chatting gayly under a great chandelier draped with smilax and roses, Mollie saw approaching the Governor, Standish Brown and his tiny Italian wife, Fiorina.

Standish was attired in a full dress suit, and as he was one of the pillars of the Republican party in Denver, Mollie could see the Governor waiting impatiently to grasp his hand. Fiorina's gown was a handsome creation of white satin and lace, over which was thrown an opera coat of bright scarlet trimmed with ermine. One beautiful American beauty was thrust into the depths of her shining dark hair; and her eyes brightly radiant at the sight of the gay throng about her, rested fondly upon her husband from time to time, and she clasped his arm closely as if she were half afraid.

The Browns had long been looked upon with great curiosity by the smart set on the Hill. They had never attended any of the numerous social functions to which they had been invited, neither had they troubled themselves to send their regrets. Therefore they had been declared barbarous and uncivilized by Hill society, yet this same brutal impolite reserve had only accentuated the curiosity of the Hill crowd; especially as Standish had been seen very much of late in the company of David Moore, the burgomaster of Colorado finance; and also from the additional fact, that certain newspapers had lately declared that Brown had saved the day in Colorado Steel. These and other minor incidents had given the Browns a certain prestige in Denver, almost powerful enough to overcome to a degree that ridicule and disparaging comment which most of the Hill folks believed just and proper.

Ever since the battle of Colorado Steel, Mrs. Dodge had watched for a chance to meet the Browns. Theodore had questioned his wife very closely as to the secret of the loyal support of Brown in the steel fight, but without eliciting any further information, than that a certain

party had told her of Brown's expected assistance. She never mentioned her former sweetheart relations with Standish, and Theodore remained ignorant of such an influence. He could scarcely reconcile her statements, but such was his joy and extreme good nature in the flush of victory, that the question was soon dismissed from his mind.

As the Browns drew nearer the gubernatorial party, bringing up the rear of a long line of homage payers, Mollie excused herself from the ladies and sought her husband in one of the nearby rooms assigned to the gentlemen for smoking. She found him chatting with a party of Republican braves, and plucking him by the arm, she drew him from the smoke blowing council and informed him of the near presence of the Standish Browns. As privileged guests they had no difficulty in getting near the Governor and his wife, and Theodore managed to whisper his desire for an introduction in the Governor's ear.

The Browns were almost the last persons to pay their respects to the Governor and his wife, the great throng which had arrived earlier in the evening having done those honors, and were now in the main corridors either whirling in the mazes of the dance, looking on in absorbed interest at the brilliant company and reveling in the enjoyment of the enchanting music, or had descended to the basement where refreshments were being served.

As Standish extended his hand, the Governor and his wife, followed by Theodore, stepped down from the slightly raised reception stand, and grasping the tall mine owner's hand heartily, the Governor said quite informally:

"Standish, I am more than delighted at this visit—and how is this little Dago wife of yours?" he added, glancing down merrily at Fiorina. The Browns and the Peabodys had known each other for a long time, and Jim Peabody was one of the few men in whom the timid Fiorina condescended to be interested.

"Ah! Meester Peabody!" she exclaimed, "Zee new

Gofenor of Colorado. I 'gratulate you. Oh! Zee beeg noise 'bout you today. It wake my leettle Petro out of zee nap," she continued, gesticulating rapidly in her quick impetuous manner, as she referred to the salutes to the Governor fired by the light artillery from the capitol campus late that forenoon; then observing Mrs. Peabody she stepped forward and was soon engaged in an animated conversation during which she was introduced to Mrs. Theodore Dodge.

"Standish," said the Governor, "I have a friend here whom I would like to have you meet." And as Theodore stepped forward, the Governor added, "Mr. Brown, Mr. Dodge. Mr. Dodge, Mr. Brown."

Standish drew himself up rather stiffly and gazed almost questioningly, first into the smiling face of Jim Peabody and then into the refined, serious countenance of Theodore Dodge. Then he slowly extended his hand which Theodore grasped warmly, almost enthusiastically.

"Mr. Dodge," said Standish, "I am pleased to meet you." At which the Governor, delighted that there was no gun play, turned gayly toward the ladies, but seeing them quite happily engaged, he sought the nearby smoking room for a quiet pull at the fragrant weed and a chat among the Republican stalwarts.

After a commonplace exchange of remarks between Standish and Theodore, the President of Colorado Steel said earnestly:

"Mr. Brown, I don't know how I can ever repay you for your magnanimous action in the Steel fight last December. And I am free to confess to you, that it was your timely support that saved me from a crushing defeat. It has always been a mystery to me as to how you could have acted so generously toward me, a man who has, unfortunately, been on the opposite side of many of your affairs in Colorado. By Jove, Brown, as I think about it, it was downright noble of you. Believe me, I shall never forget it, and it will be my constant endeavor as the years roll by to treat you as royally as you did me."

Standish looked calmly down into the magnetic brown

eyes of the dapper, neatly dressed, but serious voiced speaker, and tho he did not feel much like talking upon the subject, the encounter having come upon him so suddenly, yet he managed to reply graciously:

"I'm glad you feel warmly toward me, Mr. Dodge. I sincerely hope my purpose was high in assisting you in Colorado Steel, and I am glad to know that you retain control of the corporation, and that our steel industry has not yet gone the way of our smelters, into the control of Eastern capital."

After a short pause, Standish spoke again.

"I have added considerably to my holdings in Colorado Steel since Grabbe went East, taking advantage of the heavy slump, and enough I think, Mr. Dodge, to entitle me to a place on the board of directors. If you ever see your way clear to afford me this I will greatly appreciate the favor. Do you know, Mr. Dodge, I get more interested in local affairs every day, and it has always seemed to me that if a few of us got together, we could do much for the old Silver State as well as taking care of our Eastern friends in good shape. I confess I've been slow to learn it, but it certainly does broaden a man to be a good mixer. It makes the world small and the race big."

"You shall certainly have that directorship at the next election, Mr. Brown," replied Theodore with characteristic promptness, "Nothing would give me greater pleasure, and also it is interesting to learn your opinions upon the possibilities of the growth of our Colorado enterprises. My recent experience in Colorado Steel has convinced me that it is useless to buck Eastern capital, and henceforth I shall extend the glad hand to every one. As you have just intimated, the mutual interests of humanity the world over, are too important for any one to shut the door in his neighbor's face. Won't you come over and have a smoke?" he added cordially.

"No, thanks, Dodge, I don't smoke," Standish replied.

Just then Mrs. Dodge came over to them.

"Ah! Mr. Brown, my wife——" said Theodore, starting to introduce them.

"No—no, Theo," she interrupted, "Mr. Brown and I are old friends." And just touching with her daintily gloved fingers Standish's extended hand, she bowed low. As she did so, Theodore felt intuitively, that his jewel of a wife had trifled with him a little, in withholding from him the secret of Standish Brown's support of him in Colorado Steel.

BOOK FOUR

THE LINE OF THE ROCKIES

CHAPTER I

THE circumstances thru which Standish Brown first met David Moore were rather peculiar. For altho Standish had long been interested in National First both as a stockholder and a heavy depositor, yet he had never met its famous president until 1902. With plain Horace Nichols, the brusque, blunt-spoken cashier, he had long enjoyed an intimate acquaintance, but he had never up to the above stated time penetrated the secluded private office of Colorado's greatest financier.

When David Moore affixed his signature to the deed whereby the ownership of several lots in the Mountain View addition to Capitol Hill were formally transferred to the tall mine-owner, he chuckled good-humoredly to himself, and prepared to sit a couple of hours each day in the cozy sun-parlor which overlooked the tract.

This sun-parlor was David's chief delight. It was built of plate-glass and bronze, and immediately adjoined the rambling brick house of the banker which was built half way up the brow of Capitol Hill, commanding a partial view of the mountains. Stepping into the sun-parlor from the library, the songs of tuneful canaries greeted one's ears coming from several bright gilt cages suspended from the glass roof, and which were half hidden by the green foliage of several immense palms and ferns growing luxuriously in rare vases and jardineres. In the center of the retreat a fountain played in a neat divan furnished court. Its sparkling blue jet spurting some three or four feet into the air and falling with a soft musical murmur

into a large marble basin, in which a dozen or more gold-fish flitted and nosed among several diminutive artificial caverns and burnt clay models of antique German castles tucked away among quantities of aquatic plants and mossy stones.

On one side of this court shaded by a huge palm and facing the fountain, was a handsome Italian marble bust of Sappho, placed upon a highly polished pedestal of ebony trimmed with gold. The fair Greek was glancing downward at the play of the fountain, as if musing at its joyous cadence. Upon the broad window ledges of this frost-defying bower were numerous pots of blooming flowers; carnations, lilies, tulips, geraniums, roses, hyacinths, etc. The retreat was paved with soft yellow tiles, with rare oriental rugs spread before the numerous wicker rockers and divans with which the place was furnished.

Upon the wall of the house side of the sun-parlor hung two magnificent oil-paintings. The subject of one was "The English Oak," painted by a French artist of the Eighteenth century; some Bourbon exile perhaps, sojourning in London while awaiting the establishment of the *ancien régime*. In the foreground of this painting a great grove of handsome oaks was painted in with wonderful skill, while above the trees was a vista of bright blue sky upon which floated a fleecy white cloud and across which a flock of pigeons were flying. In the middle distance was a typical English farmhouse, a slight smoke arising from the red brick chimney and losing itself among the tree-tops. A family of fowls was busily scratching in the white fenced barnyard, and the family washing of various colors was strung on the clothes-line. In the far distance a glint of sunshine penetrated the green depths of the grove, shimmering beautifully down among the ferns of the thick moss-carpeted forest floor and producing a superb light effect. This painting cost David several thousand and was considered by connoisseurs as a marvel of technical skill.

The other painting was a study of Pike's Peak during a thunderstorm. The cloud effect was sublime, the heavy

indigo-tinted fleeces rolling and tumbling in angry masses half way up the huge mountain, and darting their livid lightnings at the calm majestic snow-crowned summit far above.

Hanging there, one to the right, the other to the left of the parlor entrance as one passed into the main portion of the house, the contrast was remarkable and pleasing to the eye. The one, a peaceful landscape of rural England; the other, revealing the angry elements in awe-inspiring action; a thunderstorm wrestling in deadly grapple with a towering mountain of granite and snow.

Gradually as Standish's house took form under the hand of the builders, David noted, with great satisfaction, the low clinging architecture of old Spain; also the arrangement of the grounds, the terraces and general effect, the good taste shown in planting trees, shrubs, etc., pleased him very much.

But of greater interest was his eagerness and anxiety to see the family itself. Finally, when the mansion was completed and furnished, a carriage drove up to the new home one day, and David caught sight of a dainty little woman, a tiny boy dressed in blue, and the bent figure and snowy locks of an old man, all in tow of Standish Brown.

David peered at them delightedly from behind the shades of his bird-caroling fountain-playing bower, and thereafter to watch the Brown mansion and its interesting household was a daily event in his life.

David Moore could take up a business proposition and detect in an instant the defect, the hidden motive, or to use the sport's clear-cut term, "the graft." Such stuff he invariably tossed back to the promoter as the huckster rejects the mutilated or counterfeit coin. If on the other hand the proposition was promising and free from graft, the kindly-eyed banker would point out the existing flaws and defects, and readily suggest remedies which would place the proposition upon sure and substantial ground and make it available for investment. When a loan came under his eagle eye, a mere glance sufficed to detect

its character, and so perfect had become his financial instinct, that he would almost instantly grasp the full import of all paper which passed thru his hands, and terrible indeed was he to the party who dared present for his consideration any other than bona fide gilt-edge collateral.

No one knew the full extent of his great wealth, other than that his operations and interests were almost nation wide. He owned a railroad in New Jersey and carried large blocks of stock of nearly all the Western railroads. He owned real estate from San Diego to Boston. He knew personally the Rothschilds of London, Paris, and Berlin; and was upon terms of intimate acquaintance with the heads of nearly all the great banking houses of the country. The financial institutions of Colorado during the panic of '93, had crept under his wing as closely as newly hatched chicks seek the downy protection of their mother; and as far as matters of acquisition were concerned, this celebrated Westerner possessed the accumulative instinct to acquire and administer to a whole world. The irrevocable limits of man's years, God's short allotment, alone could check his acquisitive powers, and too, only one of God's most innocent creatures could win his love.

When it came to children, David Moore had a heart as big as the great rolling world. In the child he beheld pure, pristine, sparkling innocence. No craft, no guile. The child being the one human quality which flowed into the old banker's heart unquestioned. For in spite of his naturally optimistic disposition, the three score and odd years of his broad experience with all classes of people, had put upon his personality the cloak of doubt.

But the CHILD!

There was no doubt in his love for the child.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Little Peter at this time, a strong, healthy child considerably over two years old, would play by the hour upon the green terraced lawn, pulling his little cart

about or tossing his ball in the bright autumn sunshine; at the sight of which the solitary old banker widower lived over once more the boyhood of his own little son, Harry, who when five years old, was laid beside the mother in Riverside Cemetery near the gentle ripple of the Platte.

One day the old man in his loneliness sought closer fellowship with the child and walking slyly to the brick wall which separated the two properties, he dropped an orange into the yard beyond thru the pickets of the iron fence surmounting the wall.

An hour or more passed before the child found it, but when its eyes did finally spy the golden fruit lying close beside the wall, it seized it with such a cry of delight that old Davy will never forget that moment That pure, joyous, child cry of wonderment brought tears to the eyes of the lonely old man.

Little Peter tossed his wonderful find in the air awhile, and when weary from play, he sat upon the steps of the side porch in plain view of uncle Davy and began to eat it, his mouth puckering tightly from the slight tartness of the fruit; then uncle Davy laughed to himself as he thought how the mother would scold when she discovered the stains made by the juice upon the child's white collar and neat suit.

For several days after this incident, rain or sunshine, uncle Davy would drop some sweetmeat in exactly the same spot as he had dropped the orange; and returning stealthily to his lair would laugh in rich anticipation, and patiently wait until little Peter made for his magically replenished larder beside the garden wall.

Uncle Davy had serious arguments with himself about giving the child candy, but occasionally he would allow a bit of it, after gravely consulting with the confectioner as to the purity and harmlessness of such and such a bon-bon or chocolate.

In two weeks time the child was so imbued with absolute faith in this fairy storehouse, that as soon as he shut the house door he would rush down the porch steps as

fast as his chubby legs would allow, and would soon emerge upon the lawn dancing and eating to David's great delight. Thus for weeks the birds caroled their happy songs in their golden cages, the flowers tossed out their fragrance, the fountain played its soft music in the ear of the dreaming Sappho; combining to delight and comfort the lonely old banker who sat in his easy chair contentedly smoking, his great heart throbbing and vibrating in the artless joyousness of the happy innocent child.

But such perfect peace and absolute joy was not to last very long. For one day the child came down the porch steps pulling eagerly at the hand of his father. The child, ever generous as children usually are, intended to share his secret with his father.

Together they visited the place beside the wall, and the child triumphantly held up a large red cheeked apple. Wonderful! Was it not, papa Brown?

Uncle Davy witnessed the affair and his heart trembled with apprehension. It meant discovery. It meant innocence replaced by reason. An Eve-like curiosity would soon devour his love-apple. He would be ever so sly now. But no, he would not destroy the child's perfect faith even if he were discovered. So one fatal day as he dropped a sack of pop-corn over the wall and started slyly back to his retreat, he was startled by the noise of a window suddenly thrust up in the Spanish house, and a genial voice saying, "Caught at last, you sly old rogue."

They talked across the garden wall, the lonely old widower and the happy father, and it was in this manner that Standish Brown first met David Moore.

Within a month the brick wall between the two properties was pierced by a neat iron gate, and almost every day thereafter, a little lad passing thru would rush crooning and laughing into the snug retreat of Uncle Davy's arms.

One day the child knocked over a large Chinese vase which had cost the banker a small fortune. With true child instinct little Peter had demolished the most valu-

able vase in the parlor. The servant apprehensively gathered up the pieces, expecting a violent explosion from uncle Davy, but instead she beheld, merely a dear old man deeply absorbed in quieting the sobs of the child in the folds of his loving arms.

That night as he stood in front of the mirror in his dresser, he suddenly observed, as he gazed ruefully at his ruddy old face;

"Fifteen hundred dollars gone to smash, Davy, old boy, unless that tinker can fix it up; but egad, man, I believe you're getting younger every day."

The child still comes thru the gate, and a piece of bric-a-brac gets broken now and then. But what matter. A lonely old man is living over again a few happy child-enriched years.

CHAPTER II

One day the father followed the child thru the gate. He was wrestling with a problem and David Moore must help him solve it.

The banker sat smoking in his great chair as his friend entered, and the chubby boy sprang into uncle Davy's lap with his usual impetuosity. The two men conversed for a long time, David blowing out great clouds of smoke, which Standish watched as it rose lazily and drifted away among the tall palms and golden bird cages; while little Peter played with his blocks and watched the goldfish dart in and out among the doors and windows of the submerged German castles.

"Um-m, so you want to build a smelter, do you, Standish?" mused David after a long silence, "and you have to build a railroad to Plume, the coal fields, and the lime quarries, in order to be master of the situation, eh?"

"Yes, that's it, David. It's a big proposition and I need help. I've got the money to do it all with, but I'm almost afraid to tackle both of the propositions at once. One of them, alone, is enough to keep a fellow busy for a while."

"All right, Standish, I'll think it over and let you know. Getting to be an old man, my boy, almost on the shelf now, but when a young duck like you comes along, it kinda makes me want to creep out of my shell and look around."

Later, as the child and father crossed the yard and passed thru the gate and on into their home, David's gaze rested on them lovingly. Then he pondered long and deeply.

Was it only a dream? Would it ever become a reality?

Creature of fascination, ever haunting the Sublime Stage and bidding him dare.

Yes, never more fascinating than at this very moment. Fairly cringing at his feet and licking his shoes with the dumb beast's desire to serve and please its matser.

The Steel monster again.

Brandishing some four hundred and odd miles of shining steel rails. Twisting and winding them among great hills; thrusting them thru massive mountains; stringing them across great rivers; and laying them across green fertile valleys and thru vast forests as they laid dimpling and smiling in the golden western sun.

THE SALT LAKE SHORT LINE!

A magnificent steel highway plunging boldly into the Great Hills west and north of Denver.

Many years ago, when the famous Jay Gould visited the mountain metropolis and viewed the boundless resources of the Great Divide, he had said to David, who was then merely the cashier of National First;

"Straight west, Mr. Moore, that's the railroad you need to make your Denver the railroad center of the mountain West."

Horace Greeley thought so too, when he made his famous overland trip across the Rockies. And long years ago, the well meaning but unfortunate Brick Pomeroy had invested thousands of his own as well as other peoples money, in a great black unfinished tunnel driven in a huge buttress of Grays Peak near Silver Plume, in a vain endeavor to pierce the Great Divide for a short cut to Salt Lake City, the Mormon capital, and Ogden, the Huntington gateway to the Pacific.

In vindication of those sages of the past generation, it is only necessary to cite that the great Rio Grande railroad swings for over a hundred miles southward along the range from Denver. before it dares to make the leap toward the Great Hills to distant Utah. Then after winding and doubling tortuously upon itself, it has to return all this distance way over towards Utah, to at last laboriously crawl into Salt Lake City, having gone out of its way several hundred miles from a direct line northwest of Denver, stringing out seven hundred and forty-one

miles of steel to cover a direct distance of only four hundred. While the Union Pacific, the northern route to Salt Lake, crawling way up into Wyoming via Cheyenne, has laid down six hundred and twenty-eight miles of track to cover the same distance.

Truly a sad state of affairs in this day and age of modern world-wide economy and science, for Salt Lake lies only about four hundred miles north and west of Denver as the crow flies; and thus from two hundred and twenty-eight to three hundred and forty-one miles of precious steel hung up and wasted to cover that comparatively short stretch. A source of constant annoyance to the traveler, who looks regretfully upon the map in his railroad folder as he observes the conductors take seven hundred and forty-one units of mileage from his mileage-book; when, if a direct line were in operation between Denver and Salt Lake, it would only take a little more than four hundred miles of coupon transportation, to say nothing about the great saving of time and the reduced cost of meals and Pullman service. .

David Moore had dreamed for many years of building this short line to Salt Lake. But so many other things had absorbed his time and attention that he had felt it too great a task for a man of his years to undertake. But this Standish Brown, still youthful, rich, and an acknowledged power in the state; and who also contemplated the construction of some one hundred and fifty odd miles of railroad to connect his proposed new smelter with his group of mines at Plume, and to tap certain coal fields and lime quarries. Why couldn't this big husky chap help on this Short Line proposition as well; especially as his contemplated one hundred and fifty miles of railroad was almost on a direct line from Denver to Salt Lake. Why not wake up then, David Moore, and add the other three or four hundred miles, and thus achieve what Denver has waited for so long, the Short Line to Salt Lake?

As the old banker sat there and smoked, and looked upon the great play on the boards of the Sublime Stage,

he actually became enthused, and rising to his feet he walked slowly back and forth with his hands clasped behind his stout back. Musing thus beside the soft playing fountain amid the green palms, in the presence of the dreaming Sappho, he became deeply absorbed in the Play, often applauding the actors and sighing deeply in the intensity of his contemplation.

He arrived at his office at the National First that day an hour late, the first tardiness for years. The sympathetic officials nodded their heads knowingly and thought, "Sure enough, the dear old boy is feeling his years."

But uncle Davy fooled them this time, for that night the dream was over, the spiritual reality was to be seconded by the material reality. The inward fact was to be demonstrated by the outward fact.

David Moore had decreed that the Short Line was to be built. It was to be his crowning monument and effort for Denver, his beloved Colorado, and the golden West.

CHAPTER III

In September of 1902, the huge Web of the Spiders began to shake. Not very alarmingly to be sure, but just a disagreeable, annoying, persistent agitation, which caused the Spiders to begin an investigation; with the alarming result that several Wasps in the vicinity of Denver were found building a nest, and that these slight shakings of the Web was caused by the draught of certain active Wasp wings, flying dangerously close to the Rocky Mountain meshes of the National Railroad Spider Web.

This Web was a colossal, appalling affair. It was spun out in vast terrifying strands of shining steel to all parts of the nation. In fact, the Web really consisted of numerous smaller strands joined together at a point of vantage where all the Spiders could readily meet and talk over their affairs.

This vantage point was New York City, from which the Vanderbilt and Cassett webs stretching westward to Chicago and St. Louis, were connected with the Harriman, Hill, and Moore webs; incidentally throwing out a strand or so toward the great Gould web, which stretched southward from Detroit and Toledo toward Galveston and El Paso.

North and east of New York City, the great Hall web spread over New England and far northward to Montreal and Nova Scotia, where it made a connection with the Van Horne web. This Van Horne web also stretched far westward to Vancouver, with a long, slender strand reaching down to Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland.

South of New York City was spread the Morgan-Belmont web clear thru to New Orleans, where its shining meshes were woven in with the Harriman and Gould webs, which hung down the continent from Chicago and

St. Louis, stretching far westward to San Francisco and southward to El Paso and the cities of old Mexico.

If a blow were struck upon any of these enormous webs of steel, it would be instantly felt by these king Spiders in little old New York, whose nests were built all over Isle Manhattan. Palatial nests costing millions of dollars, and which were furnished and decorated with the vast spoil and plunder of those poor flies and other insects which had been caught in the fatal meshes of these luring lines of steel.

Quite frequently, too, these fat, yellow-bellied Spiders would quarrel among themselves; to such an extent at times, that they would rob each other of their webs, and savagely tear great rents in the steely skeins in their fierce spider battles; and often, too, the weaker spider would die from the effects of his hard encounter.

If he did thus die, he was immediately devoured and his web carefully divided among the balance of the spider kings. That was why some of these huge yellow fellows were so big and fat. Their swollen, distended yellow bellies being crammed full of the little fellows, cruelly slain and gluttonously and remorselessly devoured.

Thus, the entire National Railroad Spider Web was ruled by about a dozen real big yellow bellies. The others being content to rule smaller webs, and who would quickly abandon the meshes of their steely skein, if one of the big, fat boys should choose to meander over it.

But to return to this rude shaking of the National Web near Denver.

It had long since come to the ears of the Harriman and Gould yellow-bellies, that several surveying parties were at work in the Great Hills west of the mountain metropolis.

What did it mean?

Rumor said that certain Denver capitalists were going to build a short line to Salt Lake City, and that these surveyors were locating the line.

Oh! Terrible!

The very thought of it arousing the yellow-bellied spider kings, Every Hold Harriman and Gougy Gould to wildest rage. For who would dare to propose a railroad thru that great empire of undeveloped country, which lies between Denver and Salt Lake? A broad and rich domain of agricultural, fruit, grazing, coal, and timber lands; comprising a magnificent region of mountain ranges secreting countless treasuries of precious mineral, making up in the aggregate an almost wholly undeveloped territory of nearly sixty thousand square miles.

Did not the rails of Harriman's Union Pacific hedge in this great domain on the north; while Gould's Rio Grande fenced it in on the south? And between these two fast binding strands of steel who would dare lay a rail for car and locomotive?

Yet such, for a full quarter of a century had been the miserable situation of this glorious land, bursting with wealth and treasure, and sighing for a brave knight to overthrow these fat Yellow-bellies, by thrusting a bright steel lance of a railroad straight thru the center of this magnificent virgin empire from Denver to the Mormon capital.

This was not the only trouble that the Yellow-bellies were experiencing at this time, for the National Web had also been frightfully shaken near Los Angeles, where a certain Montana copper king was projecting a line of steel across Nevada and California to reach a short line up to Salt Lake from the west, and satisfy the cry of Los Angelans for a quick route to Chicago and the far East. As it is now, they had to swing clear up to San Francisco and Reno, or curve way down to Albuquerque, before they could cut across the country toward the metropolis of the Great Lakes.

My! Such impudence! Just because brother Clark had nothing else to do, he would dare to run a little bunch of rails up to Utah, and gayly run locomotives and cars across sandy Nevada to Salt Lake. How the Harriman yellow-belly did squeal when he discovered Clarky's game.

Kinda pleased Gougy Gould tho. For Gougy secretly intended to place a Yellow-belly crown upon the copper maced Clark, and formally introduce him into the ways of railroad spiderdom when he came rolling up in his new cars to Salt Lake. Then when he had administered the Yellow-belly password to him, they would weave in their webs of steel, and start thru trains over them between Detroit and Los Angeles, via Chicago and Salt Lake.

"Oh! What a joke it will be on Every Hold Harriman," thought Gougy.

But, ugh! Dark brown taste in Gougy's mouth. For in his joy over Clarky's coming to Salt Lake, he had forgotten those Denver Wasps. This little Denver affair might spoil his new transcontinental scheme. So under these alarming conditions, Gougy Gould and Every Hold Harriman met in the gay capital of the Spiders, on the little isle of Manhattan, and decided that this Denver uprising must be nipped in the bud.

But, oh! A horrid wasp was such a different proposition from a poor fly or a measly gnat.

CHAPTER IV

Meanwhile what a busy time these Denver Wasps were having.

Finance wasp, Mr. David Moore.

Construction wasp, Mr. Standish Brown.

The promoter and the builder respectively, of the Salt Lake Short Line.

Mr. Old Residenter, who had dreamed of such a line for two generations, did, really prick up his ears at this combination.

"What! Dave Moore and 40 Rounds Brown, the head of this Short Line proposition?" he exclaimed, as he rushed down to the National First and interviewed blunt Horace Nichols.

"Fact," said Horace.

"Well, here's where I get in on the ground floor," he commented. And sure enough, when the subscription books were opened up, he put his name down for a big bunch of the green and gold bonds of the Denver, Northwestern, and Salt Lake.

A suite of offices were opened up by the new corporation in the Mountain building, in connection with those of the construction corporation, known as the Short Line Construction Co. This latter concern was to build the line, deal with the various contractors and dealers, and eventually, as the road was constructed, it would be formally turned over to the parent corporation for operation and maintenance, Standish being the head of the construction concern.

As the various surveying parties made their reports the Short Line gradually took form on paper. It was really a great project. For, in addition to penetrating the great Front Range of the Rockies, there were dozens of minor ranges to be crossed, numerous deep cañoned

rivers, and many chains of rugged hills. A big change was in store for Teddy Roosevelt's shooting preserve in this part of the country, for the proposed route of the Short Line passed right thru the hill country where the strenuous Teddy followed the cougar hounds in 1901.

As Standish inspected the sum total of the surveyor's reports with the assistance of a corps of engineers, he found that they had opened up a splendid and feasible line. A line that was at least two hundred miles shorter than the Union Pacific, and moreover, a comparatively easy grade for a mountain road.

An easy GRADE, that was almost as essential as a direct line. It is the one great object of modern railroad construction. Formerly engineers were eager to get a line thru at almost any grade, but nowadays the boldest of them are forced to seek easy grades, modern railroad magnates demanding it as absolutely necessary to economic transportation.

There was no doubt that the line satisfied Standish. But there was something else to be done before he could advertise for bids and begin construction. He must wait a little yet, and settle once and for all a most important question.

The PASS.

The pass which led over the main range of the Rockies.

Oh! These railroad kings are well dubbed Spiders. For in the interest of their monopolies one of them had a feathery right-of-way up the pass that Standish had picked out for his road. And more, you can bet he would fight to hold it, too, for every Yellow-belly on Wall Street was pledged to kill off these Colorado Wasps.

The Jimmy Hill spider had a right-of-way up the St. Vrain. The Harriman up the Boulder. The Hawley up the South Boulder.

Yet, one of these passes must be utilized for the Short Line.

Which one, did you say?

Well, that was Standish Brown's business.

And as a sample of what the Wasps were up against, it was only twenty-four hours after the Spiders on Wall Street had learned of the projected Short Line, that every one of the above named passes was guarded by a force of Pinkertons comfortably housed in hastily built lodges, and sworn to maintain the most vigilant and faithful watch upon these Colorado Wasps.

Standish couldn't make a move until this pass business was settled, and he must move at once, even tho it was winter and the mountains buried deep in snow.

CHAPTER V

Gus. Johnson was in hard straits these days. Cause—short rations on liquor, and Drink was protesting mightily.

Mrs. Johnson, the poor, sad faced little woman, who had so long denied herself the necessities of life in order that her husband and Drink might have their fill, had called on Standish one day, and requested that a portion of her husband's salary be turned over direct to her. Such an arrangement would support their little family comfortably, gradually pay off the debts; and the drunkard could then spend what he pleased upon his mistress without further neglecting his family.

Horrors! Johnson was doled out an allowance of only twenty-five dollars a month for him and Drink. Why, it wouldn't feed them for two weeks, so for several months after this arrangement was put into effect by his desperate wife and employer, the drunkard made life miserable for the little woman. Once, egged on by his mistress, he had attempted to beat her, but was prevented by the timely arrival of his son, Harry, who was developing rapidly both mentally and physically. Thus Johnson was deterred from the act as he looked into the courageous blue eyes of his sturdy little son.

"A tough little kid," he thought, "might hit me with a club, or brain me with an axe if he took a notion."

One day, however, as the drunkard stood in the marble lined entrance of the Insurance building, holding his paltry check of twenty-five dollars in his trembling hand, the most of which he already owed to a nearby saloonkeeper, and also inwardly raging at the thought that his wife would probably call at the office in a few moments and receive a fat check of seventy-five dollars, made out in her own name, all of which he had

earned himself and was, in his eyes, justly due him, he was almost bumped into by the spare figure of John Charles Rose.

"Why! How do you do, Gus," exclaimed that worthy, with all the cordiality that his selfish nature could assume.

"Pretty good, thank you," replied Johnson suspiciously.

"Won't—won't you come over and have a drink with me, old boy?" said the attorney in a lower tone, looking furtively about him.

"What! Great Cæsar, he must be crazy," thought the drunkard in sheer amazement.

But Drink said to him: "You chump, get in on this, quick. There's sure a hen on."

So, shoving the check in his pocket, the drunkard ambled unsteadily after the attorney, who led the way to a nearby place, which had all the appearance of a French restaurant. Johnson knew the place well. It was a favorite hang out for those tipplers who didn't like to be seen in a regular wide open saloon.

As they sat down at one of the tables, the attorney looked meaningly at the drink-depraved bookkeeper of Standish Brown.

Another New York crowd required information.

The Spiders wanted to know about the Wasps, and they had employed the sly Mosquito to obtain the necessary information.

The upshot of this meeting between Rose and Johnson was, the sale of certain information by Johnson to Rose for a generous consideration. Part of said consideration paid into Johnson's hands that very afternoon, the balance to follow as rapidly as the coveted knowledge was delivered from time to time to the aforesaid Rose.

Johnson and Drink left the place deliriously happy in the thought of unlimited libations, and John Charles Rose with the fond hope of discovering the most secret moves of the Colorado Wasps.

CHAPTER VI

Some sixty miles from Denver as the crow flies, lies Hot Sulphur Springs, the county-seat of Grand County, Colorado, and the exact center of famous Middle Park.

Been lying there thus for half century.

Why?

No RAILROAD.

Shut in by lofty mountains on all sides, Middle Park lies in the lap of the Great Divide, a veritable mountain paradise. Sleeping until that magic day when a ribbon of steel with its sinuous, glittering folds would wend its way among the snowy towers of the Great Hills, and loose at last in the valley of the Grand, the shrieking locomotive screaming its conquering blast of civilization.

Even fair cup-shaped Bohemia is not shut in as is this beautiful natural park of Colorado. If the famous home of the Czechs is a cup among the mountains, Middle Park is certainly a bowl.

To the east, the mighty Front Range rises an almost impregnable barrier, its peaks soaring nearly two miles above the level of the Great Plains, culminating in Longs mighty mass, 14,271 feet above sea-level. Even Berthoud Pass, the mail route to the Park, being way above timber-line.

To the south is the Williams River range, which peaks attain an altitude of over 12,000 feet.

To the west is the noble Park range, culminating in the Rabbit Ears in the extreme northwest, which sharp brown tips rise nearly 11,000 feet above the sea.

While to the north is the solid granite rampart of the Continental Divide, peaked on the western edge by Mt. Whitely, a 10,000-foot rater, and on the eastern edge by Baker Mountain, 12,613 feet high.

MIDDLE PARK!

Shut off from the world. Its center only sixty miles from busy Denver, but intervening, is the snow-crested barrier which for nearly half a century has defied the locomotive.

Bud Snyder had lived in the Park since '66. Squatting there on a half section of Grand River bottom waiting for the railroad, and the boom its advent was sure to bring, his once long chestnut locks, having turned white as snow in this weary vigil of thirty-six years. On one of the upper slopes of the Vasquez range he owned a group of mineral claims, which he had persistently worked for years. Had a fine body of ore, too. A rich streak of sylvanite in several places. No good, tho, until a railroad came into the Park to haul it to market. Not to be compared at this time with his good half section, upon which he could raise a crop of grain and graze his horses and cattle. Bud was the sheriff of the county, too. Not much of a job to be sure, but together with his long residence in the vicinity, it had established him as the king pigeon of Grand County.

One day in the winter of 1902-3, Bud sat by the fire in his neat log-house looking out of the window up at the Berthoud stage road for the stage from Frazer. Big blizzard raging on the upper hills, some eighteen inches of snow in the Park itself. Stage late as usual, with the Great Hills white and the beautiful scudding in an ugly wind blowing from North Park and the Wyoming line.

However, the stage hove in sight at last, emerging from under a deep gray snow cloud which was coursing the slopes of the Vasquez, causing the driver to crouch down low in the seat, as the sturdy mountain horses, with long icicles clinging to their steaming nostrils, trotted at a good pace in the teeth of the wind.

At the sight of it, Bud rose, put on his hat, and started to the postoffice to get his mail. He was watching the Denver papers closely these days, reading about the new railroad. He had also encountered a couple of surveying parties on the Grand the previous fall, and somehow he kind of felt that the railroad was to be a go this time.

He did not know Standish Brown personally, but he had not forgotten an incident which occurred back in the later 80's, when the Clear Creek boys from Empire had packed provisions over the almost impassable Berthoud for the relief of the people at the Springs. He remembered that Standish Brown was one of the men who had footed the bill.

"God bless him," thought Bud many a time since the new railroad had been proposed and he knew that Brown was one of the promoters, "Mebbe he'll be my lucky strike this time, too."

Bud reached the postoffice just in time to hear a tall man, who was bundled up in a huge fur overcoat, ask for the whereabouts of Bud Snyder.

"Reckon that's me, boss. What kin I do fer you?" said Bud, stepping up to the newcomer, and proceeding to cut off a huge chunk of "Battle-ax," jamming it into his cavernous mouth.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Snyder. I want to see you about a little personal matter when you have time," replied the stranger, evidently not wishing to speak his business more fully in the presence of several inhabitants of the Springs who had gathered for their mail.

"All right, stranger, if you'll jest wait until I get my mail, we'll go down to the shack."

A few minutes later, Bud ushered his visitor into the living room of what he was wont to call his "shack," but which was really a commodious two-story log-house.

"Women folks all dead, stranger—only old Daddy and me left," he added, as a great fox hound with an almost snow white muzzle rose from his place near the fire and licked his master's extended hand.

"Well, spit it out, pard," Bud continued, as his visitor threw off his great coat and they seated themselves in front of the fireplace, after Bud had piled the fire high with pine-knots.

"Mr. Snyder," said the stranger, "my name is Standish Brown, and——."

"What! Your name Standish Brown?" interrupted

the amazed and delighted Bud, rising to his feet and extending his hand eagerly, which Standish was pleased to grasp heartily; "Why, gol darn my old yellow galluses and dirty red westcoat, if I ain't tickled to death and buried in a lead coffin to see you, Mr. Brown. Shake, my dear sir, if it's the last shake I have on this danged old clod of earth."

For a long time Standish conversed with Bud, and as the sentences fell from his lips, the eyes of the gaunt, wrinkled sheriff of Grand County opened wider and wider. As he finished, the sheriff's jaws closed with a grim snap.

"By G——, it's a go, guvnur," he said in reply. "I'll match Grand County deputies against Pinkertons any day, when it's as plain a game as this; and besides, guvnur," he continued, a big tear trickling down his cheek, "I've been waiting thirty-six long years fer this here railroad, and the man that steps 'tween me and engine smoke has got ter fight. My little old half section will bring me a good hundred dollars an acre soon as the road gets in here, and the mines on the Vasquez will do the rest. You see, guvnur, I've got a widdy waiting fer me down in old Indianny, and you can jest put it down that we'll fly high when the Short Line comes to town. And let me tell you another thing, too, guvnur, every danged man thet I sign up fer this here gang of deps, is goin' to be a man thet's got a claim jest like me. Them's the kind thet they'll be no foolin' with, guvnur, the boys thet's fightin' fer their homes."

Standish caught the return stage to Denver. He had closed a deal with Bud Snyder concerning a certain pass which led across the Front Range into Middle Park.

CHAPTER VII

David Moore financed the first hundred miles of the Short Line with great success. Local capitalists subscribed generously for the bonds, and his old friends, the Berliners, went into the deal for several million. Likewise a number of old money-bag friends in Boston and Baltimore. Indeed so apparently substantial was the support of the enterprise at first, that Uncle Davy suddenly found himself at the head of a concern which not only promised to return large profits, but also to gain for him the eternal gratitude of all loyal Coloradoans.

As with the illustrious First Citizen, his name alone inspired the confidence of investors. Solid capital that name, David Moore, forty years of absolute business integrity having made it a power that the actual possession of twenty millions in the hands of a less competent man could not make.

David kept a close watch on his younger associate, and was thoroly posted as to the surveyor's route-developing process. But thru it all, he did not omit his daily hour with little Peter in the midst of the sun-parlor.

Very shortly after Standish encountered the vexatious question of the Pass, which also involved many right-of-way matters, he realized that he must preserve absolute secrecy in his correspondence, or his plans might completely miscarry. A few days before his trip to the Springs, a neatly dressed young woman began to appear every weekday morning at the rear door of the Brown mansion. A sewing girl for Madame Fiorina, perhaps, but in reality a private stenographer handling the secret correspondence of the Short Line, especially relating to that portion designated by Standish as "Pass A," the real point of attack on the Yellow-bellies; while his

downtown correspondence was devoted to "Pass B," the point of a feigned attack.

It was in this latter point of attack that Gus Johnson was very much interested, both in his regular position as Standish's private bookkeeper, and as an occasional privileged visitor at the Short Line office in the Mountain building, where he seemed to have no difficulty in keeping thoroly posted as to the progress of the line.

The Mosquito was in high good humor these times. Daily bulletins from Johnson disclosed the entire plans of the Wasps, these bulletins being duly transmitted to the New York Yellow-bellies by the exultant Rose. With such a perfect organization these Wasps were scarcely as dangerous as so many poor flies.

About this time the Pinkerton forces were considerably strengthened at "Pass B." Soon the arrival of certain carloads of rails, ties, and other railroad supplies were noted at the nearby town of Lion on the Vrain. This was one of the points where the Jimmy Hill spider had fastened his web to the foothills of the central Rockies, and guarded the entrance to the St. Vrain cañon. At this indisputable evidence there was no longer any doubt in the minds of the Spiders and their emissaries, but that the Short Line folks were getting ready for a raid, to block which the Spiders employed a couple of dozen section men to throw up a strong barricade across the mouth of the St. Vrain entrance, while a switch-engine under constant steam and attached to a long string of flat-cars, stood on a nearby siding ready to block with a mass of rock and steel any crossing which the Short Line raiders might attempt. John Charles Rose in the meantime was carefully inspecting the right-of-way papers which gave the Yellow-bellies absolute possession of the St. Vrain entrance to the great Front Range, while an injunction was already drawn up to be granted by the court the instant the attack was made. Poor Wasps, they had undertaken a hopeless task, this storming of the St. Vrain pass.

How merrily the Spiders talked it over as they sat in their nests in little old New York, and exchanged affec-

tionate touches with their stubby crabbed beaks and long feathery legs. Sweet billionaire love. Tender, touching, gentle multi-millo passion. How charming this rubbing together of noses over the discomfiture of the poor struggling Wasps.

Rose finally wired the long expected message:

"Within a week, a gang of fifty laborers with a band of armed leaders, will attempt to force the passage of the St. Vrain."

Soon the arrival of a carload of wheeled scrapers was announced by the B. & M. agent at Lion.

"Well—are we ready!" chuckled the Yellow-bellies to themselves as they strengthened their forces with a fresh detachment of Pinkertons. And, sure enough, in full confirmation of Johnson's latest bulletin, the Wasps appeared upon the scene with a big gang of shovelers and pick wielders, who partially unloaded the cars of material and attempted to throw up a grade upon the banks of the St. Vrain..

At this juncture the Pinkertons challenged them, flaunting copies of Rose's injunction in their faces; but the armed guards of the Wasps defied them impudently and several warning shots were fired on both sides. Finally as the situation became more acute the frightened laborers scattered, and with night coming on, the Short Line crowd retired, temporarily defeated.

All this news came out in the Denver papers with sensational head-lines, and consternation and high indignation reigned among the citizens of the city and state. The defeat of their pet project seemed assured, and long editorials in the leading journals denounced the iniquitous rule of the Yellow-bellies. Also appeared in the press various interviews with the defeated Wasps. David Moore was reported as looking decidedly glum; Standish Brown as anxious and discouraged.

Unknown to the newspapers, however, John Charles Rose was very happy, and Gus Johnson was fighting

booze at a great rate, rolling in cocktails and five-fingered decoctions with alarming rapidity.

The fight continued. The governor threatened to call out the state militia, and mass meetings of Denver citizens were about to be called, when, all at once a great event happened. An entirely new situation.

CHAPTER VIII

For ages the Pass had endured under the blue vault of heaven. Ever since the massive crust of Mother Earth had suddenly heaved, the high peaks had popped up in wild disorder; and the vast prehistoric ocean had been thrust back, to roll for other untold ages over that region which is now known as the Great Plains; that bellowing, ponderous ocean, which once beat and tugged at the base of these mighty Rocky Mountains, as at present the thundering Pacific rolls its surging tide over the wide sandy bar of the Columbia, and the North Sea batters ceaselessly upon the granite buttresses of Norway.

Only a laughing seaward rushing creek now flows where once great oceans rolled.

Indeed, the Creek was really a most dainty thing. The combined flow of innumerable rivulets, which tumbled down from the eternal snow-fields of the high soaring James and the twin Arapahoes thrust some 13,000 feet upward among the clouds.

In summer time the Creek rolls and tumbles busily at flood tide over the mossy stones and among the fragrant pines, its tiny wavelets reaching up and lapping the feet of the columbines and gentians which grow upon its mist-sprayed banks. In winter, its flow gradually dwindles, and finally as the deep snows set in and the mercury falls, it freezes almost solid for dozens of wintry miles, only to be again released from its icy sheath by the warm spring sun.

Beside the Creek lies the Trail. A very dim and shadowy Trail now, but, nevertheless, as one peers up into the narrow gorge of the Creek which leads up to the foot of the James, he can discern even yet, a dim, ghostly, pine-needled, aspen-leaved pathway which winds dimly among the leafy aisles of the forest.

Upon this trail once walked the mighty thunder-footed buffalo, marching hot and panting from the scorching, burning arroyos of the Great Plains, thrusting his parched, dusty muzzle full into the sparkling, refreshing flood of the creek drinking his fill, to later recline in sweet enjoyment among the fragrant pines in the cool shadow of the towering crags. Here the deer and the antelope have often rushed in from the plains to escape the hunter and the wolf, only to fall prey to the blood-thirsty cougar in some dark recess of the gorge.

Often, as some gentle doe reaching down her beautiful head to quaff from the smiling stream, a hideous yellow form has leaped suddenly upon her back. Fearful claws have sank deep into her tender flesh, and fierce ponderous jaws have torn at her graceful throat. Two days later perhaps, the only remains of this fleet and graceful courser of the wilds, was a skeleton, picked clean to the color of alabaster, to lay still and silent beside the unheeding stream, and slowly succumb to decay in the deep mould of the forest floor.

From the high castled crags of the Pass, the sun-defying eagle peers down into the green embowered depths of this stately portal of the Great Hills. Observing a chipmunk perhaps, a trout flashing its exquisite rainbow colors in the clear waters of the stream, or a rabbit, nibbling a tuft of grass, this king of the air plunges suddenly downward in meteoric flight, and returns with its victim vainly wriggling in the clutch of the steely death talons. Soaring with its prey to the eyrie upon the distant crag, it drops it among the ravenous eaglets to gorge themselves, until soon the white bones of the victim drop dismally over the edge of the cliff.

Here, too, in the somber reaches of the Pass, the plain's Indians, the Arapahoes and the Cheyennes, used to meet the mountain tribes of the Utes and the Blackfeet; often in peace and parley perhaps, also in death. Either seeking shelter from the death-dealing arrow, or smiling in the keen enjoyment of the fragrant whiff of the calumet. Thus, these beetling crags have resounded for ages with

the clashing arms of implacable savagery, and this sparkling stream has borne upon its crystal bosom the red gore of the wounded and dying Indian.

Mute evidences of these tragedies of the wilderness can be found upon the banks and in the bed and shallows of this beautiful mountain stream. Here the great thigh bone of a bison is half embedded in the sand, beside it, a couple of flint arrowheads glisten in the sunlight. Caught between two boulders is a pair of antlers deeply honeycombed with age. Bleaching upon a jut of sand-bar is the jawbone of a coyote, and nearby, projecting just above the sand ripples, is the white bristling spine of a trout.

Standing in the Pass beside the stream, its granite, pine niched, towering portals, form a grand cathedral window. Looking toward the east thru this gigantic opening of the Great Hills, one beholds the long, narrow, green ribboned valley of the Creek, with its accompanying levels of irrigation ditches as it meanders thru the wide rocky flats which sweep away toward the plains from the lowest tier of foothills; while just above the farthest eastern horizon, gleam the brown tumbling billows of the Great Plains themselves.

Turning to the west, however, an almost perpendicular mile or more of shining granite, arises, banked at the base with dark masses of towering pines and spruces; and crested, just where the Great Hills kiss the blue, with a pillow of eternal snow.

What a contrast!

To the east, the wide extended flats. To the west, the awe inspiring heights. On the one hand, the white fences of civilization, on the other, the howling wilderness.

But the day of wild barbaric Nature will soon end. For thru this lofty window and high walled pass, the shriek of the locomotive will soon mingle with the scream of the eagle; and the "click-click," rail staccato of the heavy Pullman wheels will mingle with the sonorous gurgle and rush of the seaward flowing stream.

This, then, is the Pass of the South Boulder, where the Short Line is to enter the Great Hills, to throw its ribbon of steel athwart the flanks of the unconquered James, and roll down its victorious shining twin strands into the virgin valley of the peak-locked Grand.

A short distance from where the South Boulder leaves the gorge of the Pass and debouches upon the plains, is the grass and weed covered terminal of an old defunct railroad grade. Years ago the predecessors of the Hawley spider built this grade. How easily the loose sandy soil had been tossed up and rounded off as neat as a garden terrace. But here in the dizzy shadow of the Great Hills, where the solid granite had suddenly and ominously grated upon the shovel of the grader, the work had as suddenly stopped, and thus some great scheme of transcontinental mastery had ignominously ended. Here, at the entrance of the South Boulder cañon, with the iron rocked, deep buttressed, 13,000-foot James towering defiantly in the far distance, a baffling and terrifying wall of gleaming granite. But ever true to the never failing clutch of the rapacious acquisitive Yellow-bellies, this grade still shows on the map of one of their webs, and is counted on to hold the right-of-way for them thru the South Boulder Pass. A mere ghost line of possession, flung timorously out to hold the entrance to an important portal of the Rocky Mountains.

At the end of this defunct grade, now deeply covered with snow, was the cabin of the Pinkertons. Two of them. Only just enough to maintain the watch. Didn't expect a Short Line move here, with all those extensive preparations and yesterday's battle on the Vrain. The windows of their rough board shack faced the east, and thru them from time to time, the two faithfully watched the valley of the creek, closely scrutinizing the hill country toward the southeast, beyond which rose the smoke of the Denver smelters, some eighteen miles away. With a pair of field-glasses the heights of Westminster and the Jesuit college could easily be observed, between which

points flows Clear Creek close to its junction with the Platte.

Naturally, the Pinkertons paid very little attention to the western view. What a bleak prospect? Only a solid mass of mountain, uninhabited, dreary, and deeply buried under the white mantle of winter.

Lulled into quiet security, especially by the latest news of the situation phoned them from headquarters the previous day as to the St. Vrain episode, they leisurely watched the east and smoked their pipes.

That evening as they cooked their supper, the solitary figure of a man stood in the entrance of the Pass, and from behind a low boughed spruce closely examined their shack with a pair of field-glasses. While further back, hidden in the recesses of the cañon, was a dozen or more fellows all dressed in furs and walking on snowshoes, each carrying both a revolver and a rifle as was the man in advance, evidently their leader; and who was none other than Bud Snyder, the sheriff of Grand County.

The sheriff and his men were upon no official errand this time, and besides they had no business in this vicinity officially, as they were far outside the borders of Grand County. They were simply out to meet the Pinkertons upon an equal footing—gun men hired to fight the battles of a corporation. But with this marked difference, every one of them had a vital interest in the building of the Short Line. Either a mining claim on the Vasquez, perhaps, certain acres of Grand River bottom, or town lots in the Springs. Every man of them could be trusted to put up a desperate fight for bringing Middle Park within the bounds of that civilization so long denied it by the greed and avarice of the Yellowbellies.

Presently the dusk settled down heavily after the prolonged winter alpen glow. The vast shadow of the James swallowed up the narrow gorge of the creek, and the lights of distant Denver, in company with the stars, sparkled out from the far southeast.

About eight o'clock, the Pinkertons were startled by a

light knock on the door, and promptly pulling his revolver, the elder of the two motioned to his companion to open it. As the latch was drawn a revolver was thrust in the Pinkerton's face and he was suddenly seized and jerked thru the opening, while a dozen weapons were levelled on the man inside. Seeing that successful resistance was impossible, and rightly supposing that the telephone line had been cut, the elder Pinkerton threw his weapon upon the table and quietly submitted.

Ten minutes later several rockets were discharged from near the shack and within an hour the creaking wheels of heavy wagons and wheeled scrapers could be heard coming up the frozen, snow-covered road. By daybreak a camp kitchen had been installed, serving breakfast to the gang of graders who began laying a temporary track over the old grade as the preliminary of the more extended operations of a steam shovel, while by ten o'clock that morning, the contractor who had made the successful bid on that section of the Short Line, was watching his men toss frozen snow and dirt into the dump carts and superintending the operations of the wheeled scrapers.

Bud Snyder and his men camped in the vicinity for several days, until the small army of graders was in full swing and in undisputed possession of the Pass.

Up at Lion on the Vrain, the scene of the feigned attack, several cars of steel, ties, etc., were rebilled by the railroad agent to Marshall, the nearest station to the entrance of the South Boulder cañon, and a few days later this material was laid on the freshly made grade which the army of graders had thrown up in the Pass, and the laugh was on the Yellow-bellies this time.

CHAPTER IX

The day of the battle on the St. Vrain, Gus. Johnson felt miserable, and when the afternoon papers were tossed into the office by the carriers, the drunkard read every line of the battle account with morbid interest. There was something fascinating about this peddling of inner employer business, and seeing that nefarious traffic result in his discomfiture. Johnson's information had been acted upon to the very letter by the Spiders, and the result was glorious to the drunkard's feverish eyes as he read again and again the sensational lines of the papers. But later, as he entered the private office of his employer and laid the papers upon Standish's desk, and the man from Plume looked up at him in smiling askance, the drunkard slunk back to the outer office deeply abashed. The kindly smiling glance smote him to the very depths of his existence, and returning distractedly to his labors, he was immediately lost in the terrible play of his soul.

Strange to relate, a new and unexpected being sprang upon the Sublime Stage, and fought desperately with Drink for mastery. A being the drunkard had never known before. A half divine form, emanating transcendent beams of light, from which Drink shrank in terror.

Nearer and nearer the glorious figure of light crept to Drink and to the drunkard's inner quick soul. Its calm accusing eyes filling him with unspeakable anguish. That terrifying and glorious figure of light was the awful form of REMORSE.

Hidden away in the recesses of the soul is this divine child of Conscience. It may be secluded for years and never wake to action. In a pure soul it may never appear, save in a procession of angels, but in the soul of the guilty

it is sure to spring into dreadful and terrifying action.

As with the life of certain plants, Remorse thrives in an atmosphere of filth and pollution, and when a certain state of fertilization is attained, blossoms and bears fruit. It is like a stainless lily springing up from the muck and mire of a malarial swamp.

Remorse is the last surviving child of Conscience, and if it fails to rid the soul of the demon brood of Sin, that soul has plunged forever from the Heights of Truth, howling into the yawning abyss of Error. Many a soul has been saved upon the very brink by this divine player, but alas, how many have taken the dreadful plunge cursing and blaspheming the hand that would have saved them.

As Standish left for home that evening, he noticed that Johnson was acting strangely and was seemingly under a peculiar spell. But as he passed out of the office he addressed the drunkard a kindly good night and patted him encouragingly on the shoulder as he cowered over his books.

This was the supreme moment of that divine angel, Remorse, for after the door closed behind his employer, the drunkard shoved his books into the vault, closed the door and turned the combination; and putting on his overcoat and hat he took the elevator for the street and was soon treading the thorofares of the city like one possessed. He did not go home that night, and more strangely still, he did not enter a saloon. Remorse had temporarily conquered Drink, and lost in the battle the drunkard aimlessly wandered the streets.

The streets of east Denver present a peculiar phenomenon to the visitor who may chance to follow one of them to its end. Walking briskly forward in the fresh, bracing air, interested in the ever changing types of architecture which line both sides of the thorofare for miles, he suddenly finds himself at the end of the street, a curious unexpected end.

Westward, stretches the broad street with its thou-

sands of beautiful homes and happy children, but eastward is only a vast, bleak, and sand-blowing prairie. No farms, no villages, no fences, no shady country lanes or neat farmhouses. Nothing—save the bare, raw plains of cacti and sage-brush reaching eastward for hundreds of weary miles towards the sandhills of Kansas and Nebraska. A wide dreary waste unbroken by the plow. A region of dry watercourses and sandy arroyos, over which forever blows the wild bleak winds.

Bleak and forbidding as is this region, it has its history.

Here is a battered tin can; there a rust eaten wagon tire. That dark spot yonder in the sand was made by the charred embers of an old campfire, carrying one back to the days of '49; and marking the site of some gold seeker's camp, who somehow in that long ago managed to reach at least this far on his way to California—and exit—who knows?

Here is a half worn, deeply moulded and dried up boot, of a style and last not later than 1865; near it a few bones are mingled with the shriveled tatters of a leather belt, the corrosive green upon the withered leather, indicative of its contact with several copper rivets. This exhibit is that of a Pike's Peaker, who, reaching this stage on his journey, met death in some mysterious manner, was buried in a shallow sand shifting grave; and the winds and coyotes have brought his bones from under the sands to glisten gruesome under the high stars.

Here is a large stack of old tin cans and broken crockery, rusted iron and wire, together with a mixture of red, yellow, and brown ashes, testifying to the former presence of a large surveying party's camp, whose members were probably running one of the preliminaries of the first Pacific railroad.

At another point on these bleak sands are indications of a pioneer's brush with the Indians. Flint and steel arrowheads mixed with several brass cartridge shells are here visible; also the skeletons of several horses and ponies protruding from the sands of a large trench grad-

ually hollowed out by the winds; while nearby the spokes and broken hub of an old wagon wheel, and an old boot, high heeled and brass nailed, sticks out from a clump of half-dead sage-brush.

Yes. And probably the remains of several humans are buried under the nearby mounds now covered by various colonies of cacti.

Scattered over nearly every square mile of this wide waste of drifting sand, cacti, and sage-brush, are the mute evidences of the perilous life of our old friend, Wild Woolly West. Doubtless when Uncle Sam finally irrigates this region, the plow of the rancher will turn up many other objects eloquent of the old virgin West.

It was ten o'clock of the same night that Gus Johnson, first lost in the spell of Remorse, was walking swiftly over these bleak plains east of Denver. There was no light in the sky save that of the stars and a distant white glow showing dimly over the edge of the low hills in the west, marking the myriad lights of the distant city.

By midnight, he had reached in his aimless wanderings, the brow of a high hill from which he could see the entire glittering expanse of Denver marked out with its thousands of electric lights. Directly below him at the foot of the hill, was the great smelter, Plant B, with its cyclopean battery of flaming furnaces belching forth their fearful hell fires. The great stack shrouded in mist rose dimly in the distance, spitting forth its interminable white cloud of sulphurous vapor into the starry sky.

Still under the spell of his thoughts, the drunkard walked slowly down the long hill, and for a long time, apparently fascinated by the sight of the flaming furnaces, stood just outside the fire lines of Plant B. Then he walked boldly out upon the hard slag floor of the smelter, to where the furnace-men were running the slag from the furnaces into the wheeled pots, and pouring their molten contents into the huge settling kettles.

Standing by one of the monster settlers, watching the

"The fearful consuming depths of the monster seemed to fascinate him strangely."

workmen fill it with the fiery spew of the Great Hills, the fearful consuming depths of the monster seemed to fascinate him strangely, and he clutched his throat spasmodically in that peculiar manner of the habitual drunkard.

Drink was at last reviving in his soul at the sight and warmth of these awful hell fires of Plant B. And rousing herself in a supreme effort to regain control of the drunkard, she leaped at Remorse with all the implacable rage of a Fury, clutching the virgin's tender throat with a scream of triumph. Slowly but surely under the awful throttling, the divine light of the last child of Conscience was dying out. Drink, again triumphant, would after slaying her victim again lead the drunkard saloonward.

Remorse made one last agonizing struggle for mastery, but in vain; and as her virgin form straightened out in the rigors of death, Drink gave a triumphant glance at her poor slave Johnson.

But what did she behold that struck her dumb with terror; that made her relax her grip upon her latest victim, and caused her to shrink back with wild screams of rage and despair.

It was the vision of the wailing ghosts of her former victims, Decency, Pride, Love.

Johnson beheld them also. A fearful sight this, upon the stage of the Theatre Terrible.

At the head of these accusing figures was another figure. A dancing, voluptuous, sinuous creature with charms seductive to the drunkard's enraptured gaze.

It was the fatal soul siren, Suicide.

Gliding across the Sublime Stage with a soft cry of delight, the Salome dancer of death wrapped her all too willing victim in her rosy arms, and leaped with him into the grim abyss.

Gus. Johnson, the degenerate son of Adam, plunged head foremost into one of the huge settlers with its horrible pottage of molten slag.

Such was the dense, specific gravity of the melted rock,

that at first the drunkard's form sank only to the armpits, his form skewering frightfully upon the surface for a brief moment; then, evidently from the fact that his body was absolutely soaked with alcohol, it burst into a bluish flame full in the sight of several horror-stricken smelter men, then slowly sank simmering and melting, like a fly on a red-hot stove, into the flaming, glowing mass with a last sickening hiss.

The Theatre Terrible had raised and dropped its last curtain for poor Johnson.

No trace of him remained. Not a button. Not a bone. Inside of five minutes the contents of settler No. 3 went hissing over the slag dump, just as tho it did not hold within its molten brew, the vapor of a suicide.

Perhaps no suicide ever succeeded in annihilating himself more completely than did Gus. Johnson. For not a vestige of clothing, form, or substance of him remained. An almost instantaneous reduction. Ashes to ashes, and an unhappy soul lost in vapor.

After a long night of searching and suspense with absolutely no clew to her husband's whereabuts, Mrs. Johnson perused the morning papers eagerly, and noticed particularly the thrilling account of two smelter men who had witnesed the fearful leap of a suicide into settler No. 3 at Plant B. Standish also read the account, and after a careful investigation and interviews with the witnesses of the affair at the smelter, they agreed that in all likelihood the victim was her husband.

Mrs. Johnson still continues to enjoy her monthly check from Standish, altho she found steady and remunerative employment as a seamstress. Standish steadfastly refused her importunities to cease the sending of the checks, and so at last accounts she was saving the money to help pay for Harry's education.

Standish never knew of the perfidious relations which existed between Johnson and John Charles Rose, and as for the latter individual, he never fully recovered his prestige with the New York crowd, following the loss of the South Boulder Pass.

CHAPTER X

The dirt was flying on the Short Line, and many miles of it had been graded on the west slope of the Divide in Middle Park by the spring of 1903, and was ready for track-laying from the foot of the James into the Springs, as soon as the road from the eastern slope was brought to a connection and supplies could be brought up; in consequence Standish was happy and satisfied with the progress of the undertaking.

Great days these for Bud Snyder and the boys. The boom was on. The dream of half a century had become a reality. Town lots in the Springs were way up, for with its hot springs and salubrious climate there was great hope that it would become an important resort.

The track-laying gang on the east slope were well up into the Pass by this time. A solid substantial road now reached from Denver far into the huge portal of the Great Hills, laid with eighty-pound steel, and every culvert and bridge of steel and concrete construction.

Theodore Dodge and Colorado Steel furnished the rails and structural steel, and broken slag from Plant B, an ideal material for the purpose, was used to ballast the road from the city to the foothills.

The workmen were having a tough time of it in the Pass. Desperately rugged country. Every mile of road costing a fortune. The roadbed for a considerable distance was located far above the level of the creek, crossing and recrossing the stream several times, and in the supreme effort for grade, coiling itself up in the narrow defiles of the cañon like a great boa-constrictor, with its high reared head resting on the crest at Rollins Pass, at an altitude of 11,660 feet above the level of the sea, where it crossed the Continental Divide to descend the Pacific Slope.

The many contractors were making a grand fight of it,

however, clearing the right-of-way of timber; biting off a huge granite ledge here; making a dizzy fill there; and driving short tunnels thru the numerous sharp projecting spurs of the mountains. Bridge men, too, were dropping great spans of steel across the deep ravines and piling up lofty trestles over the wide gulches. While at the very last station, far up on a giant buttress of the snow-capped James, a sturdy gang of rock men were blasting a tunnel thru the peak itself.

Two and one half miles of solid granite faced these stout red-shirted fellows, but when completed, the trains of the Short Line would roll thru the long bore from the Atlantic to the Pacific slope. This tunnel was designed with an almost level grade and perfectly straight alignment; and when finished, it was expected that one could stand at the east portal on a sunny day and discern a faint speck of daylight shining in at the west portal of the bore.

Standish had many other things to rejoice over this same gladsome spring. He had delivered an ultimatum to the C. C. & U. Ry. officials, regarding a certain prospective branch line which he intended to build into the Clear Creek country and on to Plume, to connect with the main line of the Short Line at a point a few miles east of the James. Startled by the prospect of this near competition, the C. C. & U. officials proposed to haul the ores of the 40 Rounds, and all other traffic of the region at the very lowest figures consistent with honest profit; a proposition Standish had accordingly accepted, signing up an agreement to that effect and abandoning his branch line project until such time as the C. C. & U. might choose to again raise its rates.

David Moore all this time was having a great hide-and-seek game with the Yellow-bellies.

James Equitable Hide, the president of the great New York assurance society which owned the nine-storied building of which the National First occupied the corner street floor, having come from New York on purpose to interview uncle Davy about this Short Line matter.

"Confound this independent Colorado and Montana

outfit anyhow," thought Jimmy as he left New York, "Here we had everything fixed up all right in Western railroad affairs. Jimmy Hill, Eddie Harriman, Georgie Gould, Harry Moore, and the rest of us had it all framed up, and now those impudent cusses of the Great Divide are building railroads of their own."

Three days later Jimmy Hide called on uncle Davy in Denver, having made up his mind not to mince matters one bit, the New York Yellow-bellies having insisted that he play his hand to the limit.

The great assurance society of which Jimmy was the president and chief sport, owned in the neighborhood of twenty-five millions of Yellow-belly stocks and bonds; and Jimmy fancied that a healthy, active, competitive line from Denver to Salt Lake would cut deeply into the profits of these investments. Besides, Jmmy's pious straight-laced widow and orphan protective institution, owned $100,000.00 worth of the stock of National First, and Jimmy felt that he had a perfect right to call uncle Davy pretty hard with all this backing, especially as he recalled the fact that the gently protecting, tenderly shielding angel of the widows and orphans, the trade graft mark and chief sucker gatherer of the Society, would never stand for the sacred banqueting funds of the Society to be placed in the slightest jeopardy.

He found uncle Davy clean and fresh shaven and in an excellent humor from his morning romp with little Peter. After cordially shaking hands Jimmy seated himself, and lighting a cigarette, said, thru the cloud of smoke, and with that gravely responsible air of one who has the cares of thousands of helpless orphans and widows upon his shoulders:

"Davy, do you know that you folks have got to cut out this Short Line project. I tell you it won't do. You certainly must know as a director and a large policy holder in our Society, that it owns in the neighborhood of twenty-five millions of the stocks and bonds of Western railroads, and how can you reconcile that investment with the introduction of another competing line from Denver to Salt Lake, when there are already two good

lines in the territory? Won't do I say, Davy, the interests of the Society won't stand for it. Er-r, we'll let you go ahead and build the road into the Springs, and let you make a local road of it; but we won't let you invade the Salt Lake territory, you might as well make up your mind to that."

Now David was not in the least disturbed by the irruption of this fast and furious cigarette smoke-blowing and dictatorial young Gothamite, for he replied coolly as he himself joined the smoke fest by lighting a Havana.

"Jimmy, the Salt Lake Short Line is going to be built right smack thru from the union depot in Denver to the union depot in Salt Lake City, just as sure as you are sitting in that chair. And you can tell the lads back home that our people mean business and that we're going to hold the line of the Rockies until they are ready to come in and play fair."

"Don't you ever doubt for a moment, Jim," he continued earnestly, pointing to a large map of Colorado, Wyoming, and Utah, which hung on the wall over his desk, "that just as long as we can raise a dollar that we're going to let this great undeveloped streak of Colorado, Wyoming, and Utah, wait any longer for a railroad. Do you realize, my dear boy, that the territory I am speaking of, has an area of nearly sixty thousand square miles, or as large as the whole state of New York with New Jersey thrown in, and nearly every mile of which will produce something for a railroad to carry? Now listen, Jimmy, I don't care a darn who owns the road after I build it, *it's the building of the road that I care for,* see? Why, my dear boy, either Mr. Gould, Mr. Harriman, or Mr. Hill would be tickled to death to get hold of it after it's done. In fact, it's almost a mortal cinch that they will, and they ought to be mighty darn glad that uncle Davy's taken the trouble to build it. As for the Society and you, Jimmy, if you know a good thing when you see it, I'll let you in on the deal for old acquaintance sake. Here—look this over," he added, handing him the original subscription list of the Short Line's stock and bond issue, some three millions of which had already

been subscribed by some of the most substantial men of Colorado, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Berlin.

"Now, Jimmy," continued David blandly, "I've got just a million's worth of these bonds picked out for you, your friends, and the Society; and with them I will present you with stock of the Denver, Northwestern, and Salt Lake, to the amount of $250,000.00 or just twenty-five per cent of the face value of the bonds, a generous bonus which I have long laid aside for you and your friends. This is a fine proposition for you, Jimmy, for the bonds are as good as gold, and the stock is pure cream. The Short Line is bound to make heavy profits where the Rio Grande and Union Pacific can't pay the interest on their bonds so far as thru traffic is concerned, and as for local traffic, that was assured before we laid a rail. But then, the issue will never get that far, Jimmy, for I'm just as certain as I am that I'm building the road, that the gang will own the road by the time it's built. For, as I said before, *getting it built,* is the thing with me. Putting this great undeveloped territory in touch with the world. You can explain all this to the gang when you get back home, and it's dollars to cents, Jimmy, that they'll pat you on the back and say, 'Well done.' Why, Jimmy, we've got a world-beater in this proposition, and it's up to you now as to whether you take the goods or not. Come—what do you say?" he added with rare good humor, his eyes twinkling merrily.

"Er-r, well, blamed if I don't take the stuff, Dave," said James after a short pause, "But I say, old boy, you'll have to coach me up some as to what to say to the gang when I get back, for I know they'll kick like the devil."

"All bosh, Jimmy, you know they're bluffers from way back, and they never have fooled uncle Davy and never will. Just—just tell 'em, uncle Davy's building a short line where it's darned badly needed and they can have it when it's done if they're going to get sore about it. That's all there is to it, Jimmy, come, let's go to lunch."

CHAPTER XI

There were quite a number of famous visitors to the United States in the fall of 1902.

The sudden victorious sweep of American arms in the Spanish war and the great American commercial invasions of 1900-01, had shaken the Old World to its very social and commercial foundations.

"What manner of people are these impudent, form-scorning, invention-breeding, New Continentalists?" was Asia and Europe's insistent query.

"We must send our most intelligent observers over to this marvelous, steadily paunch-growing Uncle Sam, and learn the rare secret of his unbounded prosperity."

So one by one they came, these fierce mustachios and huge flowing red beards of marveling Europe and Asia.

The first to attract attention being that illustrious citizen of France, Monsieur Alphonso D'Bloodsausage, who after spending six months in the States, returned to the Land of the Lilies to whisper triumphantly in the ear of the deep secret minister:

"I know—I know, my dear Gaston. NEWSPAPERS! That is it. Wonderful sheets made up by specialists of every kind and description, and every American reads them religiously. In the morning he reads. By noon he is thinking seriously. By night he has made up his mind, and the next day he *does*. Ah! Yes, My dear Gaston. The newspapers, that is the secret of zee Uncle Sam's beeg fat stomach."

Lord Chopface Oxheart of England also spent three months in the States, traveling incognito with a small party of friends. Not long after his return he had an audience with the king. In reply to his Majesty's inquiries as to the cause of Uncle Sam's remarkable prosperity, he said:

"MANUFACTURES, your Majesty, manufactures.

Manufacturing plants springing up all over the whole United States. Millions readily invested in one single industry. Matches all made by one gigantic concern. Sugar, biscuit, leather, oil, and many other industries, each merged into a great combine of its own, capable thru a wonderful economic arrangement, of crushing out competition in its particular line in almost any part of the world. Quite wonderful, your Majesty, these clever Yankee cousins of ours have achieved giant combinations, compared to which our great Hudson Bay and East Indian companies are mere babes."

A Russian grand duke paid the United States a visit this same notable season. When he returned to St. Petersburg and reported to the Illustrious Czar of all the Russias, he imparted to his Majesty with great positiveness, his version of this wonderful baffling secret of Uncle Sam's paunch-growing.

"PUBLIC SCHOOLS, your Sacred Supremeness. Wonderful! A schoolhouse in almost every township of the whole United States."

But Oh! Naughty, naughty grand duke. Did he tell his sire of his cutups with the pretty chorus ladies of the Dearman theatre in Chicago, or his interesting sessions with the Hold-me-tight-Love-me-much Opera girls in dizzy Gotham? Ah! The noble grand duke nearly abdicated his Russian high mightiness in those two charming soirees. But perhaps it was just as well, for poor grand duke must soon depart for the wars; and perhaps too, for the arms of the Geisha girls.

Asia also sent blooded and titled representatives to the States in 1902. One in the person of the crown prince of Siam, who sailed for home with the full and certain conviction, that Uncle Sam's portliness was caused by his vast network of RAILROADS.

Siamese crown prince like Russian grand duke also had several neat bouts with American chorus girls. And rumor says, "That each and every one of the feminine gender of the royal herd of elephants now wear garters, of a style decidedly Americanesque."

A representative of the Sultan slipped thru the States from Boston to San Francisco. Returning to the Bosporus, he was pleased to assure his Majesty, that the great secret of American prosperity was PATENTS.

"New guns, locomotives, telegraph and telephone systems. Typesetting machines that do everything but talk. Harvesting machines, that cut the waving crop from the stubble and turn the threshed grain into sacks ready for market and the straw in shapely stacks ready for feeding. Patents, your Royal Highness. The wonderful inventions of these still more wonderful Yankees."

Thus our various Asiatic and European cousins gave their different interpretations of America's sudden greatness. While they spoke the truth somewhat, they did not tell it all.

Newspapers, manufactures, public schools, railroads, patents?

Very good, foreign inspectors of the great Red, White and Blue nation.

But there is something still more wonderful back of all these lesser wonders. Indeed! A very wonderful thing, yet as old as man himself, and which is largely summed up in the masterful ascendancy of these goodly United States of America in the year of our Lord 1902.

Yes, back of all these most worthy characteristics of healthfully growing America, is a far greater thing.

The *vital* thing.

It is the FIRST PLAYER of the THEATRE TERRIBLE.

The supreme Player of the American National Soul.

The versatile master of the National Stage, who has of late displayed himself in a vast and impressive repertoire of National soul dramas.

This first and most Illustrious Player of the Sublime Stage is GENIUS.

Genius, the divine, the infinite inspirer, fruit producer and gatherer of America's Great National Soul.

Genius is the great builder. The undaunted daring architect; the marvelous constructionist.

Genius, the master workman. The supreme DOER.

Yes, but what is back of Genius?

THOUGHT.

Yes, back of Genius is Thought.

But what is back of Thought?

The INFINITE.

Yes, but Thought and Genius are slowly conquering the Infinite.

Correct, and then what?

What lies back of the Infinite?

Softly, gentle reader.

Speak the sacred name most contritely, with holiest reverence.

Gaze upward as the sacred name is breathed. Invoke the stars to softly witness and be still in the bosom of solitude. For back of the Infinite, is the GREAT ETERNAL GOD!

Naught else.

Thought finite. Thought infinite.

And back of thought Infinite, is the divine presence of the Almighty, Gracious, FATHER.

Some glorious pæan-singing day as Genius storms the last battlement of the awful Infinite, he will suddenly behold within the gates, the more awful, supremely awful and terrible presence of the Great Immaculate Father, who has waited for all the ages, to smile upon and embrace that first of his children whose genius has penetrated the Infinite and on into His all-embracing celestial HEART.

This is America's great secret, beloved African, Asiatic, and European brethren. Its great national soul, nourished by the well springs of all humanity, soars swift upon the wings of Time.

Ah! Genius, heaven endowed, creation-breathing spirit, mount thy chariot and scourge these hardy Mericans to still greater deeds, swifter, truer progress.

Fill this great teeming multitude of states with thy loud inspiring trumpetings.

Charge with demon fury the battlements of the Great Unknown, to rend the mystic veil and find the Holy Grail.

Split the rocks of Ignorance with thy mighty blows, and toss sweet thoughts abroad to scent the breeze with Hope.

Vindicate and celebrate our free Democracy. Proving it fruitful soil, producing the much and most yearned for fruit that the Lord of the Harvest desires—SOULS. Sweet souls. That blessed crop for which the world is only a field, and the universe itself a mere plantation.

On Genius, prove us roaring, thundering, grinding giants of Power; and yet, sweet tender maids of Love.

Prove us resistless, shattering blow-strikers of devastating, surging War; and yet, soft, dove-like singers of Peace, piping with the morn-bedewed larks, glory and repose.

Prove us eaters of Fire, swallowing and belching forth red, lurid flames of Destruction, gnawing down the crags and spewing the mountains; and, too, filled with powers and forces universal as is our Immortal Sire, let us stretch o'er the hot land as a sun-kissed cloud, and reaching down, lave it with shining dews.

We Mericans must endeavor, must pray, must fast, must walk in strict humility. Must, as children of the Blessed One, holding in our hands both the lightning and the palm, entreat the Most High God to reveal that Destiny, He decreed in the Beginning and which we must faithfully fulfill unto the End.

Genius cultivates, produces fruit, supremely vindicates those powers universal which kins man with the Universal Sire.

Sloth ridicules, enervates, dry-rots the life-budding bulb of Genius.

No man can idly sit and refuse to heed the master of his soul. That passionate, bursting, dynamic life force of his true, his inner nature, which demands outward expression. That dark, yet satiny shining, life-bursting bulb of Genius, which when deep rooted in the soul, endeavors to thrust its green sprouts vigorously upward and out into the world, to bud and blossom, to grow a wondrous flower. To nobly die at last, exalted in the sight of worshipping man, and gloriously vindicating the Great Father who gave it life.

Genius, the great DOER.

We are astonished at what Lord Bacon contemplated. But we are thrilled by what Shakespeare actually DID.

Victor Hugo dreamed of hundreds of masterpieces, but he is only known to us by the works he actually *materialized.*

The greatest problem of life which confronts the individual, is to discover, Genius; the universal, the god element within his soul; and to develop that element to its greatest perfection, to give it the highest expression. To cultivate the tree, and grow upon it the finest fruit.

Genius, the HEALTH BEARER.

That element of mind which bears the finest fruit within the grandest and most healthful soul.

Socrates, Diocletian, Goethe, Hugo, Spencer, Bryant. Ripe, magnificent, hoary old age of great soul-fruit producers.

Genius, the MASTER SANITY.

Confucius, Elijah, Jesus Christ, Dante Alighiere, Michaelangelo Buonarroti, Spinoza, Swedenborg; all sane, undaunted soul-fruit producers, treading unmoved among dribbling head-pointing generations declaring them mad.

Genius, the First and Most Illustrious Player of the Theatre Terrible, sings his song, carves his statue, rears his temple, founds his empire; and having garnered the fruit, stretches out upon the greensward, the white coverlet, the yellow sands, in the still hush of death. And as his red blood gushes forth he looks up at his Maker and smiles.

By this glorious fruit growing he is nobly vindicated. Immortality flowers his tomb. His work is done. The God spirit that was in him is vindicated. That spirit universal, which alone has added to human progress, Genius, the God spirit in man; for human progress is ever veered toward its Creator, and Life is but the road

which the creature travels in its endeavor to reach and bless and kiss the hand that gave it existence.

Ah! Genius, the grave may close over your crumbling clay, but you have gone on singing under the arches of the stars.

Like the great martyr of Kansas and Harper's Ferry, your soul goes marching on.

> "John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave,
> But his soul goes marching on."

Oh, Thou, Most Gracious Heavenly Father.

Hear the vast chorus of America's all-the-world children singing the glorious refrain.

> "Glory, glory Hallelujah, as we go marching on."

Genius, the VINDICATOR!

The one everlasting assurance to man that God hath kissed his soul, and bid him rise on wings of glory.

Genius, with whom, staggering, suffering, mocked and bleeding Man can walk serenely on alone and unfaltering, when all the world's against.

Genius, the unconquerable spirit of God's most glorious creature, MAN! ! !

CHAPTER XII

Solomon Guggenhone was at the Brown Palace again. With him was the son of an ex-secretary of the United States Navy, Percival Leonidas Whitless, if you please, one of Gotham's "400," and of a certain notoriety as the owner of a great stud of race-horses, for the maintenance of which Solly was to show him where to invest some two millions of Papa Whitless' money.

Also came Horace Beanpole Smith, another of the "400" New York solitaires. This young hopeful was noted for his wonderful line of fancy vests, he employed a valet just to keep a safe grip on this notoriety. He had already put something like a million of his papa's money into the stock of American Smelter, and the investment having paid a good dividend, it would enable him to keep up this fancy vest expenditure indefinitely. Smithy, too, was preparing himself to fall under the persuasive powers of Solly, to invest another million or so of papa's coin in the Guggenhone Ex-sport-stay-tion Company, a concern recently organized by these smelter kings apparently for the express purpose of giving these young and tender buds of the "400," a chance to exercise and try out a few of their papa's millions.

My! What bully exercise this new scheme proposed to give a snorting prancing million dollars.

To throw it into a great silver mine down in old Mexico, run a huge hoisting plant and mill, and connect the whole institution with a main line of travel and a smelter. And last and best of all, provide a place where every year or so Papa's boys could run out on their "Millionaire Special"—not forgetting their traveling cigarette factory—look at all of it, and imagine as the wheels turned round, what wonderful financiers they had become.

"Little Jack Horner,
He sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie.
He stuck in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
Saying, What a BIG boy am I."

Solly had another of Papa's boys on this little jaunt. Little Freddie Alderney from Boston. Now Freddie was noted for his dozen or so automobiles, Red Devils, Blue Devils, White Ghosts, Crimson Flyers, Bachelor Buttons, Curling Irons and the like.

My! But the Alderneys were great auto chasers, Freddie's papa being engaged at this time upon his autobiography, which would soon appear in print in a very exclusive and limited edition of red levant and gold, and containing scores of portraits of a long line of Puritan ancestors. From advance sheets rendered the press, this elaborate work apparently tried to prove that the Alderneys not only landed at Plymouth Rock, but had actually, in a bygone stone age, placed the rock there in answer to a direct command from the spirit of history.

This string of Papa's Boys which Solly had thus enticed into the wild and woolly West, were graduates of Yale, Harvard and Princeton; and all of them were admitted "blue-stockings" and thorobred aristocrats; *i. e.,* except Solly himself. For altho Solly was a Harvard man, yet he laid no claim to ancestral importance, except that of being the son of an honest, shrewd Jew, really the best of recommendations to those who know the history of the martyred race. Happily, however, Solly may advance in the estimation of Papa's Boys, and perhaps in a few years, such being the remarkable development of American ancestry, the name of Guggenhone will be formally placed upon the log-book of the good ship Mayflower by order of the Immaculate and Sky-blue Society of American Hen-setters and Ham-clammers.

Should this event never happen, the Jew is perfectly content to allow the sole custody of American ancestry

to Papa's Boys, if he is allowed the custody of the cash box.

He need not worry as to ancestry, knowing he was one of the most glorious parts of the past, and, too, he believes in the great TODAY. In that deed and dollar today, which grasped immediately, NOW, is a great deal better than a million dead ones of yesterday. Also it can be truly affirmed, that the Jew's strenuously living up to date, TODAY, largely accounts for the glorious immortality of his past. Any race, working fairly and squarely in Time's insistent collar, will always have an immortal past.

Percival Leonidas Whitless, you and your Papa's Boys Romans may puff your gold-tipped cigarettes and get shaved twice a day in the famous "Millionaire Special" that carries you so swiftly from New York to El Paso, but, meantime, don't forget that our little Jew, Solly, and his like, is the coming man of America.

He is the great Today man who will lead the American Nation to a great Tomorrow.

The Jew is the great king of business.

Israel, Phœnicia, Rome, Venice.

The history of Spanish Aragon and Castile. The record of Moorish Granada and Cordova. The gay gallants of both the Spaniard and the Moor riding to glory on the back of the Jew, but that Jew, dressed in rich damask and satin and almost outshining royalty itself in pomp and luxury; indeed, could outshine it, if he was not too near the dogs and wolves of tyranny.

England, too, with France, Austria, Prussia and Russia. All empires of the Jew, and he is King Business in them as far as he thinks it possible without exciting jealousy and consequent persecution.

But ah! Here in America is the land for Judah.

Hear these brave words of the brilliant Denver Rabbi Friedman, in answer to the Zionists:

"Jerusalem? What do we want of Jerusalem when we are here in this great and liberty-loving United States of America. Here, where we are the equals of all and the serfs of none. Here, where we have a country, and

praised be the Lord God of Israel, we have a flag. And that flag the ensign of a free and independent people, and one we ourselves helped to raise, with our blood and our bone and our flesh and our sinew. A great banner of glorious stars and stripes which represents every principle and every virtue and every loved thing that our fathers fought for thru all the ages of suffering and martyred Israel. Why, friends, we live no longer in a Promised Land, but rather in the *Real and Present Land* of widest freedom and highest mounting civilization. How goodly are thy tabernacles, O Jacob. Praised be the name of the Most High God of Israel."

CHAPTER XIII

Solomon had three special objects in this visit to the mountain metropolis.

First, to perfect his legal residence in Colorado, maintained for several years by visiting the Silver State for a few days annually.

A citizen of Colorado.

Ump! One of those Coloradoans who live in New York three hundred and fifty days of the year, devoting ten days in transit between Gotham and Denver, and spending the remaining five days at the Brown Palace. But who can blame Solly? For this legal residence idea and magic name of Coloradoan helps to sell American Smelter to the Papa's Boys back East; gives Solly lots of time to devote to his ever dear and rapidly aging papa and mama and his beloved and tried and true six brothers, and also allows Solly to bustle around a bit in Colorado politics, especially in the mill of the United States senatorship, in which corporations somehow feel so interested these late and strenuous years.

Second object of Solly's visit; to help dedicate a new addition to the National Jewish Home for poor consumptives, which Solly, papa Mayer, and several other rich and earnest Jews endowed and built in Denver for the care of poor unfortunates. A most worthy and commendable object of Solly's, showing another admirable side of the Jew.

Third object of Solly: to see and interview Standish Brown.

The four years' contract which Standish had made with Jonathan Strong would expire in a few weeks, and the House of Guggenhone is worried about it. Bad rumors afloat on the "Street" of a new smelting combine, directly after Papa Guggenhone's seventy-fifth birthday, a notable event celebrated by a grand family reunion, and

the presentation of a clever comedy sketch by a score or more of Papa Mayer's grandchildren, entitled "U Ketch 'Em and I Skin 'Em," a parody on the ways of Wall Street. New Yorkers laughed about it the next day when it came out in the papers. A clever thing, undoubtedly, and true to the life of the "Street." The title sounds as tho it might be a genuine Yankee production. Tom Platt could easily have written the "U Ketch 'Em" part, while uncle Russell Sage might easily have added the "I Skin 'Em." However, the playlet was really written by one of Solly's clever relatives as a warning to the youngsters to beware of the dog of "Wall Street."

Leaving the Papa's Boys to their gold-tipped cigarettes and to do the town in one of Fred Alderney's latest automobiles, Solly proceeded to make his call on Standish Brown.

He had looked forward with some interest to this interview, having anticipated an unsatisfactory conversation with one of those unreasonable, egotistical, so-called self-made men, who are usually prejudiced against everything and anything which bears the slightest evidence of college gown or cap.

To his great surprise, however, he found himself facing one of the most agreeable and pleasant countenances that he had ever looked upon. The young Jew felt that there was a tremendous power about this tall, earnest fellow; a personality worthy of careful analysis. No sham, no estheticism, no untruth, and absolutely no taint of the deadly American-dollar instinct. He intuitively felt that those clear, calm eyes looking so seriously into his, were the windows of a noble soul; and assured by the smiling reception which the mine owner extended him, Solomon went at his work with characteristic vigor.

He talked a new contract straight from the shoulder, but as he finished and looked up with questioning eyes to note the result, he observed a faint antagonistic glitter in Standish's eyes that bade him pause.

That glitter was far above the dollar sign, carrying with it a subtle force that struck back at him with deadly

power. Solomon had never encountered this peculiar force before, and, being an adept in the ways of human nature, he began its immediate analysis. It did not take him long. The six brothers of the House of Guggenhone had made no mistake when they picked Solomon, the seventh brother, to study and examine men necessary to the success of their enterprises. And this was the line that Solomon got on Standish Brown.

His was the stern defiance which a righteous, incorruptible soul gave the suave emissary of a cold-blooded, clammy-tentacled, life-sucking Trust monster, which had crept into the bright sunshine land of Colorado and built its lair.

To Solomon, who had ever been accustomed to drop in on a man, say a few words to the point, and quickly accomplish his ends, this subtle, smiling defiance of Standish's was a revelation. He felt a power darting from those clear Puritan eyes which struck fire in his own, and as with the rapid play of flashing swords, the sparks flew in showers. Happily tho, Solomon had a warm spot in his heart for the Puritan. He had not forgotten the noble association of Jew and Puritan in those old days when Cromwell opened up the hospitable gates of England to the unhappy wanderers from Spain and Portugal. This warm feeling of Solomon's made him quietly and gently tolerant, and he closed the presentation of his case sincerely and almost warmly.

A long pause ensued. Standish, having partially swung his chair around, was looking out of the window far over the roofs and housetops of the city, into the sky-line of the blue and brown hills to the west, and over which a hue of fresh green was slowly creeping, for the young aspens under the rays of the warm spring sun were springing up by the millions on the mountain sides. From his office window, too, in the ninth story of the building, Standish could see the entrance of Clear Creek Gulch, distinctly marked by a column of vaporous white smoke issuing from the stack of the smelter at Goldie which was treating the ores of the 40 Rounds. Finally, turning toward

Solomon from his rather rude spell of abstraction, he said kindly but firmly:

"Mr. Guggenhone, when my contract with your concern expires, I shall begin smelting myself; I would have done so three years ago had I not got bound up in this contract thru the treachery of John Charles Rose."

Solomon smiled pleasantly, saying:

"I trust, Mr. Brown, that you fully understand the magnitude of the proposition you are about to undertake. For I can assure you that it is only by exercising the greatest care and economy that our own organization is enabled to make an honest return on the capital invested."

"Yes, but honest now, Mr. Guggenhone, how much is your capital stock watered?" was the quiet rejoinder.

Solomon did not flinch, and with admirable self-control he replied:

"Well, even if there is some water in it, it is not so much that it would require the qualifying of my first remark to any appreciable degree, Mr. Brown."

"Mr. Guggenhone," replied Standish almost reproachfully, "After the most careful investigation, I am satisfied that of the entire fifty-five million of the capital stock issue of the American Smelter Co., fully two-thirds of it is nothing but water; and its stock, selling today at par or better, isn't really worth more than thirty-five cents. Now, I don't intimate in this statement that it's the fault of the promoters of the concern, nor do I intend it as a reflection on the House of Guggenhone; for all I know they might have been inveigled into paying extravagant sums for the different concerns which made up the merger. But I do say that the stock is worth only about one-third the daily quotations in the open market. I can also say with hearty appreciation that none but a remarkable group of men could hold the concern together and make it pay dividends; altho I take the liberty to add, that I expect to see the thing either collapse in the face of severe competition or else suffer a marked shrinkage in value."

Now, Solomon was an adept in one of the most valuable

moves in the game of diplomacy, and that is *to know when to quit,* and smiling good-humoredly at the somewhat insistent mine owner, he said quietly:

"Mr. Brown, I don't believe that I am prepared or empowered to enter into a discussion of the affairs of the American Smelter Co., other than to negotiate a new contract with you, and I trust you will believe me when I say I have every reason to believe it will be of great advantage to both parties concerned; and if you will condescend to listen to the liberal terms I am empowered to offer I feel you will be very favorably impressed."

"No! Most emphatically, no, Mr. Guggenhone. I will entertain no proposition whatsoever from the American Smelter Co. For within five years I expect to see a strong, healthy competitor in the field against your concern. A substantial strictly Western institution, with the inestimable advantage of having a solid, honest, fully paid up capital stock, owning smelting plants and the necessary auxiliaries of the very latest and improved types worth every dollar the stockholders invest. A concern that will make money where its rival will be handicapped with its watered stock and every dollar invested in its out-of-date, antiquated machinery."

"Er—r, excuse me, Mr. Brown," interrupted the blandly smiling Solomon, as Standish was proceeding in tones considerably enthusiastic, "I really haven't the time to hear you detail a full prospectus of the new rival to the American, so if you will allow me to take my departure for the present, I will try and see you again on the matter."

"Very well, Mr. Guggenhone," replied Standish, smiling almost sheepishly at his own enthusiasm, "I hope you won't take it to heart that I have unconsciously endeavored to interest you in the new concern. Perhaps—perhaps," he added good-humoredly and half seriously, "You might want to be leaving the old hulk by that time and be glad to get aboard the new craft."

"All right, let's leave it that way if you choose, Mr. Brown. In the meantime, let me assure you that it's been

a great pleasure to meet you, and I hope to record many more such meetings in the future."

"I reciprocate that sentiment heartily, Mr. Guggenhone, good day," said Standish as the smelter king rose and extended his hand.

Solomon left the office of Standish Brown quite dissatisfied with himself, and Papa's Boys did not see much of him that night. He sent several cipher telegrams to his brothers, and the next morning received a batch of replies suggesting that he try Brown on another tack. With no faith, however, in his ability to conform to their suggestion, he complied with their request sufficiently to interview Standish again and dutifully lay the matter before him.

This time he proposed that his concern treat the ores of the 40 Rounds at the very minimum of cost, in fact, leaving the cost of treatment wholly to the mine owner's own sense of fairness and right. But Standish was not to be deceived as to the motive, indeed, there was no doubt in his mind that he could, with a little persuasion, even get the Trust to actually give him a bonus for his ores. The concern could well afford to do this, for he believed its stock would go down with a decided biff-bang once he took hold of the new smelter enterprise with the energy and success he was meeting in the development of the Short Line. Great House of Guggenhone might have a fall. Guggenhone smelter kingship might be questioned, perhaps go to smash.

"Mr. Guggenhone," replied Standish firmly, after Solomon had laid the matter before him tactfully, "My smelter is going to be a reality. You fellows were cute, I might say almost disreputable enough, to crowd me out once. But I am not to be denied this time. I am not going to get a brass band and herald the enterprise, but I shall act quietly, decently, and accomplish my ends with due regard to whatever interests are in the field. In fact, I shall be glad to have an active competitor, and shall try my best to win its regard and esteem by all legitimate means. I shall want it to feel that my enterprise is not

a mortal enemy, but a friend, sharing a field that is amply large to support both. You see, at least I must try and make you see, Mr. Guggenhone, that as a matter of personal pride, I shouldn't allow myself either to be coerced by your people as to abandoning my proposed enterprise, or allow them to accept any humiliating terms from me in closing a new contract. There is positively no need of it; the business is of too great importance and covers too large a field for either party to quarrel. It won't be anyone's fault particularly if American Smelter drops heavily in the market upon the advent of a rival. People are bound to get a true line on things in course of time. It might as well be one time as another. If the stuff is not worth the money, it's sure to drop, even if it's government bonds, and surely you people will guard yourselves accordingly. Now, I hope you won't think me silly, Mr. Guggenhone, when I frankly confess to you that I would undertake this smelter enterprise if I positively knew in advance *that I would lose every dollar I possessed on earth.* The monopolistic tactics of your concern in Colorado has impressed and inflicted itself so strongly upon me in years past that I am committed to its rebuke body and soul. The very fact that you are here now to attempt to dissuade me from my object, only arouses my most fierce and bitter antagonism. Mr. Guggenhone, I trust there is one man in Colorado that can't be bought, either by individual or Trust. I believe I have certain rights. One of those rights is to own and operate a smelter. Won't the American Smelter Company allow me to exercise that privilege? What does it want, the earth? Say, Mr. Guggenhone," the mine owner added, half seriously, half sarcastically, "What is POSSESSION, anyhow? How much should a concern or an individual be allowed to possess before it is admitted that it is working an injury upon the rights of others. At least without arousing, as the machinations of the American Smelter Company has aroused in me, bitter and unrelenting opposition."

In spite of his fair and well-balanced ideas as to the

difference between the college bred and the so-called self-made man, Solomon rather resented the blunt—and as he looked upon it at that time—egotistical remarks of a man who had scarcely even seen the inside of a college. It was almost that same feeling the regular soldier has toward the volunteer. He, Solomon Guggenhone, was a regular; had seen service, and had been declared amply qualified by a competent board. But the volunteer—ump! had escaped the rigors of the service and the test of the examining board; had led the free butterfly life, and now, at the first surge of a national crisis, poked his impudent nose into everything; rudely brushed aside the regular-army-o, and calmly proceeded to assure the nation that he would save the day, and be the truth known—without prejudice to the tried and true regular—he generally does.

Really there should be no question as to supremacy between the college-bred and the self-made man.

Wise men from several quarters of the world fell to their knees and worshipped the infant Jesus. The venerable and highly-schooled elders of the Temple were confounded by this same precocious youth. No college life for this lowly Nazarene, only a nobly divine soul endowed with a glorious inheritance, preaching spontaneously under the blue Judean skies.

Shakespeare, free romping child of manor and moor. Yet such mighty collegians as Voltaire and Goethe bowed down and worshipped this wandering swain, this inspired bard of Avon.

The University of Edinburgh educated Thomas Carlyle, yet this same grand Scot worshipped at the shrine of the unlettered Mohammed, and sang glowing praises of nature-taught Bobbie Burns.

Victor Hugo, the grand French collegian, falls prostrate at the feet of rough John Brown of Kansas.

The polished three-hour oration at Gettysburg, by Edward Everett, president of Harvard, yields as the night yields to the day to the ten-minute talk of the immortal Lincoln, the awkward plough boy of Kentucky, the rail splitter of Illinois.

Be not alarmed tho ye worthy college graduates, whoever you are, for the college man fills a noble place in the world, if only to teach the world a just appreciation of the genius and the remarkable inheritances of its unlettered men and women.

A volume of Kant won't teach a man to throw a slapjack, and hunger will assert itself once in a while.

A year at Wellesley or Vassar won't teach the New Woman to quiet the tears of a little papoose, or to remove the moths from the flaxen hair of a little girl's doll.

The dear old college days are glorious days, Young America,, but there is much to be learned outside of them. And never, never forget, dear collegians, that while you are poring over Blackstone and Marshall, and laboriously absorbing dogma and approved science, some tough young stripling out on the Kansas and Nebraska prairies is learning the master of all the arts and sciences, CREATION, from the high-soaring stars, the growing wheat and ripening corn, the running brooks, and the dirge of the wild bleak winds; and last and greatest of all, from the glorious inheritance of a vast storehouse of a soul not crammed with dead and obsolete knowledge or filled with a congestion of useless information and riffraff, which, by reason of its peculiar individual genius, it cannot utilize.

"Abraham Lincoln *read the least,* and THOUGHT THE MOST, of anyone I ever knew or read of," is recorded by one of the great Emancipator's closest friends.

THOUGHT, that's the word.

Whether in college or out in the rough-and-tumble world.

But *always,* and at all times, the world worships at the shrine of the First Player of the Soul, incomparable, GENIUS.

For in the end it is Genius who invariably tips the scales on either side between the college and the self-made man.

An individual may get his substance from a dunghill, but if Genius puts its stamp upon him, the world will crown the dunghiller as readily as it will the brightest son of Yale.

As Solomon Guggenhone sat there facing Standish Brown and revolving in his mind this question as discussed above, he dismissed it instantly at the final personal remark addressed to him somewhat abruptly by the serious-voiced mine owner, "What is possession?"

A great light seemed to be flooding his soul. Yes, what, indeed, was this thing he was sacrificing his young life to gain?

"Possession? Oh! Supreme Master, Lord of all earthly and celestial hosts! What is possession?"

What is this terrible thing, in the battle for which the life blood of Young America is flowing in broad scarlet rivers?

This Glut of GET. This Science of Acquisitiveness. This damnable modern business instinct. This almost maniacal propagation of a few paltry thousands into vast unsatisfied millions. This cursed reaching of millions for a coveted billion.

Possession! Eternally damned be thy name, when you represent the lascivious clutch, the unscrupulous acquisition, and the unholy coveting and hoarding of millions.

"To Have and to Hold."

Yea! By the ancient clay gods, "To Hold," even tho we crucify ten thousand meek, rebuking Christs, and starve a million fair breast-suckling babes.

Solomon Guggenhone made only a conventional reply to Standish Brown's question, and rising abruptly to his feet, he bade him a pleasant goodbye, incidentally remarking that he would meet him again at a more opportune time. But the balance of the day and for many days thereafter, he saw the handwriting on the wall; far, far above the cigarette smoke of Papa's Boys; and far, far beyond his interest in the flight of the train as it rolled from Denver down into old Mexico. Yes, and far beyond the interest he displayed in showing Papa's Boys the rich silver mines of Dolores, did the brave young Jew wrestle with that supreme problem of a morally inclined rich man, "What is Possession?"

Standish Brown having crossed swords with the House of Guggenhone, the fight was on.

But thru it all, Genius, the most versatile player of the Sublime Stage, was to display his wondrous art to those curious Mericans who were eagerly watching this battle royal in Western smelting affairs.

Genius plays the double rôle in souls.

There is the Genius of Good, the Genius of Evil.

Christ and Satan.

The Genius of Day and of Night.

Sun and Shadow.

The Genius of two mysteries—Birth and Death.

The Genius of Creation and of Destruction.

Solomon who builds a Temple. Nebuchadnezzar who destroys it.

America's millionaires will battle to the death, while America's masses will watch the Titanic battle with breathless awe.

In that deadly conflict great victories will be achieved; great inventions produced. Great poets will rise to pen the songs of glorious deeds and noble actions. Great sculptors will spring to life to decorate the tombs of the mighty fallen.

In this noble land of ours, the genius of the Jew will enter the lists with that of the Puritan. The Slav with that of the Hibernian. The German will continue his ancient Old World rivalry with the Celt, Greek will again meet Greek, Guelf meet Ghibelline; and all the other innumerable races and ancient feudal peoples of the earth will have their fling at the whirlwind, for this America is the human potpourri of the last days of this hoary, staggering, weary-of-it-all world. This swelling and rapidly ripening fruit on the stem of the Universe must needs be plucked by the Lord of Time to deck the banquet board of the Head of Glory.

But these Masses! Oh! Shining and lustrous Head of Glory. These lowly patient Merican masses! Will they not feed on the crusts and crumbs tossed out? Will they not wrap themselves in the garments of the slain, and fire

their humble hearths with the broken wheels of the crushed and cast-off chariots?

The unholy, unsatisfied, ennui-jaded Millionaires of America, drunk with conquest and spoil, will fight to their fill and perish in the ruins of their empire. But these vast legions of America's honest toiling Masses will somewhere and somehow in the bosom of the Almighty God roll on forever. They are the golden wheat and tasseling corn of the garnered World, and the winnowings of God alone are worthy to be stored in the granaries of Eternity.

In the irresistible sweep of America's Masses, the feeble clutch of America's Millionaires will relax and perish as surely as the mists of night are dispelled by the golden beams of the rising sun. The reign of American Plutocracy will fade as swiftly as did the hoof-prints of Attila's steeds upon the fertile plains of Italy.

And serenely, gloriously above the blood-stained graves of Iniquity and Error, shall rise the tender forms of lilies to scent the breeze with Hope.

America for the Masses.

Oblivion for the self-decreed FEW.

And Genius, thou spirit-winged messenger of God, in all this shall thou glorify our Merican race.

Genius is the First Player of the Sublime Stage, in that magnificent rôle which glorifies an illustrious nation.

CHAPTER XIV

Work was progressing rapidly on the Short Line. On the back of a sturdy cayuse Standish inspected every foot of the right-of-way from the terminal in Denver to the west portal of the last tunnel on the eastern slope of the James, then rode on over Rollins Pass and down the valleys of the Frazer and the Grand into the Springs. Bud Snyder entertained him royally that night, and the next morning accompanied him as he inspected several miles of grade west of the Springs. Camping that night with a grading outfit, he started the next day for Plume, going over Berthoud Pass, via Empire, and catching the evening train from the latter point to his old home.

He found the men at the 40 Rounds filling up the big ore crib which had first come into use during the panic of '93. The contract with the American Smelting Co. having recently expired, Standish was storing his product until he could get his smelter affairs in proper shape, for the Short Line being the great factor in his life just then, everything else was sacrificed to advance the road.

Plume was practically unchanged since he had left it to take up his residence in Denver, with the exception that a few more holes were bored into the sides of the Emerald and the Castle; some of them quite deep, as was evidenced by the goodly piles of rock and waste matter on the dumps. He visited the cottage where Fiorina and he had spent their honeymoon. Red Rourke and his numerous progeny occupied it now. In the small back yard he lingered for a moment beside three tiny pebble-covered mounds, marking the graves of Billy, faithful Shep, and Fiorina's canary, Nicca. Shep met a death similar to that of old Peter Brown, crushed by a cave-in in an upper drift of the mine. Billy succumbed to pneumonia, probably induced by the high altitude;

and tiny caroling Nicca died from sheer old age. Ever since that time the Browns had studiously avoided bringing pets into their family life, as it seemed to them that the acquisition of a new pet would be but the precursor of a sad funeral.

The mine owner thoroly enjoyed his day at Plume, filled as it was with memories of the old days. Among other things he descended to the creek where it flowed some five hundred feet below the mouth of the tunnel, and even explored a bit about the débris of the great slide in which was buried the remains of his old cottage with Dad's precious violin and others of his ancient treasures.

He had intended returning to the city by the late afternoon train, but after thoroly inspecting the great mine which still showed treasure in the various levels, it was too late, so he climbed up the steep ledge far above the mouth of the tunnel, a loving pilgrimage to the great stone cross on the mountain side.

The clump of pines was a little taller and thicker, and a few more resinous rings told the story of added years of deep snows and wild-wind buffetings.

Standish knelt beside the grave of his dear old dad long and silently, and reverently pressed his lips to the cross. This communion was very sweet to him. No one near. No sounds save the eternal dirge of the mountain wind among the pines. Naught save the wilderness of Nature and the blessed presence of those innumerable beings springing to life within his soul, loosed by the magic hands of Memory.

Pulling forth the farewell letter of his father from the slender wallet in his inner coat pocket, he slowly read it, weeping silently as he did so. Presently a great and nameless emotion filled his heart, and upon the Sublime Stage walked a familiar figure. Was it a vision?

No! It was more than a vision. It was the living presence of Peter Brown, appearing to him just as in the old days, real as life. Even talked in the well-remembered, honest, hearty tones.

Ah! This great play-house of the soul.

Peter told his boy how proud he was of him. Showed him the Short Line completed, the entire four hundred and some odd miles of shining steel stretching from terminal to terminal, with a dozen great trains moving over it. Showed him the great new smelter, complete and gloriously impressive, with an enormous stack which quite o'ertopped the mighty chimney of Plant B. Showed his boy all this, laughed and joked, and petted him as he used to long ago; also calling in the tender mother Mary, whose precious form of clay laid away back in Iowa, upon the green and flowering slope of a high hill perched above the purling ripple of the Des Moines.

Visions, these? No! *Realities.*

Ghosts? No! *Actualities.*

Merely spiritual forms of beings once existing in material forms.

Actual, living beings, treading the immortal Stage of the Soul.

Who would deny the existence of these transcendent creatures?

To deny them, is to deny Thought, our greatest truth and fact of existence.

Descartes, of all the philosophers, *proved* human existence. And how? *By Thought alone.* "I THINK, therefore I am."

Listen to benign and heaven-visioned Confucius as he quotes and comments upon an old Tao poem:

> "How they are waving, waving,
> The blossoming myrtles gay;
> Do I not think of you, love?
> Your home is far away."

The great sage of China, repeating these lines, remarked, "That is because men do not THINK. *Why is it far away?"*

Yes, *why,* when the thing is *here,* HERE, within the rosy Soul.

If we deny Thought, we must deny Creation.

If we deny Creation, we must deny God.

And who, having a soul and conscious of its mechanics and spontaneities would dare?

The later St. Peter's existed in this soul-world long before Michael Angelo materialized it in stone, bronze and marble.

The phonograph lived here long before it displayed its wonders to a delighted public.

John Brown freed the slave here long before the Emancipation Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln gave him freedom.

Raphael here beheld and communed with the Madonna and the Divine Infant long before he placed them upon a canvas for the fathers of the Sistine Chapel.

Verily, the near and new prophet in the regular succession of Israel will revolutionize humanity's old ideas of immortality.

When Standish awoke from the spell of the Play, the sun was riding the edge of the great Peak far in the shining West, one glorious chariot wheel of fire rolling down into Utah upon a pathway of gold.

The musing man waited until the shadows began to fall, and then, filled with reverence and awe, he strode down the steep trail toward the twinkling lights of Plume.

At the hotel he was handed the following telegram:

"Standish Brown,

"Plume, Colo.

"You are the father of a little girl. Mother and child doing well. Come at once. "DAVID MOORE."

CHAPTER XV

Fiorina's little girl came rather unexpectedly, fully two weeks ahead of the schedule, otherwise Standish would not have left on his tour of inspection.

Ferrari, however, took the situation bravely in hand, quickly secured the physician and nurse, and the whole affair passed off successfully without the presence of paterfamilias.

When uncle Davy heard of it, he was the busiest man on Capitol Hill. Kept the wires hot. Wired and 'phoned all day, trying to locate Standish somewhere on the line of the Short Line.

"D——, d——, where in the devil is the fool anyway?" the nurse had overheard him say to the doctor, "Just to think, Doc, that a man doesn't know enough to be at home when a baby is expected."

Whew! Splutter! Fume! How uncle Davy did go on, while old Doc Magan laughed at him till his sides fairly ached. Ferrari and Davy held very grave consultations on the rear porch of the Brown mansion every few minutes. Ferrari calmly pulling at the stem of a huge meerschaum, uncle Davy tugging fiercely at his favorite Havanas.

Great event this. Uncle Davy would give a million dollars in cold cash for the little red-faced newcomer. He didn't go to his office in the National First the whole day. Wouldn't even answer the private telephone call from the bank, which caused Cashier Nichols to rush up in his auto in great alarm. Then when uncle Davy had finally condescended with great seriousness to offer an explanation, Nick looked very stormy at first, but afterward, when the extreme humor of the situation dawned upon him, he laughed like a fool, causing Davy to look at him with utter contempt.

So the long day passed. Still no word from Standish. Isolated somewhere around the James. Uncle Davy gradually calming down. Ferrari, gravely philosophical and very happy and proud, too. Fiorina wondering, slyly amused at uncle Davy, and comforting him by showing him the new arrival from under the folds of the blanket by her side.

It was in this condition at five o'clock that afternoon, that Mrs. Theodore Dodge dawned upon the scene. The Brown's coachman, who was a flame of Henriette, the Dodge's housekeeper, having duly imparted the information to Henriette, and she to her mistress.

Fiorina looked up at her gratefully as she came into the room sweetly expectant and concerned, and as Fiorina put out her hand Mollie reached down and kissed her affectionately.

"Oh, Mrs. Dodge, I thought you'd come. How nice of you. See here, just see what I have to show you," she said in her ingenuous, impetuous manner, as she lifted the coverlet where the little one lay sleeping, its tiny red face puckering up tight as the light streamed in. "Meester Brown, him way up to Plume, mebbe Salt Lake," she added dubiously, by way of explanation, "I wish him here, now," she continued as she tucked the coverlet about the infant.

In Mollie's heart there was a world of sentiment. The feeling of a vast mother hunger rushed in on her and she sighed deeply. She who was fated to be childless. She who was so rich in all that society could yield her, yet so poverty stricken in motherhood. She sat for a long time beside the young Italian mother delighting in her artless innocent prattle, and deeply engulfed in her own retrospections.

Finally the shadows began to creep into the great west window, from where Fiorina propped up on the pillows, could look at her sleeping babe and far out over the valley of the Cherry and up at the Great Hills whose shining summits were tipped in the beams of the setting sun.

"Him there. Beeg man over there," she said softly, gazing at Mollie who sat with her hands clasped about her knees looking wistfully out at the scarlet sun banners and the deepening shadows of the dying day.

"Yes, him there," Fiorina repeated softly, pointing fondly into the distant West. And Mollie understood. Big, awkward Standish Brown. Once so poor, rough, and unknown, and in whose arms she had once deigned to rest. Brave Standish Brown, her hero of Colorado Steel, now so rich in material wealth; now so luxurious in a glorious husbandhood, fatherhood.

Presently little Peter, who had played with his toy train upon the chamber floor nearly all the afternoon, crept up sleepily into the childless society queen's lap, and hugging him close she gently crooned an old Irish lullaby to him, one that her dear old mother had sung to her in that long ago. Soon the little fellow was asleep.

The two beautiful women did not speak again for sometime. The long day slowly faded on the mountains. The scarlet sun banners died away, a mellow rosy light shone for a few moments from behind the glorious sky-line of the Great Hills, followed by a soft white glow. Then swift fell the mantling darkness and out tripped the stars, led by lustrous Venus, who beamed like a tiny sun full upon the breast of the western horizon, just above the dark blue sky-line of the mountains. At that instant the electric street lights started up with a sharp hiss and splutter.

"Doctor to see you, my lady Fiorina," announced the nurse, turning on the current of the tiny night bulb, and rearranging the pillows about her charge's head and shoulders.

In doing so she glanced sharply at Mrs. Dodge. The sweet faced lady of St. Andrew's, tightly clasping the form of little Peter, was lost in a beautiful dream. Under the sharp glance of the nurse she slowly awoke, and rising from her chair she carried the sleeping child across the room and laid him upon his own little bed,

then returning she kissed Fiorina fondly and turned to go.

"Good night, sweet ladee. Come 'gain tomorrow," Fiorina called after her.

Mollie did not reply, save to look back and smile reassuringly as she passed thru the door.

CHAPTER XVI

"Standish, you're a dàrn blithering idiot," such was the greeting which uncle Davy Moore addressed to the General Manager of the Denver, Northwestern, and Salt Lake.

"Why, yes. Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed Standish in high glee, as his associate extended his hand and pulled him into the waiting carriage at the station. And as they drove up Seventeenth Street, Davy leaned over to him and said in a much better natured tone:

"Nicest little thing you ever saw, sonny, looks just like her mother. A regular little Dago, and Old Garibaldi Ferrari is as proud as a peacock. Say, honest now, what you going to name her?"

"Why, Fiorina, of course, you old inquisitive. Babe and I had that fixed over a year ago. Gee whiz! I—I really didn't expect it so soon," he added, blushing like a girl under uncle Davy's admiring eyes.

David Moore never spent a happier spring than that of 1903. He almost renewed his youth. Altho the financiering and the building of the Short Line was the greatest event of his long and useful career as a loyal Coloradoan, yet it was by no means the most important event chronicled in the depths of his great loving heart. Often in the presence of domestic joys the great world of business fades as a dream.

At eleven o'clock that night, Standish walked softly from the library into the sacred chamber.

In this room was his all. This was the bosom of his family.

Upon the threshold he paused for a moment as if to silently return the salutations of sentinel angels.

The night bulb was burning dimly, and gently he crept to the side of her who had proved the most blessed of wives.

She was asleep. Her sweet child face, caressed by her dark luxuriant tresses, was but a little older than when he had first held her in his arms in the dark gray vault of the 40 Rounds, after her miracle-like journey thru the wildness and whiteness of that fearful winter night, and from which she had emerged as his beautiful bride.

Stooping, he pressed a kiss upon her brow, and as she slowly opened her dark lustrous eyes, and seeing who it was, she reached up and pulled his head down upon her bosom as she had done in that long ago. Releasing him, she turned to the little pile of blanket and fleece at her side and softly raised the coverlet; together there in the dim light, husband and wife gazed silently at their little one curled up in its cozy nest.

"Our leetle Fiorina," was all the wife could say, then she tucked in the coverlet.

"Good night, little one," said the husband.

"Go to bed, beeg man," she replied, and kissing him once more, she sank to sleep upon her pillow.

Standish turned from the bedside of his wife and new born babe to that of his little son.

His own dear little Peter. With his long brown locks and cupid lips, half smiling in his sleep as tho his dreams were pleasant. Standish gazed at him fondly for a moment with parental instinct tucking him in a little more, and as he did so, the same thought that he had expressed to Solomon Guggenhone came suddenly to his mind.

"What is POSSESSION?"

Ah! Great and All Glorious God!

This—*this* was possession, living in the pure and sacred bosom of one's family.

This was Life's full brimming, joyous cup, compared to which all else was wormwood.

Peasant or king.

Millionaire or common laborer.

Divine, God given, sacred bosom of one's family.

The mine owner retired to his chamber, knelt by his bedside and prayed.

The petition introduced within his soul, the God of Abraham, of Jacob, of Moses, and of Daniel.

He saw the Immaculate Son.

He beheld the angelic choir of Heaven, and heard their songs and fervent hallelujahs.

He arose illumed and deeply reverent, his soul filled with divine humbleness and meekness.

BOOK V

THE VISITATION OF THE TEN THOUSAND MOUTHS

CHAPTER I

By 1905, succumbing to the appalling and irresistible advance of American Plutocracy, most of Colorado's great state enterprises had fallen into the hands of Eastern capital. Shortly after Theodore Dodge's notable battle with John Wreckor Grabbe, Colorado Steel passed into the hands of the Rockefellers and the Goulds, and absolutely helpless in their hands, Dodge was well content to manage the concern in the interests of these principals. Colorado Sugar had become a mere appendage of the Havemeyers. Most of the state's larger mining concerns had long since fallen under the control of foreign investors. The smelting interests had remained solidly with the Guggenhones. The packing industry was a bagatelle in the hands of the Armours, the Swifts, and the Cudahys; and the other industrials and commercials, such as biscuit, condensed milk, wool, groceries, lumber, and building materials, were under the almost exclusive control of Eastern concerns.

Tho Denver's water, tramway, gas-electric, and telephone systems were largely bonded by Eastern capital, yet the control was still held by a small coterie of local men.

It can be truly said then, that both the city's and the state's greatest enterprise, the Salt Lake Short Line, was almost the last rallying ground of patriots; and even then the hope was not of saving it for local control, but "Build it, build it; no matter who controls it," was the battle-cry, and to that end David Moore was exhausting every effort. The battle was telling on him sorely these

times. In almost daily conversations with Standish, he was growing ever more thin and spiritual, but his great wistful eyes setting far back in his grand old head, seemed to grow brighter and to challenge either singly or unitedly all his foes.

Once when Standish betrayed by a particularly anxious glance his trepidation and concern for his associate's physical condition, one of those rare smiles, ever the delight of the old banker's friends, illumed the patriarchal features of uncle Davy and he said musingly:

"I'll—I'll never rust out, my dear by, I'll *wear* out; and that's the way to go," and Standish understood.

These were the trying days when that colossus of the railroad world, Harriman, was adding web after web of steel to his vast network of the nation's highways. "All the more reason why I should eat you up," seemed to be his wolf challenge to the Colorado Wasps, who, stalled again and again in the Eastern money markets by this dread scourge of finance, were often at their wit's end for funds to keep the road going.

On one memorable occasion and stung to the quick by the pathetic tale of uncle Davy, Standish phoned orders to the superintendent of the 40 Rounds to set loose the long stored up ores of the property and ship them to the smelters. Every other resource of ready funds had been exhausted and for some time it had been rumored in certain inner banking circles that even the National First itself was staggering under the weight of the road.

The resumed shipment of the ores of the 40 Rounds resulted in a wholly unexpected event in the fortunes of the Short Line, and incidentally effecting a peculiar compromise between the leading characters of this volume.

Within twenty-four hours of the first shipment of ore made by the 40 Rounds, Solomon Guggenhone had knowledge of it. It interested him hugely.

"Somebody's back is broke, I guess," was his quiet soliloquy.

Then it dawned on him.

Dear old uncle Davy and his heroic battle for the Short Line.

Could he, Solomon Guggenhone, as a loyal Coloradoan, see this grand old man lose out? But this stubborn puritanical Brown, with his vaunted independent smelter ideas? Breaking tho, breaking, these ore shipments proved that conclusively. Ah! A master stroke! Win Brown, by supporting the Short Line, and avaunt, ye rival smelter.

Several days later, Solomon Guggenhone called on Standish Brown at the general offices of the Short Line.

"Sometime since we have met, Mr. Brown," was his genial remark as he accepted the proffered chair.

"That's true, Mr. Guggenhone," was the quiet reply, as the miner shrugged his shoulders slightly and gazed questioningly into the unfathomable eyes of his visitor.

"I have looked in vain for the appearance of that new smelter, Mr. Brown," continued Solomon almost facetiously, "and noting that you have condescended to ship some of your ores to us of late, I take it that you have given up the project."

"Mr. Guggenhone, I have learned within the past week, that one of the best things which can happen to a man, is to learn the quality and sweetness of humbleness," was the quiet reply.

"Uncle Davy?" said Solomon questioningly, with a touch of tenderness in his voice.

"I won't say that. It isn't fair," replied Standish, with a sense of stern protest in his voice, "But I will say," he continued earnestly, "that any man who claims to be a true citizen, a philanthropist, an aspirant for senatorial honors, and a state builder, such as I understand you claim to be, who can allow this dear old man, whose lifelong ambition and effort has been to put Denver on the transcontinental map of the United States, to be slowly crushed and throttled by his enemies, and those enemies the worst enemies of the state, should hide his face in shame."

This was pretty strong talk, but Solomon only sat and smiled. Then he said quietly:

"I give you my word, Mr. Brown, that until you began shipping ore to us, I had not suspected that the situation was so bad. Smelting has been my exclusive line, Mr. Brown, and thru a quiet understanding effected between us a long time ago, David Moore has tended to his particular line, and I mine. In the future, however, I am going to branch out. Denver's grand old man shall not go down to defeat in as laudable and noble an enterprise as his, if it takes the resources of our whole family."

"Mr. Guggenhone, if you will do this, I—I won't say that I'll never try to build a smelter," replied Standish with an amused smile, as tho the smelter had become a standing joke between them, "but I will say, that if it is your ambition to become a senator and a state builder, you will truly have earned that office and title, and deserve the praise and support of every loyal Coloradoan."

The little Jew was very happy that night. For many years he had longed for just such a chance, just such a field of action. The smelter was a thing of the past with him. It was now a tremendous and perfectly working machine, destined to keep in order and continue to run on and on as a permanent industrial of the nation. Its organization and perfect operation was a sufficient triumph for any man, as things are looked upon in the world of trade and commerce. The head of one of the greatest industrials of the world, and that triumph won long before he was forty; and yet, there actually seemed to be another life ahead of him, of equal length, and every year of it increasing the ripeness of his experience, with a great fortune to dispense the fruits of that experience.

Yes, he felt that there was something far greater to strive for now; more satisfactory, more substantial. Something possessing loftier ideals; that would yield increasing sentiment, love, charity, and the goodwill of men and women; far more than merely to be a cog-wheel of—as he was often wont to say—one of Roosevelt's *good* trusts.

To be a state builder, perhaps a senator. That sounded good. And here was the way.

He began to feel a real friendship and sympathy for Standish Brown. Altho feeling that he had his adversary floored temporarily, yet he felt that it was only commercially speaking, and that he had met a man whom he could greatly appreciate in that larger life he was beginning to realize was his future field of action. A life in which such men as bore the stamp of the honest miner must participate or the nation was lost. He had never forgotten, that the one suggestive remark of this sturdy son of the West: "What is possession?" had helped to launch his thought on a higher plane, and he realized in Brown's frank confession of humbleness, in the matter of the recent shipment of the ores, that no soul is so unconquerable or so strong as the one that can confess its defeats and still fight on.

Within a week Short Line bonds were in steady demand under the paternalism of the Guggenhones, and its stock rose steadily.

"Standish! Standish! The battle is won, dear boy," exclaimed uncle Davy one bright spring morning, as he handed his associate a telegram from his New York brokers.

"There's nothing to it now, my boy," the old man continued in a happy vein, "but build—build; on—on, into the golden West."

"Good, Davy," was the miner's pleased and quiet comment as he gripped the thin worn hand of the banker, and at that moment if Solomon Guggenhone could have seen the flash of kindred delight and sentiment which passed between them, he would have thought himself even greater than a state builder.

Standish never told David of Solomon's generous action until it became officially known that the little Jew was an active candidate for senator. For evident reasons the ores of the 40 Rounds are still shipped to the plants of the American Smelter Co., altho Standish still stubbornly declares to Solomon Guggenhone, that the pro-

ject of the new smelter is still a possibility never to be abandoned; in answer, the little Jew, who is now a senator, laughingly declares he is out of the smelting business and claims he would be pleased to see the mine owner make a success of his proposed enterprise.

Several important factors were working, however, in the lives of these two men at this time, which might in the roll of the grim portentious years, develop to such a magnitude as to wholly overshadow this ancient bone of contention; for often, *principle,* the thing uppermost in Standish Brown's mind in this smelter issue, mounts from minor to major things; from individuals to nations; and is often vindicated in the mass, where it fails or rather is lifted from the individual, and made the common cause of a whole people.

Religious liberty, burned in the flames of Smithfield in the person of John Rogers, was made a common cause and a successful one, by the whole English nation.

CHAPTER II

In 1907, Solomon Guggenhone was elected United States Senator from Colorado, and today, after a thoro digest of the journals and newspapers and the hearing of certain personal reminiscences of the times by well known citizens thruout the state, the whole affair can be well summed up by quoting the congratulatory words afforded the senator elect by a charming young society bud of Denver: "How clever of you, Solly."

Clever, because his henchmen had bought up the bankrupt, defunct, and disorganized Republican machine, reorganizing and perfecting it, until the machinery ran as smooth in its way as the Guggenhone smelter. Clever, because Solly himself had scarcely removed his dainty gloves or gotten one awry wrinkle in the set of his immaculate trousers during the entire campaign. Clever, because most of the people of the state had apparently accepted his candidacy for just what they thought it was worth—his money. Clever, because the men who fought him had so much money themselves, that their powder smoke rolled back and smothered their fire. Clever, because the powerful Short Line crowd could not be coaxed or persuaded from his enthusiastic support. Clever, because he had bravely clung to the coat tails of the popular Teddy Roosevelt and been carried across the line with him, an easy winner.

It was in vain that opposing orators thundered the prostitution of the state by the Smelter Trust—for some of the orators owned smelter stock and the people knew it; that public conscience must be awakened or Colorado would, as certain journalists had declared, be put in the same disreputable class as Montana and Delaware, for some of the orators wanted a wealthy senator to employ their matchless art—and the people know it; that the

days of the republic had ceased and the reign of the Cæsars was about to begin, for some of the orators itched for the lucre of the Cæsars—and most of the people did too. Julius Caius was never so popular as when handing out spoil to the mobs of Rome.

And so the election was held, the votes counted; and not a Guggenhone man who was really expected to win, lost out. Later the legislature met in joint session, and after listening—amid the jibes and jeers of a packed gallery—to an impassioned and eloquent protest by a member from the Western Slope, against the selection of the smelter magnate to the highest office in the gift of the state, the legislature calmly proceeded to the election of that much villified and maligned citizen, Solomon Guggenhone, as the new member from Colorado to the senate of the United States.

Under the smiling front of the senator elect upon that memorable day, however, was a soul aflame with the fiercest emotion. The immortal stage was the storm center of battling Titans, and the mightiest of these was—MONEY. For in spite of the many other important factors in his political success, which appeared upon the great stage; Reciprocity, Goodwill, Regular Party Endorsement, Personal Popularity, etc.; yet the great fact that his election was popularly supposed to be brought about because he was a great spender and that he couldn't have been elected without the spending of large sums of money, maddened him almost beyond endurance.

And there was the monster fawning at him now, as if *he* instead of the man was the true victor. But the man's imperious will launched forth the lash, and the great beast cringed and whimpered at his feet. Really, it had conquered in this affair of the senatorship. Its offal tossed out as heaps of spoil to the soiled hands that clutched and devoured it with unholy lust, even as the master clinked the shackles on the slaves.

"My God! My God!" groaned the brave little Jew, "Truly this commonwealth needs a guardian, when, presenting a front of high reared granite to the nation in

its mighty chain of cloud-kissed peaks, its people seem to be a heap of sand. Bear up! Bear up! True heart of Israel, and give Thy servant strength."

Long ago in the midst of his strenuous business career he looked upon the office of senator as an attainment worthy a citizen's ambition, and keeping in close touch with the political situation in the state as part of the field of his life, he little dreamed that the success of office was so largely a matter of spending money upon that famous business basis of the Yankee; the great tho simple science of, "You tickle me and I'll tickle you."

He had known, of course, that the game of politics was replete with chicanery, jobs, machines, lucre, and the like, but he had never doubted that the state was really under the safe and true dominion of the people's will, and that will he believed to be surcharged with their highest civic virtue and morality. But this terrible awakening. This mockery. In truth, the prize he had won was a booby. Instead of arousing his keenest aspirations to serve a great and noble people, as was his original idea, he now felt more like a physician groaning with despair at the bedside of a patient dying with a disease which wholly baffled him. Doubtless almost the whole state, both men and women, put squarely on the issue of Decency vs. Money; and behold—Decency fades as a dream; and revealed a people apparently frankly and sincerely proud of their ability to elect a senator whose great wealth it was hoped he would disburse among them. Had there been the least semblance of a struggle, the senator would have taken a different view, but from the very start it had been apparently only a question of money; and as his was the biggest pile in sight, the greedy mob at the polls fairly struggled to elect his henchmen.

If ever Solomon Guggenhone was great, and in that hour he was indeed truly great, it was when he left the Centennial State bound for the National Capitol, determined that if it were within his power, and he earnestly appealed to his God in Israel for that power, he would endeavor to reinstill within the minds of the people of

Colorado, that virtue, morality, and sterling honesty that he was wont to dream of in the days of his youth as constituting the bulwark and strength of a free democracy.

Slowly, however, as he neared the capitol, a decided change appeared in the current of his thought.

Ah! How silly of him to have missed it. It was not to have judged his election *wholly* by those who had voted for him, for the mob is always in the majority, and at the call of money, but to have judged his election by the *minority which had voted against him, plus* those elements of the majority which he felt were legitimately and rightly his; and in this instance, while his election had been as easy as a great ship slipping into tide-water upon the smoothest of ways, yet the minority which had voted against him was undoubtedly a healthy one, and final judgment upon the suffrage of his state he vowed must not be passed until that minority had been thoroly analyzed; and this, after the first formalities of his presentation to his colleagues of the senate were over, the new senator made his first duty.

CHAPTER III

In 1908 Standish was still the constructive head of the Short Line; his subordinates had the road—every westward-reaching mile of it—thoroly in hand, and as fast as David Moore released the required capital, the work was advertised for bids, contracts let, and the road advanced steadily.

These were the years of reaction following those actively anticipative and enthusiastic ones which marked the beginning of the Short Line. Both David and Standish, now that the strained financial period of the enterprise had passed, and ample funds were in sight to advance the road, confessed themselves decidedly apathetic, spiritless, and dull. Fiorina and the children alone keeping them from almost fossilizing. David, however, much older, having experienced and long since passed the critical years of middle age, and occasionally visiting friends in the East, appeared much easier and more comfortable than Standish, who was gradually taking upon himself a fierce and violent unrest.

The miner's wealth was beginning by this time to accumulate so rapidly that he began to be thoroly frightened. During the years of his active management of the Short Line, he had scarcely troubled himself as to the annual appraising and accounting of his estate, as had long been his custom, for during that period it had only been a persistent, and at times, a desperate effort to scrape up his ready funds from all sources and sink them into the bonds of the road to assure its steady march westward. Now, with the improved financial situation, however, the road was in a position to liquidate its bonds at will; while its stock, large blocks of which had been given Standish as pure bonus with every purchase of bonds, and had, therefore, cost him nothing, was now

quoted at high figures on the street, resulting in a large fortune out of this little dreamed-of investment, and one which he had scarcely thought of beyond the value of his purchased bonds and the interest thereon. Another item almost entirely overlooked by him, was the payment of his full and generous salary for services rendered the road, and which, since the inception of the enterprise up to this time, he had refused to draw, owing to the scarcity of funds. Then the enormous returns from the smelters of the long-stored up ores of the 40 Rounds, constituted a generous fortune in itself. Upon several of his down-town Denver properties, huge sky-scrapers were now being erected and piling up fabulous real and lease values under the powerful impetus and wonderful, tho natural, growth of the city; and those thousands of acres of coal and mineral lands, purchased years ago at minimum figures, merely to supply the needs of his proposed smelter, were now in active demand as valuable grazing and farming lands, the transformation having been accomplished by new and improved irrigating systems; bringing wonderful offers for them by bona fide settlers, as well as speculators, who were willing that he should wholly reserve the coal and mineral, and sell the surface rights only. Also scarcely a month passed by but that he was the recipient of a new issue of stock by one or another of the great corporations of the West, the fruit of Colonel Rose's investments, made years ago, amounting to gifts pure and simple, adding their generous quota to the now heavily-swollen volume of his ever-accumulating fortune.

Stenographer after stenographer, clerk after clerk, had been added to his private office force since his departure from Plume, and his business suite had increased to such proportions that it now occupied the entire upper floor of one of the city's recently erected skyscrapers. It was almost impossible for him at this time to treat his large acquaintance with his old-time cordiality, such was the demand that business made upon him. He had long since passed that period of a millionaire's career in which the training and services of talented and efficient assistants had be-

come necessary. He employed several capable secretaries, and they had assistants under them. The revenues from his great mine, which had made this large fortune possible, were still as generous as ever, and had not the owner been so completely overwhelmed with the vastness of it all, he would have smiled with contempt at the poor pittance of the 40 Rounds as compared with his other sources of wealth.

In comparison with the many other notable battles fought within his troubled soul, this one of the frightfully increasing fortune was as a Gettysburg compared with a mere bushwhacking skirmish. Day after day, weeks and months, passed in fearful mental anguish, with only the company of his wife and children to remind him that he was still sane and in full possession of his faculties; and in the end, he was forced to admit, in full agreement with all other of those of our American millionaires who are conscientious, and who have been placed in a similar position, that from a perfectly legitimately made fortune of modest proportions, such as his orignially was, mined honestly and purely from a mountain by the sweat of his brow, had sprung a Frankenstein of frightful proportions, threatening to devour him body and soul. There had not been the slightest intent to do wrong. In fact, for years his had been that common battle of many of our millionaires, that of defending one's honest rights in trade and commerce, even at times battling for one's very financial existence. The early railroad, smelter, John Charles Rose, and the Short Line battles, were all legitimate and commendable struggles for what he deemed was right, and yet, to this appalling and terrifying end — a millionaire. One of a class ostracized and alone. A class who are no more a part of the plain people of this Republic than oil is water, and who, according to the extent of their millions, are doomed to perish, unloved, unsung, and unhonored by the masses, even by those who have been paid the most liberal wages in assisting in the creation and maintenance of the monster.

With a man less conscientious than Standish Brown, all would have been lost. The Frankenstein would have claimed its victim, and another blazing comet vomited forth from the sun of Mammon would have fallen screaming thru space, only to be ground to powder in its time by the shattering spikes of the mill-wheels of careening worlds of humanity.

Steadfast, however, and by prayer and fasting, advancing thru the gloom and darkness toward his God, Standish attained a distant height in one of the deep recesses of his soul, on which, for one brief instant of the day, the sun of Truth shone upon him and gave him hope. Daily he sought that spot, and as the light swept down upon him in its instant's passage, he implored with outstretched arms for that help which God alone can give. Presently he noted that the light lingered a trifle longer each day, and with redoubled effort he sought and appealed to the mercy of his Creator.

Then came the dread hour of his visitation.

A phenomenon which appears only within the soul of a millionaire, and which, when the fatal moment of his MAGNIFICATION has come, warns him in the name of the Most High God, "Reduce thyself, or perish!"

It seemed to Standish that, Night, the Cimmerian night of the ages, engulfed him in a frightful smother of choking blackness. Suddenly, he heard a terrifying gnawing sound as tho an army of rodents were gnawing their way toward him. Presently, a dim light appeared, and by it, and becoming more terrified each moment at the sound of the awful "gnaw, gnaw" of the on-coming army, it seemed to him that he built a stout stockade of logs, and at the very moment he completed it the army of gnawing rodents reached it and attacked it with ominous fury. Spurred on by the fury of the attack, and for further protection, he made himself a substantial quadrangle of brick and mortar. Great drops of perspiration fell from him as he toiled, but by a supreme effort he finished it and threw himself within it completely exhausted, only to

be startled a moment later by the sound of the crashing and falling of the wooden stockade, and a frightful swarming of the rodents as they dashed to the attack of the brick wall.

"My God! Can it be possible," he groaned. And yet, there it was, that fearful "gnawing—gnawing," even at the brick wall.

In a few hours it, too, would be eaten thru and thru.

His next defense was a quadrangle of stone and cement. How he ever lived to build it, he knew not, but it was accomplished, and he sank within it, after he had placed the last stone, utterly prostrated. He then slept, he knew not how long, but as he awoke he heard the walls of the brick quadrangle fall with a crash, and a moment later he heard those terrible teeth grating and grinding in their onslaught on the stone walls. Instinctively he felt that it, too, must succumb. Only a vault of chilled steel could resist their ravenous attack, and spurred on by his appalling situation he began the forging of the vault.

Gloatingly, he thought as he toiled, of how their teeth would crack and splinter upon the steel sides of the vault. He was calm as he finished it. A victory, and rest from his tortures.

Presently the stone wall fell, and he felt the terrifying press of the gnawing thousands against the cold steel of the vault.

How he gloated and rubbed his hands in glee as he heard their teeth splinter and crack upon its impenetrable surface. Then fell an ominous silence, followed by a tiny "creak—creak," and the sides of the vault began to vibrate slightly.

"My God!" he screamed in wildest terror, "they are drilling." Feeling that he was doomed, and gathering his remaining senses together, he remembered that it must be time for the appearance of that one sweeping ray of light which had been his single solace thru this long misery of night. He determined that the instant it appeared thru the grating, he would step forth and meet the terrible fate that was pursuing him. The light soon

appeared, he swung the door open, and almost blinded in the glare, he faced his enemies.

They were *mouths*—human mouths.

Thousands of them. A wall of them on every hand.

Mouths of flawless beauty. Mouths of hideous malevolence. Mouths of the innocent; of suffering; of poverty; of sorrow, and the cruel pinch of wrongs. Mouths of angels; of prostitutes; of evil and of good. Beautiful mouths, smiling the benediction of the Holy Ones. Mouths gnashing and foaming the rage of devils. Mouths of pity and of love; of fathers and mothers, and of fair and innocent babes and children; yet all, wreathed in an expression of terrible rebuke and menace, pressed closer toward their victim, who stood helpless and aghast.

Teeth there were, white as alabaster and firm as adamant. Teeth tushed as a boar's and yellow as amber. Teeth of hags, and the first teeth of purling infants. Teeth sweet with gums of coral and scented with rare spices of Cathay. Teeth black and rotten with decay and coated with revolting colonies of disgusting and noisome tartars.

Lips there were. Lips upon which a bee would have sighed and died in a despair of unutterable sweets. Lips, too, lecherous and foul, whose touch would have withered and blasted the strongest and fairest youth. Sweet and true and firm lips of wives; soft, velvety lips of young mothers; melting and intoxicating lips of shy and tender maidens; strong, muscular, insistent and bold lips of swelling, leaping manhood. Quavering, trembling lips of old age and imminent dissolution; carmine-edged lips of sin and prostitution.

There were jaws also, tiny jaws of infants, fit only to cling and suckle a blushing breast; jaws which crunched and clacked the miseries and horrors of prisons and hovels. Jaws which could have throttled the strongest bull and out-fanged the fiercest lion. Jaws toothless and gummed with ulcers and disease. Jaws curved matchless as the love cup of hair-veiled Venus, and whose blood-hued openings were as glorious as the scarlet rose dews of the shining

morn, and whose tendriled depths as tempting as the quivering scented bulbus of the passionate pomegranate. Jaws, too, bristling the sabre edge of hate and venom; jaws merciless as Satan. On every hand they were, and dim thousands of them seen afar, all grinding and gnashing the death knell of their victim.

Suddenly a voice was heard:

"We are the mouths of the Ten Thousand Livings which you are consuming. Feed us, or be thyself consumed."

The oracle of Truth had spoken.

When Standish awoke from this spectacle he was in possession of the truth and the crime of his situation as a millionaire.

Millionaire, thy name is LEGION.

A millionaire can never be accepted of his fellowmen as a man, until he, too, like the Gadarene, is purged of his *multitude*.

He is not a man. He has become a superman. A colossus. An army, turned loose upon and ravaging a helpless people.

A millionaire is the consumer and absorber of the rightful livings of many people, of many human units.

A monstrosity swelled and magnified from the *one legitimate human unit* which he originally was, into thousands of *illegitimate* human units.

When a multimillionaire eats, he eats the substance of ten thousand mouths. When he sleeps, he sleeps in ten thousand beds. When he removes his hat, puts on his clothes, or performs any personal act whatsoever, he does it in the magnitude of ten thousand human units.

He may be ever so abstemious, in fact, actually eating mere crusts of bread. But behold! Tho he eats but the crust, the ten thousand hungry mouths robbed of that crust, snap jaws in anger and hatred; ten thousand pairs of eyes look frightful askance at the monster consuming their rightful inheritance.

These ten thousand livings may not really exist in the flesh, *but in the minds of men they DO.*

Set a millionaire in the midst of a community of ten thousand people, and scarcely a one but thinks, "How grown so great? By what right is he so magnified beyond me?"

These ten thousand human units, with concentrated thought are secretly or openly coveting, protesting, questioning, or philosophizing the magnitude of a millionaire; and he becomes a subtile — tho generally a wholly unconscious one — soul poisoner and Borgia of a whole community, a curse unto himself as well as to his fellowmen; and his fortune the breeder of countless colonies of evil thoughts, the most terrible of which is ANARCHY, the fearful offspring of ENVY and PROTEST, and raised up against those unfortunates who have allowed themselves to grow beyond one legitimate human unit.

Tho a millionaire may be employing and, in his eyes, supporting a hundred thousand workmen, and the families dependent thereon. Tho he may be giving thousands of his wealth to the poor. Yet, just so long as he clings to his millions, he magnifies himself in proportion and becomes responsible to those units of living, which, by reason of his opulence, he has robbed.

Who are the poor, and why are they poor?

This is the eternal curse of the millionaire.

As long as we have the poor, there can be no peaceful head-rest for the millionaire. He is the Cain of the industrial world, and walks daily in the sight of God and man, with the deadly mark of the slaughterer upon his brow.

No man raises himself above the common people and the common living, but at the price of other livings than his own, and every one he so usurps, grabs, or absorbs, becomes a fatal Nemesis, pursuing him to the gates of death; and at the judgment denouncing to a just God, the unholy robbery.

A man is but *one* at the gates of heaven, just as he

should be but one in the world of men. How can that man enter, who has magnified himself beyond it?

"Verily, I say unto you, it is easier for a camel to go thru a needle's eye, than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God."

The camel is the beast burdened with the hoarded ten thousand livings of the millionaire. The needle's eye is the narrow gate of heaven, allowing but *one* to enter at a time; and self evident to the warder is the guilt of the owner of the camel, who, failing to enter with his hoard, falls backward into hell.

Lazarus, in the bosom of Abraham, was only one of the wronged ten thousand mouths of his time, and hell will continue to be filled with millionaires, until that time comes when they will descend unto the common level and divert and devote their fortunes to a common purse, which will insure to every human unit on this earth, a living equal unto themselves.

Man has at last attained that period of history and human progress, when to assume and enjoy more of a living than that of his fellowmen, is absolutely criminal.

The lone philosophers and sages of all the ages and peoples of the earth have never failed to point out the folly and the evil of riches and the delights of honest poverty; but the masses of the past, largely corrupted themselves, have never heeded or realized, and have always basely and foolishly aspired.

But now the MASS itself, while becoming largely and wholesomely philosophized, is also becoming practically and intelligently, yet appallingly *insistent;* and the terrifying moment now hovers and close approaches when the awful Boa of Humanity, which clutches the world within its deadly coils, will slowly raise its hideous head, and peering with implacable eyes over the rim of the world, open its abysmal jaws as the doors of a cyclopean furnace, and with devouring tongues of flame, scorching the spaces of the high-soaring stars, swallow, with a mighty tremor and nauseating scale rustling constriction that will crack the very ribs of the planet, that vile image

of the modern golden calf — PLUTOCRACY; which, thru all the ages of humanity, has slowly prepared itself for this last and most terrible catastrophe, having smeared itself unwittingly, for the successful swallowing of the Boa, with the slippery saliva of Sloth and Corruption.

It is now a *fact,* and a glorious surpassing truth, that to be a millionaire, is to be a criminal *civilly,* as well as morally. In the flight of the centuries the *state* is at last attaining the level of ethics.

Yesterday, Plutocracy cracked its whip and the slaves bent to the task and groaned.

Today, Plutocracy cracks the whip, and the slaves protest.

Tomorrow, Plutocracy will crack its whip, and men, for they will be slaves no longer, will laugh.

The most terrible of men is the man who laughs, for his laughter is but the brimming flagon of his hate.

Benvenuto Cellini in dungeoned San Angelo, despairingly thrusting his poniard into his mouldy, rotting mattress, laughed as he imagined he was splitting the belly of the Pope.

"I am the state," said Louis XIV, yet the royal heads of his successors fell to the ground like heaps of cabbages.

"WE — we, under God, our Father, are the state," shall be the watchword of the Masses in their hour of victory, and that state shall endure to the end of the world, and shall know no bounds or limits but the extremes of the world itself.

Millionaireism is the latest phase of SELF seeking to usurp the powers and kingdom of the UNSELF — GOD.

It is the last and most feeble and vainest effort of the ancient serpent of Mammon to creep into the lap of heaven.

After the millionaires, what?

The prophet answers, the millennium of the PEOPLE!

CHAPTER IV

The two years since his election had treated Solomon Guggenhone kindly. Beyond a shadow of doubt he had safely arrived with the senate, and in conjunction with his recently elected colleague, a man of the most spotless personal character and of the highest repute, both in the state and nation, Colorado was ably and brilliantly represented in the highest legislative hall of the Republic.

Solomon had attempted nothing sensational or bombastic in representing his constituency. The fruits of his long years of experience in the financial and social circles of the nation were invaluable to him in the administration of his new office. Washington society could offer him nothing more than he had long enjoyed, and the atmosphere of the senate could scarcely show him more dignity and decorum than which he had long since observed and practiced in the parlors of the best financial institutions of the land, and in the close and intimate association with the greatest business men and savants of the nation. In fact, there were times during the discussions of the senate when he felt that the atmosphere of the counting-house was decidedly superior; but on those grave and solemn occasions when the destiny of the Great Republic was to a large degree being shaped by the members of the upper house, and the very winged spirit of the nation seemed present and hovering with eagle pinions in the spiritual presence of those immortals convened there thruout the most momentous periods of the world's greatest constituency of free people, the little Jew's heart swelled within him and his eyes sparkled the delight of being a member of so august an assembly.

Unassuming, modest, yet absolutely loyal and fair to every interest reposed in him by the citizens of the state, he strove to represent them in the full meaning of

the term, yet also to conform strictly to the customs of both houses and the administration. He was a regular party man when irregularity merely represented vague and extreme measures; but for everything bearing the stamp of real progress and demonstrable utility, he earnestly strove with due regard for all parties concerned. His private establishment in the capitol ranked with the best, housing a man, his wife, and family in full keeping with their social rank and fortune. He had at the time of his election, announced that he had severed all connection with his former business interests and would devote himself exclusively to the affairs and welfare of the people of Colorado. This announcement he fulfilled in every way, spending much of his time in the state and studying the needs of its people. The faithful representation of his constituency he earnestly seconded with philanthropy; and several of those institutions whose needs he had failed to relieve thru legislation, he succored with his private purse. The host of enemies which had sprung up against him during his campaign for office, largely disappeared in the light of his faithful representation and generous philanthropy, and even his bitterest foes acknowledged that he had gone far toward winning the hearts of the people, and that with due tenure of office the state might expect and realize great things of him.

His careful and elaborate investigation as to those elements which constituted the vote of the minority in his election, thoroly convinced him that the larger portion of it was made up of a sincere and conscientious protest against the election of a millionaire to public office.

He rejoiced at this discovery for two reasons.

First, the state was wholly and grandly vindicated as to the charge of its enemies that it was grossly corrupted and mammonized.

Second, it gave him a chance to win by true and faithful service, these same votes in the event he should seek re-election.

To the demands of that large majority, however, which

had effected his election, he paid generous largess, but not to that extent which was anticipated. To every absurd and unreasonable demand he administered an honest rebuke, which was generally admitted by the recipient to be just, even tho it stung, and there had been as yet no contrary evidence presented but that the majority of his constituents were fully satisfied, and would continue to loyally support him to the end of his political career.

In the full light of his election, therefore, and the circumstances attendant, he found himself perfectly at ease, and confidently believed with his loyal supporters, that viewing the political situation from every side, he had won his office with as clean hands as could be expected of any one who plays the game of politics; and dismissing the event wholly from his mind, he had entered upon his senatorial career with that full vigor and earnestness for which his race is justly noted.

Upon his recent arrival in Denver he was attracted by a newspaper item, stating that the Standish Browns had changed their residence, and he noted that the new address given was in a distant part of the city, in a district which he well knew was occupied almost exclusively by working-men. As he had been upon particularly good terms with Standish since his generous paternalism in the affairs of the Short Line, he determined to visit him at his new residence and observe for himself the family life of a man in whom he confessed he was deeply interested. He made the call early one Sunday afternoon, his driver stopping his car in front of a modest cottage, which, with the exception that it was newly built, was of the same class of dwellings as the balance of the row.

Ferrari was on the front porch when the car stopped, smoking his pipe and watching the children at play in the yard. Returning the senator's nod with his usual military salute, he ushered him into the tiny parlor and called the head of the house.

"My dear senator, I am delighted at this call," was Standish's hearty greeting, as he grasped the proffered hand warmly. "Saw by the papers you were in town.

Come, let's sit by the fireplace; and, besides, I want you to meet my wife," and ushering his guest into a small but comfortable living room, where a bright coal fire was burning in a plain brick grate, he seated him, and excusing himself for a moment, re-entered the room with the shy Fiorina.

"Mr. Guggenhone, this is my wife. Fiorina, this is the Senator," he said cordially.

"Welcome to our house, Meester Senator," she said, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, and adding with her delightful archness of manner, "We—we be very plain people now. Capitol Hill too much for us and we mofe here. Bye and bye, Meester Brown, he show you 'round. We—we do lofe this leetle house, Meester Senator. We are so happy and zee people all 'round. What you call 'em. Ah! Yes, zee neighbors—they are so nice," and continuing in this vein for a few moments she excused herself and left them to themselves.

"Mr. Brown," began the senator abruptly, after a brief chat on politics and the issues of the day, "What does all this mean? This—er, this abandoning of gay Capitol Hill for a cottage among the working men of North Denver? You see, Brown," he continued with mock gravity, "in my official capacity as a member of the upper house of congress, it is my duty to inquire into the state and condition of my constituents, and believe me, there are none who interest me more than yourself. I repeat, what does it mean?"

"Just trying to get back and in touch with the plain people is all, Senator. You see," and here the great honest eyes of the speaker looked up at him in almost pathetic wistfulness, "I simply got swamped in this money making business. It was beginning to make a mere thing out of me; a mere mechanical thing of dollars and dividends, and this move of mine, while it may appear very foolish to you, is just a desperate effort to pull up and get away from it all; to at least show that I don't want to be more set up or live any better than just the plain people."

"I think I see your point clearly, Brown, I have often

felt that way myself; but do you really think you are clearing up the question of social equality even tho you have shown which side you are on; and making a move with a certain air of fiction about it, will hardly be swallowed by your so called plain people, think you?"

"No, I do not claim that I have solved that great and vexatious problem by any means, my dear fellow, but feeling that I wanted to be what I once was, a plain working-man, without palaver and a houseful of domestics, I sought peace in this move. You know I was a miner once, Senator, up there at Plume. I had friends then, for I was just one of the boys. I have none now, Senator, save a scattered few of my business associates in town here and the most of them gradually getting into deeper water: all except uncle Davy of course who comes to see us almost every day, and who, by reason of his grand and unselfish efforts for Colorado, is a privileged character even to the rankest anarchist in town. True, I occasionally meet one of the boys from Plume, but something's wrong, Senator, the old feeling isn't there. It's—it's the money, Senator, I'm not a miner now; I'm a millionaire, and who can truly, without prejudice and distrust, call me friend, save perhaps another millionaire. It's the same feeling that Win Stratton had about his membership card in the carpenter's union of Colorado Springs. He told me once, that he cared more about that piece of cardboard than he did for the whole Independence mine. There's my old miner's union card framed over the fireplace. I treasure it as a certificate of membership in the ranks of the plain people, even tho I realize those days may never return, for just as long as I am rich I can never qualify again."

"You are endowed with much sentiment I see, Brown. Tho I am willing to confess that I too, often miss that little touch of nearness and kinness to the common people. Yet knowing that I'm a millionaire, I jog ahead and am content to do the best I can. I have always felt a good deal like Swedenborg about wealth. If one worships wealth for wealth's sake, assuredly he is doomed. But if he holds his wealth in subjection and uses it as a

steward, holding his mind open to truth and goodness and the needs of his fellowmen, he is as eligible to heaven, or to speak in a more worldly sense, as eligible to the love of his fellowmen as any one else. I believe I have that true feeling of stewardship, and it is a power of strength, perhaps the greatest strength that a rich man can possess. I have grown to believe of our rich men, as Roosevelt once said of trusts, that some are good and some are bad. I try to be one of the good ones. But philanthropy is a difficult thing to dispense. In my own experience, I have managed to get rid of a bunch of money now and then in that cause. But it hardly counts. You can dedicate all the buildings, endowments, and funds you want to, but it really doesn't appeal to the people much. You are still the millionaire, and they the people. They look upon those things as merely monuments to millionaires. The other day in Cheesman Park, I overheard one plasterer say to another, 'This is Walt Cheesman's widow's now. It uster be Congress Park when you and I worked on that Bentley job, Bill. Its mighty purty tho, en I don't blame Walt's widow fer givin' the city a hundred thousand fer to change the name. It was a dammed good speculation so fer as monuments are concerned.' 'That's right, Jim,' said the other fellow, 'but it'll always be Congress Park to me en you. En besides, Jim, in them days we could drive thru the Park to and from our work, en now we haz to drive around it, fer they won't let no wagons go thru at all now, only autos and joy riders.' This, this is the feeling we can't overcome, Brown. It's all monuments to them. I'm afraid the common people will always be the common people, and millionaires will always be millionaires; and the greatest thing we can expect of both parties in this generation is, that they will help each other and be friends."

"You Jews can readily affirm that, Senator, for you sit in the saddle of wealth easily and naturally. And if there is anything in riches, the Jew, he of the martyred race, should enjoy that privilege above all the peoples of the earth. Thru long persecution and the brutal injustice

of your fellowmen, you were compelled in years past to accumulate fortunes for your very self protection, and with those fortunes you are perfectly at home and at all times their masters. But I, on the other hand, am a Puritan; and Puritans are as unused to an excess of material wealth and as out of place with it as a fish out of water. If it were possible, it would be far better for me to awake penniless tomorrow, and with my two hands earn a common living, rather than rest under the burdens and responsibilities of my wealth. After long deliberation I have set myself down among the plain people to at least show my good intentions; and if I live long enough, please God, I hope to find some solution of the problem aside from my hopes to at least be a faithful steward."

"You Puritans have always appealed to me, Brown. Their model was that of the most heroic type of our people. They are the Maccabees of the Anglo-Saxon race. They preserved the liberties of England and were the bulwark of this republic both in its infancy and in its greatest crisis. How many times in my political career have I thought of what their power would be if the occasion should again arise to unite them in a common cause. That that day will come I truly believe, and I have not forgotten that from the days of William the Silent and Oliver Cromwell to this very hour, these two peoples have been in the closest sympathy and working the greatest reforms. It has been my fondest hope that here in this wonderful Colorado, the heart and the crown of America, we could found a civilization in conjunction with every church, creed, sect, and people of our commonwealth, and which for lack of a better term, I call the CIVILIZATION of the JUST EQUATION; *which would remove from all poor men the distress of Poverty and from all rich men the curse of Mammon.* I believe that with the wonderful cosmopolitan population of our state, comprising representatives of nearly all the peoples of the earth, we can here produce that dream of ancient Israel, a commonwealth, "Where every man shall sit under his own vine and fig tree; and none shall make him afraid." To accomplish

this I believe good millionaires are necessary, and by a good millionaire I mean a good steward; a man who can so devote and administer his fortune as to aid and emancipate his rich brethren from the predatory barbarism of Mammon, and his poorer brethren from the pinch and tyranny of Poverty. David's Israel was too poor materially, tho rich spiritually. Solomon's too rich materially, too poor spiritually. What we need is an Israel rich enough materially to adequately support the greater structure of spirituality. Tho people little dream of it, and tho it would be folly to thus pose, yet for this cause, Mr. Brown, I paid the price of politics and bore all the infamous charges and slanders of the campaign, that I might become a factor in the founding of this newer, this purer, this better and greater civilization. Nourished in the bosom of the freest people of the world, the Swiss, my father before me dreamed of a world Switzerland, a world republic, a world Israel; and here within the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, the Alps of America, I have not forgotten that I am his son and that my life is dedicated to that same cause. And if here within the sacred walls of your cottage you will pledge me to endeavor to rouse the Puritan spirit of our state to this end, I will pledge you my fullest efforts to arouse the spirit of Judah; and that together we can interest the leaders of all the other important peoples and bodies of our people to this desired end." And rising to his feet with the dauntless spirit of his race shining from his eyes he offered his hand to Standish Brown.

It would be impossible to describe the feelings of the man from Plume at this moment. It seemed to him that all the vast fellowship hunger of his tortured soul leaped forward to embrace the little Jew, but controlling himself, he rose to his feet and covered the proffered hand with both his own.

"I see and am delighted to know that you too have plans, have ideas, a multitude of them," exclaimed the senator as he stepped into his car, "Sift them down to practicabilities as near as you can, and at the very earliest moment communicate with me and we will begin the

work. Ah! My dear friend, you have made a noble beginning. A greater thing I could ask of no man. It impresses me, and I am sure it must impress the world at large. I credit you with having anticipated me in this respect—here beginning the new civilization, a millionaire abandoning his palace and dwelling in a cottage. Perhaps—perhaps, my dear fellow, that great smelter which in times past you were so determined to build, is, after all, a smelter of human hearts, the hearts of a whole world's people, which smelted and refined in the crucible of human experience, at last melts down under the watchful eye of a loving God, to shining gold—TRUTH, the saviour of the world."

Outside and wholly secondary to the basic idea of this volume, is plainly presented herein the spectacle of how innocently a man can begin with merely his two hands and legitimately and honestly—as such things have been judged in the past—acquire a large fortune. Also it is shown as plainly and convincingly, the irresistible sweep of American Plutocracy across the Colorado land during the last decade, as doubtless it has similarly swept the Great Republic in general.

Let no man dream that the day of the CLASSES is not here and never will be here.

For *it is here.*

It is neither going or coming, but is here, NOW, this very hour.

But this matter of the Classes is not going to be a repetition of that bloody old struggle of Plebeian and Patrician, Baron and Serf, Papist and Roundhead, Royalist and Republican.

Great Lady of Jerusalem will never again eat the offal of dogs, or peasant Maid of Orleans melt to spirit in the flames of Rouen.

The treading of the wine-press of the nations and the peoples shall no longer yield Blood, but rather rare sweet wine of Peace and Justice.

The American Masses will never become a nation of servants serving an iniquitous Plutocracy.

No!

The American Masses will emerge from history a free and enlightened people, and if there be servants, the greatest of them will be America's millionaires, toiling and sweating in the treadmill of their colossal and terrifying fortunes, with the grim vulture of Anarchy feeding on their livers as fed the eagle on that of Prometheus, in the exact proportion that they fail to meet the responsibilities of the faithful stewardship of those same fortunes.

The American working-man now knows as well as he knows that he has life and a free unconquerable soul, that he has a Sustainer, a Partner, a Protector—ONE who is GOD!

And the American plutocrat also knows that to trifle with his responsibilities as the steward of millions of wealth, is invoking the wrath of—ONE who is GOD!

It has taken humanity the full course of history to learn this, but it knows it now, and can never revert.

Once in the travail of the new born world, when even the archangels of heaven failed to quell the warring elements of seething tides and bellowing tempests, a voice suddenly sounded in the all-encompassing vault of the universe, and every element of nature hung limp and prostrate, and every living thing fell prone.

"Be STILL, and know that I am GOD! ! !" reverberated the dreadful sound in the deathless calm of the awful abyss of the Mysteries; and here in America, with this reverberating voice of the Eternal One echoed in the song of the Psalmist, and re-echoing on in the ears of all humanity; we *know* that HE *is* GOD, and woe betide the betrayer of His word.

No nation is better than the mass of its people.

The gate of the sheepfold closes not until the weakest as well as the strongest of the flock have entered.

Nations like sheep have leaders, and while the Deity holds closely responsible those leaders for acts of corruption, yet there is another vital principle at work in the

development of nations; which is, that the people, *the masses, must also resist corruption.*

Thus the weak as well as the strong have their full responsibility, and upon the ability and the effort of each and every one, rests the integrity of the nation as a whole.

Gradually America's millionaires, groaning under their superhuman responsibilities and shrinking with horror from the life of Legion and Hybrid, will part from their millions.

Those millions absorbed by the masses, will gradually raise the standard of living to that point where poverty is unknown and riches scorned.

In that sweet millennium day, the soul, freed from the thrall of SELF will bask in the golden sun of the UN-SELF and dwell with God in the bosom of Serenity.

And in that day, for the first time since Man's creation, will the material republics of the world catch the spirit of that glorious INNER REPUBLIC of Man, the SOUL, which alone, thru all the battle and blood-lusting ages of the earth, has maintained the peerless form of Liberty, in the face of the most despicable and fearful tyrants and bigots of the earth.

Here! HERE!! Within mine lovely soul, Oh God; which Thou, alone, hast made with Thine rosy hands, and set me in the midst of joy to worship Thee!

REFLEX

Due westward an hour's walk from the city of Denver and lifted high above the city as was the temple of Solomon in old Jerusalem, rises a mighty mesa known as Green Mountain. It is a peculiar height, its formation being neither that of the Great Plains or of the Rocky Mountains and yet it bears the soils of both. It is a neutral strip as it were, lying between the East and the West; betwixt the mountains and the plains. To Standish Brown, who rarely fails to visit it on every Sabbath day, it is the symbol of the new civilization. He fancies that

the plains, representing the plain people, and sweeping grandly upward toward the crest of this noble mesa; here meet on common ground the representatives of American plutocracy, whose accumulated millions are represented by the Great Hills to the west, beginning with the towering, unawed, and peerless peaks of the snowy range and descending tier beneath tier to the lower ranges and on down to the foothills, and at last this sweeping descent from the last green foothill to the base of this lofty mesa.

The summit of Green Mountain is as beautiful a heath as ever clung to a Scottish crag. In the early spring one walks among the yarrow, the daisies, the bluebells, the clover, and the thistle. At its highest point, and from whence is a matchless view of mountain, city, and plain, is a low cairn of glaciated stones, among which and partially protected from the weather, is a Bible. The day Standish found it there, it opened at a leaf whereon a certain familiar passage had been underlined, by whose blessed hand he knew not, but which read as follows:

"Verily I say unto you, if ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you."

Instinctively he repeated the passage aloud, and sinking to his knees he closed his eyes and bowed himself in prayer for the founding of the new Israel. As he opened his eyes they rested upon a tiny flower at his knees, which in his deeply religious mood he accepted as the answer to his prayer. It was the same flower which had often felt the tread of the Great Master in the deep valleys of the Jordan—the mustard—that tiny flash of gold, which in its particular period of the early spring gaily dots the beautiful heather of Green Mountain. Thrilled and comforted by the divine symbol, he threw himself upon the heath reveling in page after page of the sacred volume, and ever and anon lifting his eyes unto the mighty hills of the West and then upon the ever descending billows of the East. The sun fled the land, the stars broke out one by one, and there at his feet lay the great city, its lights glittering and shimmering in the midst of the

human tides. One of these lights far up toward the gleaming marbles of Cheesman Park, was uncle Davy's, and another not far away was Theodore Dodge's. Another, close by the towering arc of the capitol building, was the senator's. Still another, a daintily twinkling beam from far across the Platte, among the thousands of other twinkling lights of the North Side cottages, was Fiorina's. She was waiting for him.

Slowly he descended the mountain and at the foot of it he found and entered his car. A few moments later the cottage was reached and he entered, to dwell in the bosom of his family, where every true son of Adam should live the life of truth and be comforted.

Standish Brown is facing a formidable array of antagonistic forces in the founding of the newer, the truer, the nobler West, the greatest perhaps, being the guilt and burden of his own vast wealth, which has ruined many a stronger man than he. Many hands will launch dreadful blows at this undaunted son of the hills. But a great power is swelling within his soul.

GENIUS, the invincible one.

A power that conquers all the foes of Truth, and eternally vindicates the master spirit of the everlasting God.

All hail! To Genius, the First Player of the Sublime Stage.

All hail! To the Theatre Terrible, the greatest playhouse of the world.

That glorious temple of peerless thespians, which contains every source of materiality, every unit of force, every breath of spirituality, and every fount of creation existing within the compass of that most sublime and terrible structure of tears, laughter, and thoughts forever Godward soaring, the SOUL of MAN.

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